TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE OLD BLUE UNIFORM.

BY H. W. COLLINGWOOD.

From out its hiding place they brought the tattered uniform,
To hang upon the wall within the sunshine bright and warm.
'Tis battered, worn, and all its folds the moths have eaten through,
And yet above the world we prize that coat of army blue.

It bears no stripes or shoulder straps to speak of rank or fame,
A common soldier's uniform is all its simple name.
The tarnished buttons idly hang from swift decaying thread,
The luster that the cloth once wore has long ago been shed.

The laughing sunbeams idly play along each hanging fold,
Remindful of the cruel tale that silently is told
By that wide rent upon the breast; that tale of grief and pain,
That's told whene'er we gaze upon that slowly fading stain.

The laughing sunbeams seems to fall, just as they fell that day,
When down the street and out of sight our soldier marched away.
The years roll back, and once again we see his manly form,
It seems to stand within the folds of his old uniform.

He wore that same old army coat, but then 'twas bright and new,
A soldier's heart beat proudly then beneath that breast of blue.
With shouldered musket on he marched behind the flaunting flags,
But now that bright new uniform is changed to these old rags.

And yet that tattered coat of blue, was dearer far to me,
Through bitter hours of dark despair than gilded coat could be.
My soldier in that uniform, with loyal heart and true,
Proved well his right to that proud name, "*A soldier boy in blue.*"

On many bloody battlefields that uniform has been,
The wild and cruel work of war that old blue coat has seen.
Before the blazing cannons' mouth, with purpose firm and true,
Our soldier never faltered in that uniform of blue.

Along the dismal sentry's beat, before the sleeping camp,
He marched in swamp and dark bayou through fever cloud and damp.
That he fought well to save the flag that fading stain will show,
In death we know he held his face towards the cruel foe.

Long years have passed, and time has formed our wounded hearts anew,
But time can never drive the stain from that old coat of blue.
The laughing sunbeams only make that dreaded sign more plain,
And while it glows we cannot think that blood was shed in vain.

And so the scars so rudely set all over our fair land,
The graves whose humble mounds were filled by warfare's cruel hand,
Will yet remain their tale to tell the coming ages through,
The tale that that dark stain doth tell upon that breast of blue.

But not in vain that army coat hangs silent on the wall,
Ah! not in vain along its folds the idle sunbeams fall.
For to our hearts the memory comes, as its torn folds we view,
Our flag was saved by those who wore the private's coat of blue.

And when to save our country fair, or stamp out cruel wrong,
From all our hills and valleys far our gallant soldiers throng,
When round the head of freedom bursts the thunder breathing storm,
No brighter banner then we need than that old uniform.

Lansing, Mich.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

An Army hospital is a vestibule for the cemetery. Through this portal go the recruits for Death which his agents—Wounds and Disease—continually cull from the ranks of vigorous Life. There in enter those who are to lay aside in it as in an ante room, this "muddy vesture of decay," for the glorious garb of the Beyond. Thither troop the Wasted and Stricken, to rest a little, and prepare for the last great journey, the first mile stone for which is placed over their heads.

Humanity and science have done much for the Army hospital, but its swinging doors still wave two to the tomb, where they return one to life and activity.

It was a broiling hot day when Rachel Bond descended from the ambulance which had brought her from the station to camp, and surveyed the post of duty to which she had voluntarily assigned herself.

She found herself in a little city of rough plank barracks, arranged in geometrically correct streets and angles, about a great plain of a parade ground, from which the heat radiated as from a glowing stove. A large flag drooped as if wilted, from the top of a tall pole standing on the side of the parade ground opposite her. The Orderly in front of the Colonel's tent, who had been chosen in the morning for that post on account of his spruce neatness, now looked as if some enormous blue vegetable rapidly withering under the sun's ardent rays.

Beyond were the barracks, baking and sweltering, and cracking their rough board sides into yawning fissures, and filling the smothering air with the odors of resinous pine distilled from fat knots in the refuse planking of which they were built. Beyond these again was the line of camp guards; bright gun barrels and bayonets glistening painfully hot; those who bore them pacing languidly along their beats with loosed collars, and unbuttoned blouses, in defiance of military regulations. On straw in the oven like barracks, and under the few trees in the camp grounds, lay the flushed and panting soldiers, waiting wearily for that relief which the descending sun would bring.

The hospital, to which Rachel had been brought, differed from the rest of the sheds in the camp by being whitewashed within and without, which made it radiate a still more unbearable heat than its duller-lustered companions. A powerful odor of chloride of lime and carbolic acid shocked her sensitive nostrils with their tales of all the repulsiveness that these disinfectants were intended to destroy or hide.

Several dejected, hollow-eyed convalescents, whose uniforms hung about their wasted bodies as they would about wooden crosses, sat on benches in the scanty shade by one side of the building, and fanned themselves weakly with fans clumsily fashioned from old newspapers. They looked up as the trim lady-like figure stept easily down from the ambulance, and the long-absent luster returned briefly to their sad eyes.

"That looks like home, Jim," said one of the fever-wasted.

"That it does. She looks as fresh and sweet as the daisies down by our old springhouse. I expect she's come here to find somebody that belongs to her that's sick. Lord, I wish it was me."

"I wouldn't mind being a brother, or cousin, or sweetheart, or something of that kind to her myself. Just watch her move. Lord, she's got a purtier gait than our thoroughbred colt."

"It does one's eyes good to look at her. It makes me feel better than a cart load of the stuff that old Pillbags stuffs down our throats."

"You're a-talking. She's a lady, every inch of her, genuine, simon-pure, fast colors, and as fine as silk, and as bright as a May day morning."

"Yes, and as wholesome as Spring sunshine."

A fair haired boy, whose blue eyes looked through his colorless face like sapphires lying upon a sheet of paper, was half-lying upon a rough board bench. He started up to a sitting position at the sight of the new-comer; the sapphires brightened as if a film had been removed from them.

"Ah! there's a sweet bit of the dear old North come down to us. She came from the other side of the Ohio, that's clear. She's civilized, clean, and Christian. No Rebel about her. The air that she's breathed all her life's too pure for any treasonable growth. Why I declare, I believe it's Miss Rachel Bond."

All unconscious that her appearance was to the invalids who looked upon her like a sweet wholesome breeze bursting through a tainted atmosphere, Rachel passed wearily along the burning walks, toward the Surgeon's office, with a growing heart-sickness at the unwelcome appearance of the task she had elected for herself.

The journey thither had been full of irritating discomforts.

Heat, dust, and soiled linen are fatal depressives to the highest manifestations of feminine heroism.

The wonder is not so much that Jeanne D'Arc felt herself elected by God to head the French armies, and redeem her country. Millions of women in every age are capable of that. But it is that, with her womanly instincts she endured the uncleanness of camp life to the triumphant end.

With her throat parched, garments "sticky," hair, eyes, ears and nostrils filled with irritating dust, and a feeling that collar and cuffs were as ladies phrase it, "a sight to behold," Rachel's heroic enthusiasm ebbed manifestly. Ushered into the Surgeon's office, she was presented to a red-faced, harsh-eyed man of middle age, who did not have the politeness to apologize to her for being discovered in the undress of a hot day. He motioned her to a seat with a wave of the fan he was vigorously using, and taking her letter of introduction, adjusted eye glasses upon a fat nose and read it with a scowl that rippled his face with furrows.

"So you are the first of the women nurses that's to be assigned to me," he said ungraciously, after finishing the letter, and scanning her severely for a moment over the top of his glasses. "I suppose I have to have 'em."

The manner hurt Rachel even more than the words. Before she could frame a reply he continued:

"I don't take much stock in this idea of women nurses, especially when they are young and pretty." He scowled at Rachel as if she had committed a crime in being young and beautiful. "But the Government's gone into the policy of having 'em, and I suppose I must take my share. Ever nursed?"

"No, sir," answered Rachel, compressing as much haughtiness as possible into the answer.

"Thought not. Girls at your age are not likely to know anything that's useful, and least of all, how to nurse a sick man. But I don't know which is the worst: a young one who does not know anything, or a middle aged one who thinks she knows it all, and continually interferes with one's management of a case. But I'd rather have had a middle-aged one to start with, any how. She'd 've been more likely to tend to her business, and not have her head turned with the attentions of good looking young officers that'll swarm around her. Mind, I'll not allow any flirting around here,"

Rachel's face crimsoned.

"You forget yourself, sir," she said, cuttingly. "Or perhaps you have nothing to forget. At least, make an effort to remember that I am a lady."

The bristly eyebrows straightened down to a level line over the small blue eyes, and unpleasant lines furrowed his face at the corners of his mouth. "*You forget*," he said, "that if you enter upon these duties you are in the military service, and subject to your superior officers. You forget that there is a necessity for rigid discipline here as much as elsewhere, and that it is my duty to explain and enforce this."

"I certainly expect to obey orders," said Rachel, a little overawed.

"You may rightly expect to, because it will be a matter of necessity. We must have instant and unquestioning obedience of orders everywhere or else the Army would be like a rope of sand—of no strength whatever—no strength whatever."

"I know it," answered Rachel depressed even more now by the apparition of martial law than she had before been by the overpowering heat.

"And what I've been telling you is only the beginning," pursued the Surgeon, noting the effect of his words, and exulting in their humbling power. "But the corner stone of everything military is obedience, prompt, unfailing obedience, by everybody, soldier or officer, to his superiors. Without it——"

"Maj Moxon," said an officer entering the tent and saluting. "The General presents his compliments, and desires to know why his orders given nearly a week ago, and repeated day before yesterday, in regard to furloughing those men, are so persistently disregarded."

"Because," said the Surgeon, getting a purplish red about the cheeks and nose, "because, sir, "the matter's one that's beyond his province, sir; it's outside of his control, sir. I'm Chief of the Medical Department, as you are perhaps aware, sir."

"We apprehended that you were taking that view of the matter, from your course," answered the Aid calmly, "and I am instructed to put you under arrest. Charges are already being prepared against you, to which I will add specifications based on this interview. Good afternoon sir." The Aid saluted stiffly and moved away, leaving the Surgeon in a state of collapse at the prospect of what he had brought upon himself by his injudicious bluffing, and Miss Rachel in that state of wonderment that comes to pupils in seeing their teachers rebel against their own precepts and teachings. The Surgeon was too much engrossed with his own affairs to pay farther attention to her. He tapped a bell.

"Orderly," he said to the soldier who responded, "conduct this young woman to Dr. Parkman. Inform him that she is to be with us as a nurse, and ask him to be kind enough to assign her quarters. Good afternoon ma'am."

In another office, much smaller, and far less luxuriously furnished than the one she had left, she found Dr. Parkman a hazel-eyed, brown-bearded man of 30, whose shoulder straps bore the modest bars of a captain. He received her with the pleasant manly sympathy for her sex which had already made him the most popular ladies' physician in the city where he was practicing when he entered the Army, which act carried dismay into the ranks of scores of fair patients, who were thus bereft of their trusted medical adviser, and thrown back upon less favorably regarded professional brethren. Rachel's depressed spirits rose again at his cordial reception.

"I'm so busy," he said, after a brief greeting, "that I will not have the time to give you much information as to your duties this afternoon, and I know you are so fatigued with your journey and the heat that you will not care to do anything but rest and refresh yourself. I will show you immediately to your quarters."

"This will be your field of labor," he said, as he led her down the long aisle, between the rows of cots, toward her room. "It is not a cheerful one to contemplate, at first. Human suffering is always a depressing spectacle, and you will see here more, and more varied agony than you will find anywhere outside of an army hospital's walls, but as the deed is, so is the duty, and the glory of doing it. To one who wants to serve God and his fellow-creatures—which I take it is the highest form of religion—here is an opportunity that he may bless God for giving him. Here he can earn a brighter crown than is given them who die at the stake for opinion's sake."

So earnest was his enthusiasm that Rachel felt herself lifted up by it, in spite of all her discomforts. But then she turned her eyes away from his earnest face, and looked over the array of white beds, each with its occupant, pale and haggard, with eyes blazing with the delirum of the fever, or half closed in the dull langnor of exhaustion; with limbs tossing as the febrile fire seethed the blood, or quivering with the last agonies. Groans, prayers, appeals for mother or wife, and not a few oaths fell on her ears. The repulsive smell of disinfectants, the nauseating scent of the sick room where hundreds of invalids lie, the horrible effluvia of the typhus rose on the hot air, and seemed part of the misery which so strongly assailed her other senses.

She was sick at heart, with every feeling in active revolt, but without a word she turned and followed the doctor to a hot, close little room which had been cut off one end of the hospital, but was not so separated from it but that the sounds and odors from the sick wards continually filtered through the wide cracks in its plank sides. An iron bedstead, the same as that upon which the sick lay, stood in one corner, and in another was a rudely fashioned stand, upon which was a tin basin, a cake of yellow bar soap, and a bucket of water, for washing. This was all the furniture.

As the door closed behind the doctor Rachel threw herself upon the cot in a fit of despair at the wreck of all her fancies, and the repulsiveness of the career upon which she had embarked herself.

"I can not, I will not live here a week," she said, over and over again, to herself. "I will die for the lack of the comforts—of the decencies of life, even—to say nothing of being poisoned by these horrible smells, or driven distracted by these raving sick, and that beast of a Surgeon." But I can not draw back now; I would rather die than to go back to Sardis with a confession of failure at the very outset of my attempt to play the heroine."

Then she remembered her last words to Harry Glen: "I only know that you have failed where a number of commonplace fellows have succeeded, and that is sufficient."

Would she subject herself to having him throw back these words in her face? No. Any shape of trial and death, rather.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDREN IN A PANIC.

Eight Hundred Children Frightened by a False Alarm of Fire in an Opera House.

Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

Yesterday afternoon, while some 800 children were in the opera house in the enjoyment of the matinee performance, the fire alarm was sounded, and a boy in the gallery thoughtlessly shouted "fire" loud enough to be heard all over the house. There was a moment of breathless silence, then a slight rustle, and then the large audience arose and rushed, screaming and crying, toward the only door the little people and their mothers knew anything about—the one they went in at. Every boy in the gallery took up the cry and started for the stairs, and the sight and excitement that followed, was most intense and thrilling.

The *Register* reporter and Officer Shafer had just come up to glance on the entertainment and arrived at the double doors just in time to receive the full shock of the crowd in their wild endeavors to escape. These two men braced themselves against the threshold and held the crowd in the gangway until it was piled six or more feet deep with a mass of living, breathing humanity, knowing that if once the crowd got started down the first stairs they would fall down the steps and over the banisters and be trampled to death. Those reaching the gangway first were crowded so fast down the steps that they fell and were trampled beneath the feet of those following. Officer Shafer drew out one woman who clung fast to her two little girls, but no sooner was she out than others crowded into her place. The shouts and screams were so loud and intense, and the panic so general that no voice telling the crazed children and women that there was no fire, could be heard. Some of the children that were drawn out rushed screaming into the street and assistance arrived just as the two men at the door were about exhausted. In the meantime officers Burns and C. W. Smith were on the inside endeavoring to stop the rush for the door. By this time the jam had become so great in the gangway that it was impossible to pull out the half-smothered victims of the first rush, as they were held down beneath the weight of some 50 others who were piled on top of them, and held there by the crowd behind. After the arrival of several citizens and other officers, who went into the Opera House through the stage doors and began to pull the crowd back into the Opera House and quiet those who could not get near enough to get in the jam, the gangway was gradually cleared, and the little folks, white and limp with fright, and all but smothered to suffocation, were taken out and cared for. Some of the women and children were trampled and bruised and their clothing torn, but none wure seriously injured. After the excitement had quieted down the children were escorted back to their seats, and the articles of wearing apparel that were lost in the jam were taken to the stage and held up to view one at a time, and the owners advanced and claimed them. There were hats, caps, fans, parasols, handkerchiefs, sacks, ribbons, purses, etc. After the articles had all found owners, the performance was continued. There were not more than two dozen ladies and misses present, the audience being virtually made up of the Des Moines infant population. Had it been otherwise it is safe to assert that their frightened progress could not have been staid by human strength.

A writer in the "Electrician" goes into ecstacies over the extreme sensitiveness of the telephone. Still it is the only thing that can stand up before some people's breath.—*McGregor News.*

For the Blade.

TWILIGHT PICTURES.

BY E. LENDEMAN.

It is the twilight's haunted hour,
It is not dark, it is not light;
The shadows lengthen, darken, lower,
It is not day, it is not night.

The sights and sounds one half alarms;
Far away red lightnings quiver;
The aspen tree spreads forth her arms,
And her light leaves twist and shiver.

The wind comes and whispers low,
Deep in the rose's burning heart,
And brings a dirge like sigh of woe,
That bids the tear of sorrow start.

The long, and bending meadow grass,
Sobs like a living thing in pain,
And whispers as the shadows pass,
"I'm not the bearded, ripened grain."

Who would have thought a thing so sweet,
Would look with envy at the grain,
The field of waving, golden wheat,
And moan like a spirit in pain?

Strange wailing sounds come o'er and o'er,
And a weird and shadowy bird,
Sits and sings by the outer door,
The saddest song I ever heard.

And that bird is the strangest thing,
With the quivering notes of woe,
That sits and sings with folded wing
Where the light shadows come and go.

One lone and little purple star
Looks in between the day and night,
So cold, so still, away so far,
And mocks us with its holy light.

A mingled sound, half sigh, half moan,
Afar on the sea-beaten shore;
Winds and waves never learned that tone,
And never sung that song before.

And yet another mournful sound,
The sound of a slow tolling bell,
Comes afar from the sacred ground,
Of silent, dreamless sleep to tell,

And the chant of a holy rite,
Over the pallid, senseless clay,
Is wailing on the fading light,
The fading light of dying day.

A human soul has passed away,
A feeble, finite child of earth,
And far beyond the starry way
Another angel has had birth.

Strange feelings come in such an hour,
The sad, the gloomy, and sublime,
The shadows darken, threaten, glower,
I hear the stealthy foot of Time,

Of pilfering Time that steals away,
Our priceless treasures, rich and rare,
That pilfers still each passing day,
And always something pure and fair.

The sorrows which so long had slept,
O'er which the lips are sealed and dumb,
Back into life again have crept,
The aching heart is faint and numb.

A spell, a spell is o'er me cast,
I see again the wondrous past,
To the lights in Memory halls,
Reveal the pictures on her walls.

Austin, Tex.

OLD FOLK LORE.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Jonathan Fisher was a well to do farmer living on a peninsula jutting out into Casco Bay in the State of Maine. He had always been considered a man of consummate shrewdness, but honest withal, who could see further into a millstone than most of the neighbors, and it became a surprise to them when he began to talk of making over his estate to his son John, with the condition that said John should support himself and wife to the end of their days. In this he was bitterly opposed by his wife Debby, who had seen the property accumulating under joint eyes of husband and wife, and being no less discreet and judicious than Jonathan himself, could see no reason for any change, the more because they were not old, and had a prospect of many years before them.

"Marcy on us, Jonathan, you ain't an old man nor I an old woman to be laid upon the shelf with nothing to do."

"I know that, Debby. That old fellow that we read about in books, who lived a hundred and fifty years, was not younger at our time of life than we are; you remember the reason he gave for his cheery age?"

"Yes, yes, Jonathan, oil without and honey within, which has not been our way of life, the goodness knows."

"Now, there you are at fault, wife. To be sure, we may not have literally anointed the flesh nor lived upon honey, but the internal meaning of the saying we have observed. We have had the oil of gladness, the oil of kindliness for all in the circle of our influence, and our hearts have been as sweet and as wholesome as honey," and he chucked her under the chin with the air of an old fellow who has said a good thing.

"I give you warning, Jonathan dear, you are going to bring trouble upon us. Don't you rememember old *Leah* in the play, how he gave all to his two darters, and what came of it?"

"Yes, yes, wife, but that was in the times of heathendom, not in these Christian days, when we are bound to honor our parents and deal justly."

"Nonsense! You know what John is and I know what Susan is; 'wont be long before you and I will be crowded out of house and home," and she left the room to escape Susan, who at this moment entered.

She went right up to Mr. Fisher, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Poor father! I am sure you will be happier when you are rid of all this care. I should think mother would see how much better it would be for you both."

Jonathan looked at her face with an expression that might have been weak and might have been cunning. He drew his daughter low down into the chair vacated by his wife, and leaned his own head against his high-backed chair, while he twirled his two thumbs thoughtfully.

"You need not think to blame your mother-in-law, Susan, in anyway to me."

She laid down her head and sniffled a little, and then said:

"She is mighty mad because you want to do something for us. I hope I shall consult John's feelings better."

"The house and all in it is hers, Susan; all the linen and blankets made, wove and spun by her own hands. She has been like the woman of the Bible, diligent with her hands, and now she is naturally unwilling to see it all go out of them."

"But she is growing old, very old, and infirm, both in mind and body, and needs to be nursed and taken care of, instead of having all the care on her shoulders."

"There showed out the cloven foot," cried Debby, from the doorway. "I am no more infirm in body than you are, and as to mind, you hadn't much to begin with." Susan sighed heavily.

"You see how it is, father, people never know when they are losing their faculties."

"Yes, Susan. The story of the old bishop who was renowned for the excellence of his homilies and who besought his friend to tell him when there was any falling off in these, is just to the point, wife."

Susan lingered open mouthed and open-eyed, while Debby muttered:

"Well, what did he do?"

"In process of time the good bishop had a stroke of apoplexy from which he barely escaped with his life, but with a mind hopelessly shattered. Upon resuming his religious office, he prepared his sermon, and, as was his habit, read it to his friend. 'Now,' said the latter to himself, 'the time has come for me to redeem the promise made, that I would tell him like a true friend when I perceived his faculties on the decline.'"

"That is the office of a true friend, however painful," smirked Susan, interrupting Mr Fisher.

"Well, what came of it?" sobbed Debby.

"The homily was so poor, so incoherent, and so weak, that 'twould be fatal to the reputation of the bishop to preach it; so, after some delay and many hems and habs of voice, he told his friend just how it was.

"No doubt he was grateful at being told the truth, however painful to hear," interposed Susan, rolling up her eyes in a pious way.

"Not a bit of it. He was mad unless a hopeless fool," said Debby.

"You shall hear," resumed Mr. Fisher. "The bishop eyed his friend with great disgust, grew red in the face, and at length screamed out, 'You are a fool. I never wrote a better sermon in my life!' and Mr Fisher chuckled with laughter, while Susan stuck her apron in her mouth and ran laughing out of the room.

Not so Mrs. Fisher; she had not only a strong affection for her 'good man,' but great respect also, and she now looked him in the face with a discontented, doubtful air, saying:

"You play into the hands of Susan, father; I don't know what has come over you. You don't seem to have any pride left."

Mr. Fisher twisted his thumbs, and at length replied:

"I am beginning to think that you and I are not up to the times wife; perhaps we are living too long, and ought to make way for younger people."

"Speak and think for yourself, dear, and not for me. If I am to be robbed of what is mine, and by my own child, I will not stay to see it. I am not too old for many a hard year's work."

"We are too wordly, too wordly, wife, and have laid up for the flesh in neglect of the durable riches and righteousness to come."

"Speak for yourself, Jonathan; I have lived a godly life, and if I am to lose all that has come to us by hard work, I'll not whine and talk religious about it. You can't make a wrong right," and she rose heavily from her chair and went out, but, returning immediately, asked:

"Jonathan, what do you think made old *Lear* give away his crown and all his kingdoms to his children?"

"I suppose, Debby, he was tired of ease and wanted to go hunting and galivanting and have a general good time, as I do," he answered, sitting at his ease, and twirling his two thumbs in a manner quite provoking.

His wife eyed him sharply, saying:

"I don't think so. I believe he was mad, to begin with, and grew worse from cruelty. I did not want Susan and John to come here to live, but you thought it best and I gave up. Now, you are bent upon giving them all before the breath is out of our body; I will not quarrel with you, Jonathan, but evil will come of it," and she burst into bitter tears and went out.

Mr. Fisher sat a long time twirling his thumbs and musing upon something; at length he said, half-aloud:

"I'll give them a fair chance, at any rate. Susan's a smart girl, but tricky as the deuce; she loves to torment Debby by treating her like an old woman; and the creature implies that I'm in my dotage, too. We will see, we will see. John's as keen as a razor; thinks he can come over anybody, the old man in particular.

CHAPTER II.

In process of time, Mr. Fisher, regardless of the opposition of his wife, carried his scheme into execution, a thing not uncommon eighty years ago, parents being disposed to settle their estates by giving them up to their children, conditionally, upon a support being guaranteed. This measure was more repugnant to the mother than to the father, as thereby she lost control of what had been her own, and found herself too often neglected, or, it may be, abused.

Time hung heavy upon the hands of Mrs. Fisher; she who had been one of the busiest of women, up with the sun making butter and cheese, cooking herself and directing her maids, calling upon her neighbors and having them call upon her, found it next to impossible to pass away the time. A sense of shame grew upon her at her own dependence. She had her own nice room but, somehow, she felt herself a prisoner there.

Susan bustled here and there, all the time on the alert, always with something on her lips about people growing old and not knowing it. Mrs. Fisher could not complain of ill treatment, for, indeed, she was in a fair way of being made old and helpless from being all the time told she had become so, and being too much coddled.

Not so with Mr. Fisher. He was more *chipper* than ever, Debby declared. He was all about the farm seeing after stock and granaries, and down to the village tavern talking politics, and busy on matters pertaining to the interests of the town. John told him not to 'bother,' but he did bother about everything.

"You know, John, I won't be put into a feather bed and laid away to die till my time comes," he would say, all the time so cheery and active, that no fault could be found.

One day he said to John:

"You know I did not give you the deed of the Greely woodlot, and I'm thinking I will make it over to the School Fund, it will be a help to the town."

"All right," replied the son; "but I wouldn't hurry about it—time enough. You oughn't to worry at your time of life."

"True, John, true. But we ought to do a little for the town we live in. It's a mean sort of man that does nothing for the public good."

It chanced that several Sundays were too stormy for the family to go out to meeting, which was nearly three miles distant, so that nothing transpired to draw the attention of outsiders as to the working of this contract between the members of the Fisher family. Neighbors, right minded neighbors, have a repugnance to meddle with the affairs of each other, and, as nothing was said by either John or Susan about the matter, there was little chance for public talk.

Now, Mr. Fisher had a chestnut filly of which he was not only fond but proud. He had raised her from a colt with care and tenderness, feeding her out of his hand, and never had a whip touched her delicate skin. On the morning to which refer, Mr Fisher made his appearance dressed for meeting, nicely shaven and neatly brushed, and looking the pink of a fine, wholesome, middle-aged farmer.

"Come, John," he said, "tackle up the mare; your mother and I will ride to meeting this fine day."

John stood a moment in silence, but Susan passed him with a nudge, and whispered, "*Now's your time*," at which he thrust both hands deep into his trousers pockets, and with a weak, sullen smile, replied:

"You forget, father, the mare is mine."

"True John, true; so it is."

At this moment Mrs. Fisher entered, bringing with her an aroma of a new-mown hay and lavender, and sweet and fresh to the eye as a ripened Autumnal apple. Her well-preserved black silk dress and white plaited frill about her comely neck, and her scoop bonnet with a broad edging of lace, presented a buxom and not undignified dame of the olden time.

"Come, mother, it's a fine day, and you're the youngest-looking of us all; we'll walk to meeting," saying which Mr. Fisher gave his arm to his wife, and they walked out; she not fully comprehending the state of the case.

Mrs. Fisher naturally hesitated when she observed the chaise ready tackled, and saw Susan come out in her new smart ribbons and handed into it by John.

"Never you mind, Debby dear," whispered Mr. Fisher, tenderly, in his wife's ear; "this little walk you and I have taken many the time," and they went on, the neighbors giving them genial "good-days," while John and Susan dashed by in the nice chaise with the handsome horse.

Mrs. Fisher stepped her lightest and looked her loftiest that bright day. She pressed the arm of Jonathan kindly, for a sorrowful misgiving made her to fear his wits were giving way, and she, the true wife, would not vex nor annoy him in his hour of weakness, let what would come of it. People stared, as they well might, but Susan sent back triumphant nods and smiles, and John laughed with imbecile good nature. Reaching the meeting house, Susan took the lead of the pew where her mother in law had hitherto sat, but John did not venture upon this impertinence to his sturdy father, and the disapproving glances of the people did not escape even his dull eyes.

CHAPTER III.

Several weeks transpired during which the neighbors called frequently upon Mrs Fisher, ane some few ventured upon a word of condolence, which she repressed by simply saying:

"My good man is either sick or got a bee in his head, which I can't make out, so we won't talk about it."

In the meanwhile, John, aided by Susan, grew more self-assured, and now and then threw out hints about the Greely woodlot, a valuable piece of land sloping down to a beautiful brook, clear as crystal, within which many a speskled trout hid itself under the fantastic roots of the overhanging trees. It was the spot of all others for a rural church or school-house, and it was well known that the present owner had contemplated donating it to one or other of these purposes. Susan, who was not deficient in imagination, declared it was just the spot for a pretty cottage, with a garden sloping to the brook.

The Autumn was now come, with its clear, frosty October days so lovely in that Northern climate, and John was busy housing apples, and getting in the crops that ripen late. Susan, the brisk house, was on the alert drying apples and spinning flax, counting the eggs and weighing out butter and cheese for the market. Nothing is more cheery than the harvest time of a good farmhouse.

A bright fire of beech-wood flamed crackling up the great chimney, and the red bricks of the hearth were as free from stain as soap and water could make them. Mr. Fisher sat in his big arm-chair twirling his thumbs, while his wife plied her knitting-needles at his side. Susan was making herself a new gown, her mouth puckered in resolute silence, while John sat in the back room, his chair tilted upon two legs, and his head against the wall, a perfect picture of boorish, sullen discontent; at length he broke out with:

"I don't see, father, what you want to give the Greely woodlot to the town for."

"Well, John, we've been prosperous and are above board, so to say, and it's nothing more than right that we should do something for them that'll come after us—for posterity."

"*Posterity never did anything for us*," muttered John.

Mr. Fisher twirled his thumbs with a comical smile, and replied:

"True, John, and yet I can't help thinking of the third and fourth generation with a sort of love, eh?"

"I don't care a pinch of snuff for posterity. Charity ought to begin at home," answered John.

"So you want that lot, John, do you?" said his father, musingly. "In that case, John, I may as well trust *you* to help on education, and make yourself a good name in your native town. I'll give you a fair chance, I'm sure."

Mrs. Fisher laid down her knitting with a look of despair, and Susan gave the fire a vigorous punch that sent the flames roaring up the big chimney.

"Give me the deed, John; it may as well be included altogether."

Pen, ink, and paper were spread on the little round table, and Mr. Fisher drew his chair in closer proximity to the fire. Opening the deed, he read, as he wrote on the face of the document:

"And I give in furtherance of the above considerations, the piece of land, also, known as the Greely woodlot, to have and to hold by him and his heirs forever," etc.

John leaned against the chimney side while his father held the document high up and read aloud.

"Does that suit, my son?" he asked.

"Exactly," answered both John and Susan in the same breath.

Mr. Fisher leaned forward a trifle, and dropped the deed into the hottest of the flame, saying, in a low voice:

"The mare's mine now, John."

Susan sprang forward to rescue the precious document, but she burned her hands to no purpose, while John turned white with rage. Mrs. Fisher was a discreet woman and she clicked her needles in silence. Several minutes intervened during which the tick of the old clock, the chirp of the cricket, and the crackling of the beech wood sounded preternaturally loud. At length Mr. Fisher spoke, slowly and solemnly:

"John, I hope you are not so bad as you would seem to be, but you love yourself and money better than truth kindness, or justice, and you've got a wife more than your equal in evil-doing. I wanted to try you both. I've done so, and you see how it turned out. I will give you a better start than I had when I began life. I'll give you the deed of the little farm below the ledge where your mother and I passed many a happy day. You need not cry, Susan; you're a smart girl, but you needn't call your mother and me old any more."

A Novel Passport.

Erie Herald.

Some time since the German authorities prohibited the introduction of American pork. On the 23d of March William Nick left Erie for Germany, and took two fine hams as a present to one of his friends in the old country. Before permitting them to be sent, Dr. E. W. Germer, the Health Officer, examined them thoroughly and signed a certificate in English, German and French, stating that the hams were free from trichinæ, and had the seal of J. F. Walther, Notary Public, attached. When Mr. Nick arrived at Hamburg, the Custom House officer was going to confiscate the American pork. Mr Nick produced his American pass. The document was duly recognized and placed on file, and the hams went to Esslingen, in Wurtemburg.

The Rev. Thomas Powell died at Keokuk, Iowa, last week. He was a native of Orange, Cuyahoga County, O., served as a private in the 7th Ohio Cavalry, commanded the 65th Ohio Infantry, and sometimes served as chaplain. He was with Garfield at Chickamauga, Stone River, and Mission Ridge. He was a prominent members of the Baptist Church, and had been a preacher, but at the time of his death was practicing law.

There is a tier for all who die. True, some of them take the lower one.—*Boston Courier.*

A CONVICT'S WIFE,

But Soon to be a Wealthy Chicagoan's Bride.

The Wife of One of Those Her Husband Robbed Takes a Fancy to Her—And She Becomes a Trusted Friend and Household Companion—Succeeding After the Wife's Death to Her Place in the Husband's Affections—What Mr. Weaver Think of the Present State of Affairs.

Chicago Tribune.

The *Tribune* published last week an account of the trial and acquittal of Edith Harper, or Edith Smith, for the alleged larceny of some goods from Marshall Field's wholesale store. It was stated at the time that she was the sister of Mrs. Mike Weaver and of Mrs. Frank Jourdan, whose husbands, both of them now in Joliet, stand high among the burglars who make Chicago their home. The fortunes of one of these sisters, Mrs. Weaver, deserve more than a passing notice. They make a most interesting story. Were a play based on these adventures of hers it would probably be called sensational and untrue, and yet it would be from beginning to end a mere naked narrative of fact. It is one of those cases where truth happens to be stranger than fiction, and where the fact is beyond the imagination of the playwright.

In the Summer of 1878 the police authorities were discomfited by a large number of successful burglaries occurring in this City. House after house was broken open and quantities of goods taken, and no clue found to the perpetrator. One day, however, through an accident, an officer stumbled upon the house occupied by Jourdan and Weaver, and there found a mass of goods. Weaver was arrested on the street and Jourdan picked up the following year. Mrs. Weaver was not indicted, and dropped out of sight. Nothing more was heard of her until last April, when a woman was arrested at a jewelry store on a charge of stealing a diamond ring. She

TURNED OUT TO BE MRS. WEAVER,

who was accompanied by the sister recently tried for shoplifting at Marshall Field's. She was at the store a week or so before her arrest, and bought a gold headed cane, which she left there for the purpose of having marked. The ring was missed at the time of this visit. Subsequently she returned for the purpose of getting the cane, and was then arrested. The search which was made to discover the property was unavailing. The evidence against her was really very slight, and had she been any other than Mrs. Weaver she probably would not have been arrested at all. So the matter was settled amicably, and no indictment was found by the Grand Jury.

She is now living in a comfortable home on the South Side, where she has dwelt ever since her husband's arrest. During the period of two years and a half which have elapsed since her husband was sent to Joliet, she has been living as a trusted friend and companion in the house of a wealthy Chicago merchant to whom it is more than probable she will soon be married—as soon as she secures a divorce, which her husband's conviction makes it an easy matter for her to obtain. This is

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF CONDITION,

to pass in a short space of time from being the wife of a notorious criminal to the wife of a prosperous merchant, and it will not be uninteresting to tell the way in which the transmogrification took place

During the Spring of 1878 this merchant's house was robbed of about $4,000 worth of silverware and jewelry. His wife had a great fancy for diamonds, and he had bought her a good many at one time and another. He made efforts to find out who committed the burglary, and what had become of the goods, but without success. A day or two after Mike Weaver's arrest, the gentleman noticed a statement in the papers that there was a lot of stuff at the Central Station, and he went down there in order to see if he could identify it. There was a quantity of silver there, but he could not tell where any of it was his or not. He went to the jail and asked Weaver about it, but he said he had no recollection of having entered his house,—remembered nothing about it. The gentleman called on him two or three times, and gave him cigars or such like little things, and one day Weaver told him to come and

SEE HIM AFTER HE WAS SENTENCED.

He said that he was going to plead guilty, and that if the gentleman came in after that was over he might be able to tell him something about his property. So he went at that time, and Weaver said that he had entered his house, and he described it particularly. It was an unpretending dwelling, and he told him what attracted his attention to it, and how he went through it. Then the gentleman asked him where the goods were, and he said he didn't know, and didn't believe they could be gotten at, but he thought that perhaps his wife, then over in Michigan, might know. A City detective, whose name is unknown, said he thought that Weaver or his wife could turn up the stuff. The detective's wife was on intimate terms with Mrs. Weaver. Finally, the day before Weaver went down to Joliet, he sent for the gentleman, and said that he thought the stuff was in New York, at number something or other Broadway, and that if his wife could be reached in Michigan, and could be gotten to arrange it, the jewelry could be recovered. So the gentleman wrote a letter to Mrs. Weaver, stating the facts to her, and what her husband had promised, and sent it to her. One day he was sitting on the steps of his house with his children, and his wife, who was sick with rheumatism—up one day and down the next—was lying on the sofa in the parlor. A lady came up the steps and asked if Mrs. —— was in. The gentleman said, "Walk in," and went in after her and turned up the gas. She said:

"I AM MRS. WEAVER,

and I want to make amends as far as I can for whatever wrong my husband has done in this case. I did not know until a very short time before his arrest that he was in this business, and, if possible, I should like to return your goods and those of other parties. These goods were pawned in New York for so much by my husband, and if you will send on the money there you can get them." She talked for a while, and then went away. The gentleman spoke to an ex-police officer about it, and he thought the best way was to do it through the police. So the money was sent on to New York, and in a few days there came a package to the gentleman inclosing some jewelry valued at about $1,800. His wife said she wished he would write a note to Mrs. Weaver, thanking her for what she had done, and asking her some time or other to call. He did so, and she called again, and his wife took quite a fancy to her, and finally invited her to stay for a week. This stay was protracted and prolonged until she became

REGULARLY DOMICILED AT THE HOUSE.

His wife called her Flora, and grew exceeding fond of her.

The gentleman and his wife had been in the habit for years of going to Newport for a Summer trip. The Spring after the robbery she wanted to go, but he was afraid she would die on the journey. So he kept putting her off with one excuse and another. Finally the doctor came to him and said that he had better take his wife; that it couldn't harm her. So he got his tickets. When he got home he told his wife what he had done. Then she said: "I want Flora to go along with us." Mrs. Weaver said to him: "I can't go. I am afraid Mrs. —— will die on the way, and what a terrible position that will put me in. I am afraid if anything happens it will bring up that terrible name Weaver, which I am afraid I shall never be able to live down." Mrs. —— begged her to go, and promised her husband that she wouldn't die until she came back. So they started off, all of them, on the journey. His wife never left her bed from the time they left Chicago until the time they got back. Mrs. Weaver was unwearied in her attentions to her. She staid by her in her stateroom, and took her her meals, very rarely eating at the public table.

They returned all safe. During the journey Mrs.—— exacted a promise from Mrs. Weaver that, after she (the wife) died, Mrs. Weaver would stay and take care of the four children. After the return Mrs. Weaver nursed her constantly and tenderly until she died.

The devoted care which Mrs. Weaver had paid the first wife, and the warm attachment which she showed to the children, whom she had watched over in sickness and in health, were not long in having their effect upon Mr. ——'s mind; and the feeling of respect and admiration which he entertained for Mrs. Weaver gradually

CHANGED INTO A WARMER EMOTION,

and, but for the unfortunate incident of the diamond ring, the marriage would have taken place ere this. His faith in her was not shaken in the slightest by that incident. She had for a long time had entire control of the family affairs, had attended to the housekeeping, and disbursed all the money needed for that purpose, and had economically administered her trust. She had been in his store on occasions when she could have taken thousands of dollars worth of property, or thousands of dollars in money, but had never touched a thing. He was convinced of her thorough honesty, and believed that she was not aware of her husband's misdeeds.

AS FOR MR. WEAVER,

now leading an industrious, sober, and quiet life in Joliet, he is not at all satisfied with the turn which affairs have taken. In some mysterious way news leaks into the Penitentiary, and he has learned that his wife is on the point of changing her name. When asked by the reporter soon after Mrs. Weaver's arrest what he thought of her, he said that he wouldn't say that she was his wife, but he thought she was a very bad woman. He said that when he came from Canada he fitted up a nice home for her and her sister in Indiana, and did everything he could to encourage them to lead an honest life, but they would not be persuaded. He was asked why it was he would not call Mrs. Weaver his wife; but that, he said, was a subject on which he must be excused from speaking. He had evidently learned what was going on outside, and was not inclined at that moment to say anything to a reporter on the subject, preferring to reserve his knowledge until the expiration of his term.

ANY SUCH MARRIAGE AS THIS

brings with it its dangers, and therefrom will probably come the next act in the drama. After Mr. Weaver is liberated, about four years from now, it will be in his power, if he pleases, to try to levy blackmail upon the second husband, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it may not be impossible for him to do it successfully. There are also relatives of Mrs. Weaver who may be inclined, in case of her marrying a wealthy husband, to put forward their claims to hush money for suppressing the fact that a beloved wife was once the spouse of a convict, has a sister and brother in-law at Joliet, and was herself once arrested for shoplifting.

HOW HE BECAME WEALTHY.

The Way Some Men Can Talk Slang.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A little man was introduced to the members of the Mining Exchange, the other day, and, from the prompt and effectual manner in which he operated, it was apparent that he was immensely wealthy.

"You have been out in the mines, I hear," said one of a knot of admirers, who, though a New Yorker, had established some little familiarity with far Western slang.

"Pretty old hand at dips and angles, I take it," observed the questioner, jocularly.

"I've hea———— replied the little man.

"Rocked the cradle for yellow a good many turns, eh?" continued the bore, with an I'll fetch-him-out wink at the crowd.

"No. They don't cradle, they crush," said the little man, uneasily.

"Hit it hard on a spur and jerk rock for the stamp; that's the way they do it?"

"They take out the quartz and send it to the mill," replied the little man.

"Wouldn't you like to go and flood the lower level?" asked the amateur miner. "Want something to rinse the valves?"

The little man consented and the crowd adjourned for wine.

"How'd you hook on to the dust, grab stake or straight prospect?" inquired the bore after the party had irrigated.

"I grab staked until I lost most of my money," said the little man nervously.

"I see. Then scanned for a shine on your own sleeve."

"No. The fact is, gentlemen, I'm not a miner, and never had an interest in a shaft."

"How'd you accumulate the buckskins, if I may ask?" pursued the bore, somewhat amazed.

"It was this way: Some tenderfeet had smiled on a locket, and when they came to reach for corn at the settle I was close to the bung. They were oiled and I had some split tickets. I gave them the circulars, and when the wind shifted the best they could languish under was three cooks and a couple. Somehow I got hold of the hair and let into the pull with two doughfaces and three sprats. I let go a doughface and caught the advertisement. They doubled on me till I reached the lingering speck, and then I laid down and softened on the starlight. That's the way I made my money. Good day, gentlemen."

"How was it?" chorused the crowd, turning to the bore for an explanation.

"I think he means that they died and left him their property," replied the domestic miner.

But he didn't. He meant that three flats had struck it rich, and on a deal with a safety pack he had held four aces against a queen full and had won all the money in the outfit.

To crystalize it, gentle reader: He was a skin gambler.

The Hebrews in England.

New York Sun.

Another Jewess, a daughter of Bischoffsheim, known over here through his connection with Erie, has married another Earl, the Earl of Desart, and the marriage was celebrated, after the Rosebery precedent, first at the Registrar's, and then at the church, as by law established. The stream of aristocracy in England is becoming largely impregnated with Jewish blood.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO THURSDAY JUNE 2, 1881.

OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lenora," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," and "The Grinder Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandermark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Ghira's Dream," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Led Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Me," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $2.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 55 cents.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have on hand about 50 copies of a very fine large edition, printed with large type on fine paper, and illustrated with many beautiful full-page engravings. This book is worth fully $3.00 at retail, but we will mail it post-paid on receipt of $1.50. This is a standard work, and should be in every house.

CHEAP DICTIONARY.

We have about 50 copies of "The American Pronouncing Dictionary," which we will mail to any address on receipt of 35 cents. Regular price 75 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Banker, by Nasby.
The Democratic John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books, address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Sec. Blaine intends to build the largest private residence in Washington.

Beecher's Sunday School proposes to withdraw from the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, if Unitarian and Universalist schools are not permitted to walk in procession with those of the orthodox churches.

The Boston *Post* says: "Mr. Platt, of New York, has gone home sick at heart, and Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, has gone to the Adirondacks, sick at the stomach. The Platt family has been overworked."

The American *Architect* says that many architects, in constructing houses this Spring, are providing them with insulated wires laid under the plastering ready for the introduction of the electric light.

Under very strong pressure Princess Louise has consented to return to Canada in June. The same influence are operating to induce her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, to consent to retain his present position of Governor-General of Canada, which he has determined to throw up.

There are 65,111 men in the standing army of Great Britain, and 70 per cent. of the first-class army reserve—16,651 strong—is to be employed for the defense of England and Wales and for reinforcing the garrisons of Scotland and Ireland; but deducting 44 per cent. reported unfit for service, the number is reduced to 48,787 available men.

There are $140,000,000 more gold in actual circulation in this country now than two years ago; the amount of silver in circulation is much larger than ever before, and the National Bank circulation is $316,800 larger than at any previous time since banking was made free in 1875. Hence the plentifulness of money and the low interest rate.

When Sec. Lincoln went into the Cabinet he found Mr. Forbes, who was an usher at the White House during his father's administration, holding a messenger's place in the Treasury Department. On the night that Pres. Lincoln was assassinated Mr. Forbes, who was a favorite of the family, attended him to the theater. Sec. Lincoln has had him appointed to a clerkship in the Adjutant General's office.

It is related that the late Czar, in riding about the country, one day in 1870, met a band of gypsies, and paused to listen to their songs. One of them, a young and pretty woman came up to him and asked to tell his fortune. He allowed her to do so, and she predicted, it is said, the troubles that clouded the last years of his reign. "When shall I die?" asked Alexander II., at last. The gipsy was silent. "Speak," said the Czar, "I command it." "Little Father," replied the gipsy, "the year of your death is included in the year of your birth—1818—1881."

The first two editions of King James' Bible—that agreed upon at the Conference at Hampton Court in 1611—had a large number of serious typographical errors, such as "Judas" for "Jesus" (in Matt. xx., 30;) "serve thee" for "serve me" (Ex. ix., 13;) "hoops" for "hooks;" "plaine" for "plague;" "ye shall not eat" for "ye shall eat;" "shewed" for "hewed," etc. See a long list in Dr. Eadie's "The English Bible" vol. ii., 291 sqq. A great many typographical blunders and variations crept into subsequent editions. A committee of the American Bible Society, in examining six different editions of the Authorized Version, discovered nearly 24,000 variations in the text and punctuation.

The Baltimore *Daily News* suggests a splendid field for the work of the Signal Service Bureau—a problem which some scientist should distinguish himself in solving. Referring to the fact that it invariably rains during the Pimlico races whether they are held in the Spring or Fall, it asks: "Why does it rain during every race week? Why does a Quaker quarterly meeting, a Sunday-school picnic and a camp meeting receive a ducking every time? They are all occasions when good people want dry weather, and when many fervently pray for it." The secret once discovered would not only enable the Bureau to predict the weather, but to regulate it also. By a judicious distribution of jockey clubs, camp meetings, picnics, etc., over the land through the dry Summer, rain may be controlled in due season and the crops be helped.

Not Pleased with the Revision.

N. Y. Graphic.

Opinion by W. H. Vanderbilt—"It is not quite the Bible I want yet. The passage relative to the difficulty experienced by the rich man in getting to heaven is not expunged.

Dr. Talmage—"I consider that the still unexpunged passage in the new version relative to a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal is a personal insult."

Jay Gould—"The new version holds on to the assertion that the love of money is the root of all evil."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Nervous Prostration.

I used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in a severe case of nervous prostration; was pleased with the result. I shall prescribe it hereafter with a great deal of confidence.

A. G. BISSELL, M. D.

Detroit, Mich.

Two Jolly Philadelphia Teutons in Luck.

Mr. Alexander Beyer and his chum, C. Bander, put one dollar each in a letter and sent it to M. A. Dauphin, at No. 212 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., (the same addressed "New Orleans, La.," would answer as well,) and received in return half of ticket No. 76,071 in the April drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and each put in his pocket $1,250, with which they purchased neat little houses in Philadelphia. The Grand Semi-Annual Drawing takes place June 14th, when over $500,000 will be scattered under the supervision of Gen. Beauregard and Early.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c per box.

Correspondence.

For the Toledo Blade.

ABOUT WASHING DAY.

And Other Things.

With hot weather coming, who does not dread the steam, heat and smells of washing day? Let any woman who hates them, banish the foul atmosphere by using the cold water soap. This is not a new thing, at least I began using it 10 years ago, and have again just had the satisfaction of seeing the clothes come in, looking like new, with that gleaming white which is the standard of the old-fashioned housekeeper, after washing in cold water from the faucet, without a quart of hot water or an instant's boiling. They were soaped plentifully and laid in a strong suds. Three hours soaking left them clean enough to suds, rubbing easily, and rinse, and whiter clothes there are not in this Yankee Village. What is in the soap I don't know, and don't trouble myself to know, seeing it washes so beautifully, and leaves the hands soft. There are two or three brands of the cold water soap, and all good, as far as I have seen. It costs 8 cents by the single bar, and would save that in the cost of fuel, let alone comfort, on hot days.

For those who have neither patent soap nor washer, I shall repeat my prescription of two years since, that clothes can be washed easily in Summer, by soaping and soaking in *cold* soft water, dipping in clean cold water without wringing and laying in in the sun to bleach. If a shower comes up at evening, so much the better. You will find your clothes washed better for you by rain or sun than you can do it for yourself. The Maryland women do their washing in this way to save labor, and I took the notion from them. Don't say, as one good lady wrote from Nebraska to tell me, that clothes *could not* be washed clean without scalding, for her mother taught her, and she always boiled her things. Perhaps that woman thought I wrote from hearsay, or theory, or was a scribbling person, who didn't know what she wrote about. But I, too, have had a mother, who is ready to testify that boiling may be dispensed with! Don't say it can't be done till you have tried it. I write this again, hoping some weak, tired woman, desperate over her week's washing, without help, may try it, and find how much the sun will save her. Of course the clothes must be rinsed after bleaching. Don't spare the soap in any form of washing. Soap at eight cents a pound is cheaper than woman's strength.

There will be stains in socks and bindings which defy common modes of washing, and I want to tell tired women how to make this work easy. Take a dull knife and scrape the spots, instead of wearing your knuckles out rubbing them. Cover the back of the washboard with old cotton, in a dozen folds, tacking or tying it on. Put this in the water, lay the soiled piece on it, and scrape it with one of those dull case knives which are good for nothing else. Dip or hold in the water and scrape, not so as to wear the fiber of the stuff, but so as to take the spots out, and you will be surprised to see how much more quickly they come out than by rubbing. The hems of shirts, bands and cuffs may be scraped in this way and the work be done sitting down comfortably. I don't know whether I got this notion from the South Sea Islanders or the Fayal people, but I have tried it often and know how much strain and labor it saves, and how much cleaner the articles are by this method. The padding of cloth on the board prevents the collar or sock from being rubbed into holes, as it would be in a moment on a bare board, and your dull knife acts on the same principle as the washboard, only you rub the blade on the clothes instead of the clothes on the dull blades of the board, with the advantage of directing each rubbing just where you want the purchase to go. Don't laugh at this suggestion either, till you have tried it.

I will tell you why I write these things: It is in thought of that brave little doctor's wife at Corinne, Utah, who told me on a visit East, how impossible it was to get help, even of the half savage Mormon or Indian women, and how when her baby was only six days old, she had to rise, weak and trembling, and do her own washing, to have the comfort of clean clothes. Her husband helped all he knew how, but then he did know no more than other educated, well-reared men. I think also of the weary women with weak backs who dread the martyrdom of Monday, and who never are quite rested from one washing-day to another. I am a cripple, half the time, but in conflicts with careless washerwomen, I never yet saw the time when I could not manage a washing in spite of them with good soap, much soaking, a padded board and wringer. I never dare tell my City friends, but I have done my washing, sitting on a low seat by the tub on the floor, because I could not stand to do it, and the washerwoman was refractory. When she finds I can do without her, sick or well, she makes up her mind to come when I want her and do the work as I want her to.

As warm weather opens, every house ought to have a kerosene stove, for Summer cooking and ironing. They are such compendiums of convenience, for the double burner which sits on a light stand will cook or wash for a dozen people. I know a boarding house keeper who does all her Summer cooking with one. The kerosene is in a reservoir with tube feeding the flame, which lessens any danger of explosion, and a stout iron cylinder surrounds the burner, for the kettles to rest on. It is nice to have no kindling, no ashes to take up, but to light a full fire with the touch of a match, and in three minutes have the water boiling. If slow cooking is required, you start the saucepan boiling, lower the flame and leave the stew to itself. There is no danger of your fire going out or burning the food. For frying or broiling, your hot fire is ready in an instant, and when the cooking is done, puff! out it goes, and the room is cool. I have seen the cooking and ironing for five persons done with two and a half gallons of oil a week, and that is not economical usage. The same waste is possible as with gas, if people are careless about turning the flame off. The neatest furniture comes for the stoves, a range of five saucepans fitting in one, so that the steam cooker will do five dishes at once, squash, potatos, beef and turnips or pudding, without change of flavors. The new broiler is very nice for any stove or fire, two perforated shallow pans of sheet iron, hinged together, and closing tight, held by long handles for broiling. The meat is shut in the close broiler, put over the fire, and browns without losing the gravy, and is turned by turning the broiler over, so that it loses nothing by handling. The soapstone griddle which bakes without grease or burning is indispensable for lovers of hot cakes, which sometimes taste well cool Summer mornings and evenings. The double iron oven bakes biscuit, bread and cake, perfectly, and is especially nice for cake, as you can get just the right heat every minute. Let me advise the use of the double iron oven instead of the tin one commonly sold with Summer stoves. The smoke passes around the inside of the double walls and out at the top, making it impossible to smoke the bread, which happens with the tin single oven.

The weight of a double stove is not far from 50 pounds. As to choice, there is little to choose between the three standard patents. Safety depends on keeping the oil cool, and the flame out of a draught. If a kerosene lamp or heater stands in the sun or on a mantel over the stove or in any warm place, inflammable vapor gathers on the surface, which careless handling when lighted will explode. Or if carried into a gusty passage or before an open window the flame may be blown down the burner, and explosion follow.

Among the kitchen conveniences which abound in the shape of stoneware, kettles with wire bails are nice for stewing fruit. They are round with gilded rim, are neater and lighter-looking than the iron ware, and the price is 30 cents. The rubber sink scrapers are an improvement on the hideous brooms which clog with grease and are an abomination. The rubber scrapers are sixpence, and can be kept perfectly clean. The tiles for coffee-stands are to be heated and keep the coffee warm instead of a lighted lamp, and do not spoil the coffee by simmering. I grew tired of having tinmen refuse to mend good ware because they wanted me to buy new, and determined to learn to do my own soldering. Happening into a hardware store, there was just the equipment wanted, in a box with a small soldering iron, the point ready tipped, the scraper, the bar of solder and box of powdered resin, price 50 cents, by which I concluded some other women must have inquired for soldering irons to do their own work. It is a bad policy to which I won't submit to, which refuses to repair tin ware, shoes or implements, to force owners into buying new articles, and I will not submit to it while I have the use of my 10 fingers. Often a thing mended is worth twice the value and will outlast two new ones. Every house ought to have its tools for repairs of every sort to save time which is often more account than money. How often a week's work goes awry because the boiler has sprung a leak and it is not convenient to carry it to the shop. A box of rubber cement, a sharp shoe knife and some needles and thread will save many a rent in shoes from growing noticeable. On a farm, one of the boys should learn how to sole and mend shoes, another how to mend a wagon or shingle a leaky roof. It is a poor fellow who is good only for one trade. My own father, though a college bred, was an independent sort of man, and on his Wisconsin farm, seven miles from the nearest Village, he could make a harrow, or a clevis, mend a broken harness, or build a grain bin without running after other help. The same cleverness which constructed a set of apparatus for philosophical experiments, telescope, electrical machine, gasometer, and furnace, stood him in good stead, when he gave up studious life for farming. And the comfort of being independent of trades people, and having work done at your own moment is so great, I advise every one to learn it. Sharp tools make labor lighter by half, and every weak woman ought to favor herself by keeping bread and carving knives, hatchets, etc., ground to perfection. Work is another thing done with good knives. The kitchen grindstone is a famous convenience, about a foot in diameter, set in an iron frame, that stands on the table and turns like any grindstone, with a water-box underneath. Add to this a whetstone and an oilstone for scizzors, and you never need have a dull blade in the house. The bread worker is another invention which takes one the hardest parts of women's work in kneading the bread. Miss Parloa, of the Boston cooking school, recommends it, and her formula for bread is something exhaustive. This with the new method of making butter without churning, takes the weight of housekeeping. Possibly we shall yet have an invention which will set the whole household machinery going, by simply turning a crank. I don't think we quite want that just yet, for work performed with brains is something pleasanter, as all hand-work is better than machine-work. But it is a fact that American women have a great deal of work, and need all the helps they can have to do it. Use up more tools and less woman.

I wish to say to the correspondents of the Household who have been no way modest in intimating their objections to the house-furnishing letters, that the articles were written by request of a number of BLADE subscribers, and meet the tastes of a few hundred readers, who express their approval of the topic. In a paper with 75,000 subscribers it is impossible to suit the interests of all with one sort of articles, and the majority of its readers are not in circumstances, when to speak of the refinements of life is regarded as an affront. Many of them, I think most of them, are able to have pleasant, tasteful homes, and value nothing more than suggestions for making them more delightful.

SUSAN POWER.

Land Warrants for Soldiers.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see in your issue of May 5th the attention of the soldier is again called to the much talked of subject of Land Warrants for soldiers, by E. S. West, Co. B, 34th O. V. I.

I can heartily indorse most of his ideas. Doubtless nine-tenths of the soldiers are of the same opinion and feelings, but what does all of our feelings, sufferings and pleadings, consequent on our services through mud and dust, snow, frost, broiling sun, etc., avail us? Our petitions come from a source too humble for a consideration, when vast monopolies, with earthly greed, and military magnates retiring on princely salaries are also asking.

We say all honor to our brave leaders, God bless them both in basket and store. But it is the "rank and file:" it is the humble soldier who is, or should be, the recipients of public attention, it is he who bore the heat and burthen of our late struggle for the Nation's life. It is he, (private soldier) who made the greatest sacrifices. He left family, friends, business social endearments, as sacred and dear to him and all, upon whom he turned his back for his country's cause, as did he, whose shoulders are bedecked with golden leaf, the glittering plumed eagle, or spangling star. To his family, his helpless little ones, and to himself, his life is of equal value with the opulent, and possibly much more so. He who reads of the present mode and conduct of the Senate and Pension Department most inevitably come to the conclusion that our National temple should be purged and those sellers of doves, and those who are making "My Father's house a house of merchandize," should be "scourged with cords," barbed and twisted. We are aware of the complexity and magnitude of the Pension Department. We and all reflecting citizens are equally aware of the magnitude, resources and facilities of our Government. What other Department of our Government business is from three to eight, 10 and 12 years behind with its business? The poor war widow, her dependant orphans, the broken—downphysically, soldier, may wait with stoical patience perhaps, as he who waits for the Millinnium.

We don't wish to be captious, but "Charity for all, and malice toward none." But when we think of Congress giving the poor soldier a warrant for 160 acres of Government lands, and the Pension Bureau coming promptly "to time," and granting a pension to him who has proven his case by sworn affidavits and clear testimony of the surgeons of their own selections, and of approved professional integrity, we say, as one of old, "Ah, me! Nor life nor hope remains." If Bro. West or some other good brother soldier will start the land ball a-rolling, he can rely on the feeble efforts of

J. S. EWAN,
of Co. C, 37th Ind. Vol. Int.

North Vernon, Ind., May 11, 1881.

Boston Corbett.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I saw in your issue of the 5th inst. a little scrap of news concerning one whose name at one time in our history was in "everybody's mouth." I refer to Boston Corbett. Your item said he was "living in poverty near Philadelphia, and was complaining of being shunned by everybody." You are wrongfully informed.

Boston Corbett lives to-day, and has for years, 10 miles south of Concordia, Cloud County, Kansas. He is living on his homestead in moderate circumstances, and instead of being shunned by everybody he is quite an illustrious citizen, and is visited frequently by the curious. He is a batchelor, and welcomes all who come to see him with homely hospitality. He is rather reticent in regard to himself, and dislikes being made a hero of, but will tell the details of the capture of Booth with minute distinctness. He is somewhat of a preacher and works in a "revival meetings" lustily. He says when he was taking aim at Booth, he asked the Lord to direct the bullet, and he believes it was sped on its way by divine aid.

The Philadelphia Corbett is a myth, undoubtedly. Any one can write to Boston Corbett at his present address, Concordia, Clound County, Kansas.

D. L. BRADLEY.

Republic, Kan., May 7.

He Approves.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Accept my congratulations for your firm stand against "Lord Roscoe." Your editorials have the right ring, and I say "let him have it" until he "knuckles under." Your reply to "Stalwart" in the BLADE of May 19, surely will cool his ardor for the "Peacock," and if he can't understand your language he is certainly past comprehension. Garfield is President. We elected him for that purpose, and we never chose Conkling to be his dictator. Keep the pen moving and make the BLADE "cut."

Yours truly,
T. C. SCOFIELD.

Brick Chapel, Ind., May 22.

What Durango Sighs For.

Durango (Colo.) Record.

We want girls—girls who can get themselves up in shape to go to a dance. The boys are getting tired of receiving invitations with a request that they "bring ladies." They are like oranges and apples—very scarce. We want girls who will go to church and to Bible class on Sunday, and that kind who can draw a congregation of the other sex, and who will take a buggy ride after the lesson is over. This will help the livery business, and will also hasten the sale of residence lots, for buggies are the vehicles in which homes are first thought of by many people. We want girls that can can wait on the table, who can smile us into an appetite when stomach bitters are impotent, and who will make the boarders regular at their meals. We want girls for sweethearts, so that when we get an arm shot off, or are kicked by a mule, or are thrown from a bucking horse and are laid away for repairs, we may hear a gentle voice and see the glitter of a crystal tear spoken and dropped in unconscious sympathy for our pain.

Prof. Horsford's Baking Powder.

F. H. Atkins, A. A. Surgeon, U. S. Army, says: "In this Powder an acid phosphate of lime takes the place of cream tartar or alum, and while the whitest and most delectable biscuit can be made with it that I have ever seen or tasted, it furnishes a food rich in phosphates, so much needed in the animal economy and so largely discarded in our finely sifted flour. Prof. Horsford's high reputation is adequate surety for the absence of alum or any other deleterious or make-weight ingredient."

The Howe Scale Co. enlarged their works twice last year to meet the demand. Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Would not be without Redding's Russia Salve is the verdict of all who use it. Price 25c.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

The June number completes the 10th volume of this excellent magazine. W. Fraser Rae concludes his estimate of "George Eliot's Life and Writings;" John M. Gregory writes concerning the government of the students of the Illinois State University. An article upon "The Pioneer's of the Sierra Madra" is from the pen of A. A. Hayes, jr. "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." A most interesting account of the Zulu Kafirs is given by Elie Reclus. Edward S. Holden revives the memory of a young astronomer—Ebenezer Porter Mason—who has for a long time been forgotten, except among those of the profession. The number closes with a short article upon "The Assassination of the Tsar," by Ivan Panin, a Russian who, though not a "Nihilist," found it necessary to seek an asylum in America because of his discontent under Russian oppression.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The June number has the following attractive table of contents: "Our Future Fiscal Policy," by Hugh McCulloch; "The Patrician Element in American Society," by George B. Loring, M. C.;" "A New Phase of the Reform Movement," by Dorman B. Eaton; "Shall Americans Own Ships," by Prof. W. G. Sumner; "The Color Line," by Frederick Douglass; "The Ruins of Central America," part VIII., by Desire Charney; "Vaccination," by Austin Flint, M. D.; "The Right to Regulate Charges," by J. M. Mason; "Prehistoric Man in America," by Prof. Edward S. Morse.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The *Atlantic* for June is an excellent number. "Over on the T'other Mounting" is a capital sketch by Charles E. Craddock. "The In-door Pauper" is by Octave Thonet. Then follows, "A Spring Opening;" "Bergen Days," an exciting and novel story; "Felicissima;" "Who Lost Waterloo?" "Chance;" "French Tragedy;" "A Taste of Maine Birch;" Whittier's "King's Missive," and other poems. The serials are increased by two chapters each. One of the best things in the number is the announcement in the new book department of Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God," and James Harton's long promised "Life of Voltaire," which is published in two handsome octavo volumes.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The June number opens with a description, by R. W. Gilder, of "The Farragut Monument." The paper is illustrated by a full page engraving by Cole, of the figure, and smaller illustrations of other parts of the monument. Col. Waring contributes a second paper on the "Sanitary Condition of New York." There is a brief sketch of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, with a full page portrait by Cole, from Lepage's painting, and there are other illustrated papers of interest. In light reading there are: The opening instalment of "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells; "A Rainy Day with Uncle Remus;" the second instalment of Geo. W. Cable's "Madame Delphine;" "Fritz," a bright story of a pet bird. Among the poems are "Sic Semper Liberatoribus," (on the dead Czar), by Emma Lazarus; "Farragut," by Charles de Kay; "Latitude Unknown," by H. H.; "Keenan's Charge (Chancellorsville, May, 1863)," by George Parsons Lathrop, and "Poems from a Scrap Book," by Edith M. Thomas.

WIDE AWAKE.

The June number has several exquisitely illustrated poems from well known poets, chief among them being "Mary in the Morningglories," by Mary Clemmer, "The Baby's Prayer," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "Courtesy," by Mrs. L. C. Whiton, and "Out of Tune," by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Mrs. A. M. Diaz contributes also a delightful six-paged ballad entitled "The Little Boggermuggers," with humorous drawings by "Boz." There is also a fine sonnet to "Mother Goose," by James Whitcomb Riley, with a capital pen-and-ink portrait of Mother Goose by G. F. Barnes. There are several remarkably good short stories in this number, two noteworthy ones being "Silly's Hood Tree," by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, and "The Original Wax Works Show," by James B. Marshall, each with a full-page illustration, the one drawn by G. F. Barnes, the other by F. H. Lungren, and David Ker gives us a reminiscence of some "Boy Divers in the Red Sea." These articles, with the three serials and several capital pictures, original music by Mr. Elson, a page of Tangles, and an offer of Three Money Prizes for the best account of Out-of-Door Amusements, make up a first rate number.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

The leading article, in the June number "Russia's New Emperor, Alexander III," by Alfred H. Guernsey, is highly interesting, and its 10 illustrations are admirable. Among the other noteworthy contributions are: "Beggars in Italy," by Junius Lorraine; "Among the Pennsylvania Dutch" (7 illustrations;) "Freaks of Nature in Landscape" (12 illustrations;) "The Empress of Austria" (7 illustrations;) "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," by W. Seton (4 illustrations;) "A week in Hamburg," by Alfreton Hervey (12 illustrations;) etc, etc. The sketches include "J. Fenimore Cooper," "The Loss of the 'Kent,' East Indiaman;" "Sport in India." Benedict's powerful serial novel, "A Late Remorse," is continued, and there are some exceedingly interesting short stories by popular writers. Bret Harte contributes a poem, finely illustrated, entitled, "What the Chimney Sang," and the other poems are of rare merit. The number contains 128 quarto pages and more than 100 engravings. It is also embellished with a beautiful colored frontispiece, "Baby's Awake," from a painting by Meyer Von Bremen. The price of a single copy is only 25 cents; yearly subscription, $3. Address Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57, Park Place, New York.

EARL OF MAYFIELD. By Thomas P. May, author of "Illan Yeureitt." T. B. Peterson, & Co., Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

The Earl of Mayfield has achieved great popularity, seven editions of the book have been exhausted, and the eighth, revised by the author, is now ready. It is the story of a young sugar planter, who in the course of his journey in life, falls in love with a charming woman, and is a novel of more than usual power and interest. In language and style it has a finish of elegance, and its details are so cleverly managed that the interest is continuous, making it of surpassing interest. The plot is carefully and skillfully developt. The dialogue is excellent, the descriptions are vivid and the characters are happily conceived, graphically drawn, and delineated with a master hand. The opening scenes transpire in our own sunny South and the beauties of that region are depicted in language of rare beauty.

THE DUTIES OF WOMEN. A Course of Lectures by Frances Power Cobbe. Published by Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.

Those who are familiar with the writings of this gifted author need not be told that she has said in this little volume in the clearest way many things which will give food for thought to every woman who may read it. She has said them from her heart, because she felt how much they were needed by those of her own sex who are struggling through life burdened with mistakes both of their own and of those who went before them. Given in the form of familiar lectures to a London audience of women, it might seem as if the absence of Miss Cobbe's personal magnetism would take from the vitality of the book, but whatever might be missed by one who had heard the spoken words, those who simply read will become thoroughly alive to the strength of the author's belief in the future of her own sex in the path of progress upon which they have entered.

The author fully and entirely believes in the political enfranchisement of women, but considers that object subordinate to the moral character of each individual. With this idea, as might be expected, she has particularly directed the attention to the home and social duties, which she has defined with simple directness and yet with an abounding love and charity for all shortcomings.

It would be pleasant to give an extended review of this book, with copious extracts, but perhaps a cordial and earnest recommendation to read it will answer the purpose, which is to bring it into the hands of every woman who needs strengthening in the good way, or who stands in doubt as to where her duty lies. Miss Cobbe's earnest words must bring help and light to all, and she may be sure that she has done a good work, for which she must be amply rewarded.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

The Value of Conkling to the Democratic Party.

Gath in the Cincinati Enquirer.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Politics is breaking the back of the Republic. I met a Democratic leader of New York to-day, who argued in the following patriotic way:

"I was in favor of confirming Robertson till recently," He said. "New I am opposed to it. It is the right thing to do, but we can't afford to do the right thing."

I inquired: "What bad obligations are you under to do the evil thing?"

"Oh," he answered, "if we help Robertson's confirmation we kill off Conkling. He is the most useful factor in the country to us. He has always traded with one side or the other of Democrats in New York, and if Robertson were confirmed we might never be able to trade at all. He is the most perfect politician in the State. If he got the Custom house he would be backed by Chauncey DePew, William Vanderbilt, Fenton and other powerful influences, and they might hold this State for 20 years. We must keep Conkling alive, and not let Robertson come in."

"Do you know Robertson well?" I asked.

"Very well. I was in the State Senate with him. If I go there now he always says: 'What brings you here? Can I help you? Give me a memorandum of your wishes. Now let it concern you no more, for I will have it attended to.' And he always does what he says."

"Well," said I, "do you want to beat a man like that, who covers you with obligations?"

"Oh," replied the politician, "he does just that kind of thing for every body. He is immensely powerful, and the best politician in New York. We can't afford to see him confirmed. Conkling has become a necessity to us. He is foolish, arrogant and weak, and can smash the Republican party. If we sustain him the Republicans will break away from their ticket next Fall; but if Conkling loses the Custom House he is dead, and there will be unity in the Republican party."

"What is the strength of Robertson?" I asked.

"In his fidelity to politics, his high tone, and in his reticence. Politics is the nearest concert to his heart. He thinks of it latest at night, and first in the morning. He has a pleasing temperament and great public industry. With less intellectual ability than State Senator Woodin, he has more integrity and application. He carries his district every time by 2,000 majority, though the district is Democratic. He has very nearly beaten Conkling in the State without a particle of power, and with the Custom House he will bury him so deep the buzzards will never find him."

"One question more," I said. "Do you consider this business of politics to have any chivalry in it?"

"Not a damned bit," he said; "it is a question of swag."

ROSCOE.

Remembrances of the Chicago Convention.

Editor Campbell, of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, one of the West Virginia delegates to the Chicago Convention whom Conkling did not love, recalls scenes of the National Convention in commenting on the resignations. He says:

"Roscoe Conkling is a conspicuous example of a man possessed of considerable genius, and yet lacking in that great essential of a statesman, plain common sense. His admitted ability is greatly marred and hindered by his vanity. His personal vanity is excessive. It amounts to a positive weakness in his character. During the session of the Chicago Convention he purposely came in late every day and paraded down the main aisle with a very stately air, followed by three or four retainers. His appearance was the signal for an outburst from the third-termers in the gallery and on the floor. Conkling appropriated this outburst as so much sweet smelling frankincense and myrrh offered to his dietyship, and bowed his lordly head stiflly as a sort of faint and patronizing nod of condescension from Jupiter Olympus towards common clay. His bearing and conduct throughout that convention was raspish and offensive, and at every stage, including his nominating speech of Grant, he made enemies for the third term. This showed his lack of common sense. He could hardly deign to pronounce the name of Blaine. He did not know of any candidate but Grant. Like the "gentleman from Culpepper, sah," he had casually heard of a fellow from Ohio by the name of Sherman, and a son of a gun from Maine by the name of Blaine, but he had no authentic information on the subject.

"His vanity is now hungering for a dose of personal adulation from the New York Legislature. His soul will dry up in its socket if he fails to receive it. He will expect the Almighty to send bloody murrain among the beasts of the field if he is not re-elected. A convulsion of nature must follow or else there will be a quarrel with Providence."

A Mean Trick.

Peck's Sun.

A young Portage route agent had a mean trick played on him by a friend the other day. He got a leave of absence and went to Cambria to visit a young lady that he was acquainted with. A friend went to the telegraph office and sent a message to the Village Marshal of Cambria that a young man was on the way to that place who had been boarding in a house where there were three cases of small pox, and that he had better be looked after. His dress and appearance were described minutely, and when the train arrived the visitor was fastened to by the Marshal, who would not let him enter a house while he was in town, but kept him walking until the train went back to Portage, when he was allowed to depart, as hungry and tired a young fellow as ever was seen. He says he will probably submit to that joke without trying to pay it back with 11 per cent. interest, though he don't believe he will.

Remain at Home.

If you are suffering from Consumption or Catarrh, don't let your friends or physician induce you to leave home and its comforts for Colorado or Florida. Send for the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It will do more for you than any change of climate. In a recent letter from Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, introducing a friend, a resident of our City, whom he had persuaded to give Compound Oxygen a trial, he says: "His physicians advised him to go to a better climate; but his means will not permit this, and I know that the climate of Philadelphia, improved by your Compound Oxygen, *will do him more good than a removal to any climate on this continent;* and in saying this *I speak from my own large experience* in California, Florida and in the elevated plains of the country." As Judge Kelley is one of our oldest patients, his opinion of Compound Oxygen, is of great value. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases, with full information, *sent free.* DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A Hackman Who Understands the Rules of Tariff.

Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

A communist person identified with the dangerous classes of the Comstock and notorious for his disregard of truth and contempt for vested rights, has just returned from a visit to San Francisco. This morning he endangered the good name of the Chronicle by entering its editorial rooms. The Nihilist declared that he had "a good thing on Stanford and Steve Gage," but he supposed the Chronicle, like the rest of the corrupt and time serving press, would be afraid to publish it.

"Tell your story," said the editor with dignity, and gazing inquiringly at the boot of the socialist, which was resting upon the editorial table. The boot remained there, however, while the following ridiculous narrative was delivered:

It's fine weather at the bay, and everybody who can afford it take a spin occasionally out of the dust and heat. Last Saturday Stanford and Gage were walking along Kearney street, and when they got to the corner of Rush the Governor took off his hat, wiped his brow, and remarked:

"Steve, it's too hot for anything. What do you say to a breath of fresh air?"

"Have we time?" inquired Mr. Gage, pulling out his watch. So did the Governor, who replied:

"There isn't anything very pressing for a couple of hours, I guess, and we may as well take a spin out to the park. It isn't worth while to have out my horses. Let's take a hack, and then we can enjoy a walk when we get there. It'll be better than riding around the drives."

So they got into a coupe and were driven out to Golden Gate Park. At the entrance the Governor and Gage alighted.

"What's the fare?" asked the Governor.

The driver, a retired prize-fighter, replied:

"On'y $15, Guv'nur."

"What!" yelled Stanford and Gage in the same breath.

"Fifteen dollars," repeated cabby, unbuttoning his coat and spitting on his hands.

"But, my good man," protested the Governor, "such a charge is exorbitant. The law confines you to a certain price for your services, and you can be arrested and punished for such a violation of the ordinance."

"Hang the law," growled cabby, "My money bought and paid for this hack 'an hosses, 'an the essence of ownership is control."

"Hem!" coughed the Governor, looking at Steve, who began to grin. "That's all well enough when applied to my railroads, but—but—er—now, if you charge us $15 to bring us up to the park, what on earth would you charge to take us to the Cliff House?"

"Five dollars."

"From here?"

"No; from the city."

"But it's twice the distance!"

"Yes, but it's a competitive point; $15 to the park, $5 to the Cliff. No hoggin' about it. Through rate to the Cliff, local rate back to park added—just as you fellows do when you charge $300 for drawing a carload of stuff from New York to 'Frisco, and make it $800 if you drop the car at Elko, about 500 nearer New York."

It was Steve's turn to cough and the Governor's to grin.

"Well," said the Governor with a sigh, "take us to the Cliff."

At the Cliff House the Governor and Stephen drank their beer and smoked a cigar, and listened to the barking of the seals, and filled their lungs with seabreeze. Suddenly Steve clapped himself on the leg and cried out:

"By Jove, Governor, I forgot that lot of coal of Smith's that the Sheriff is to sell at 3 o'clock. It's 2 now. If we miss that a chance to save at least $1,000 will be gone."

"Here, sir," answered cabby, who had been leaning over the balcony parapet within earshot, "here, sir."

"We want to return to town immediately," cried Mr. Gage.

"Ya as, I s'pose so," said cabby, slowly chewing a straw, "but I'll take my pay in advance, if it's all the same to you, gents."

The Governor growled something between his teeth and tendered $5.

"'Taint enough," said cabby, contemptuously.

"In heaven's name, how far will your extortion go," snorted the Governor. "How much do you want?"

"Five hundred more," calmly replied the hackman.

"Hey?" shrieked Steve and the Governor.

"Five hundred, an' not a cent less," repeated cabby.

"How, sir—er, damme, sir! how do you dare ask such a price for driving two gentlemen four or five miles?" spurted the Governor.

"I bases my charge on what the traffic will bear," replied the hackman with a grin. "If taters is sellin' in Los Angeles for 50 cents a bushel, and at $3 at Tucson, you fellers charge the poor devil of a rancher $2.50 a bushel to pack his taters to Tucsen, and gobble all the profit. Now, I ain't as hoggish as that. I heered Mr. Gage say if he could get into town by 3 o'clock he could make $1,000. As there ain't no other hack here, I'm as good a monopoly for this wunst as any blasted railroad on earth; but ain't so greedy. I don't want all you can make by usin' my hack. I'm willin' to get along with half."

With a dismal groan the Governor and Steve emptied their pockets and counted out the money.

"Now see here," said cabby, as he closed the door of the hack on his victime, "I've done for wunst what you roosters do day in and day out an' have been dooin' for years, an' made yer millions by it. I happen to be able to give you a dose of yer own medicine for wunst, an' I don't want you to do no kickin'. I know you kin send me to jail for runnin' my business on your principles, but if yer jails me I'll have your blood when I get out, an' don't yer forget it."

Hereupon the hackman clapped the door to with a bang, and, climbing to his seat, drove at a rattling pace to the place where the Sheriff was about to sell out poor Smith. Smith was a coal-dealer who didn't have special rates.

When the nihilist had finished his absurd and libelous tale he took his foot off the editorial desk, laughed hoarsely and departed to the nearest saloon.

A Strange Clock—One to Twenty-Four.

Venetian Correspondence Detroit Free Press

From the church we had a fine view of the Place St. Mark and the piazzetta or little Place St. Mark. Looking out upon the Grand Canal and to the left is a fine old clock tower built in 1499. The clock marks the hours from 0 to 24, and marks it by spaces of five minutes. The two numbers on each side of the face, between which is the hand, indicate the time thus: XIV—5 means five minutes after 14 o'clock. The right hand figure changes every five minutes, while the one on the left is changed each hour, thus: XXII—50, means fifteen minutes after 22 o'clock. It is somewhat difficult to become accustomed to the hours above 12, but after a time this is overcome and for my part I rather like it. On the top of the tower are two massive bronze men that strike the hours with ponderous hammers they hold in their hands.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the Fall of 1876 I was taken with Bleeding of the Lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. William Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that Consumption can be Cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

Popular Science.

CAMP HYGIENE.

Preserving the Health of the Citizen-Soldier.

An Able Essay on the Sanitary Government of Militia Camps.

The report of the Adjutant General of Ohio, for 1880, contains, with strong commendations, the following very admirable essay on Camp Hygene, by Maj. J. T. WOODS, the Chief Surgeon of the 16th, O. N. G., and the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railroad.

TOLEDO, OHIO, Dec. 6, 1880.

Major-General W. H. Gibson, Adjutant-General of the State of Ohio:

SIR: I take great pleasure in complying with the request contained in your letter of November 2, 1880, to furnish a statement of my "views and methods as to the management of the Medical Department of the Ohio National Guard." In doing so I can only put in form that which seemed theoretically, and has been found practically, valuable.

The data for both my views and methods are derived from actual service in the field during the war of the rebellion, in which I, with others, was astonished at the great number that became ill directly after being placed in camp, and for a greater or less time were not only valueless but a serious incumbrance. It was also clearly apparent in those with whom I was brought in contact, that the men who at home were best cared for, whose habits were most regular, and who might be supposed to have a reserve of power to meet an emergency, were among the first to yield, while those who had been accustomed to less comforts, and habitually "turned night into day," could continue to do so with relative impunity.

The cause for this breaking-down can be found only in the fact that in service the change each one was required to *suddenly* undergo, was so severe, that their capabilities for endurance being insufficient for the emergency, sickness followed inevitably, and after being cared for they were discharged, or died, or, fully recovered, again tried the process of inuring themselves to the new conditions of life and its exacting duties. Commencing almost immediately, the thinning of the ranks progressed more or less rapidly until the more fortunate or the more hardy only remained—a great many good men having been lost to the service, death and permanently impaired health claiming a large portion of the unfortunates. The exigencies of those troublous times almost universally rendered this hasty acclimatization unavoidable, but the whole procedure was as strictly in conformity to regulations as is possible in the hurried mustering of fresh volunteers. But in the Regular Army, the few recruits at any one time added, find everything perfectly ordered, and they quickly learn from others how to take care of themselves, husband their powers, and avoid the causes of sickness; while in the volunteer camp, all is noise, bustle, irregularity and ignorance of every necessary for comfort, convenience or health, none to instruct, all to be learned by the sad experience that fills the hospital and decimates the ranks. *That which is proper for the Regular Army is not best for the volunteer, and is no more so for the National Guard.*

The main difficulties in this transition from the citizen to the soldier may be summarized as—

Loss of sleep, change in kind and quality of food, change in cookery, bad water, overwork, exposure to cold and moisture, sleeping on the damp ground; in short, a general deviation or perversion of all the conditions upon which health and strength depend.

The encampments of the Ohio National Guard, brief as they are, afford ample opportunity for damaging results through these varied channels, results that I am sure may be largely modified not only without detriment, but *with positive advantage to the service.*

To avert the consequences, the operating causes must be understood and resolutely controlled. It is the duty of the Medical Officer to point them out, and in proper form insist upon the reasonable observance of sanitary *precaution, and the apparent duty of the commander and his subordinate officers, is to see to it that none are permitted to peril their health unnecessarily.*

None should forget that the men in our yearly camp are in the exact position of those who have just entered volunteer service, and that *that which can be safely done by men accustomed to the new life, may crush out the raw recruit;* and I wish to emphasize by repetition, that the regulations and usages proper for regulars are, in certain respects, wholly unfitted and essentially cruel to either the fresh volunteer, or the citizen who, for a brief time, goes into the camp of the National Guard. The object being the acquirement of military knowledge, it is clear that both officers and men should be in the best condition to undergo both physical and mental labor, and that which best secures this at home will secure it in camp. In other words, let the duties be so ordered and such surveillance exercised as will make the least possible variation from their ordinary habits.

The first requisite is a supply of good, substantial and well-cooked food, neatly and regularly served and in abundant quantity. Men who last week did light duty on the best, cannot this week do heavy work on bad or insufficient nourishment, made offensive by either cookery or surroundings.

To a large majority the duty required is of *a kind to which they are little accustomed*, and therefore exceedingly severe, and the desire to do too much leads to the making out of a duty routine that is beyond their endurance. They are overworked, and if, from any cause, hunger be added, the real purpose of encampment is defeated.

Of incalculable importance is the matter of rest and sleep. The idea that camp life is to be made the occasion of a spree, should be *stamped out*, and officers and men who are off duty required to take their accustomed amount of rest. At home they cannot work profitably without it, and neither time nor place modifies the inflexible law. A night spent in revelry is sure to be followed by fainting in the ranks and ailments of more or less gravity, but involving either listless, languid effort, or excuse from duty.

It is not only those who "go down town," those that "make a night of it," but the usual lax discipline in camp comes in for a share. In that respect the army regulations are not too rigid. None should be permitted to disturb their comrades after "taps." I have known a half-dozen boisterous men keep the command awake for hours, a wrong inexcusable, as it is damaging to all concerned.

A large majority of persons find in the early hours of morning the most refreshing rest. It is at this very time that the sun-rise gun and reveille turns the men out for roll-call. Every one responds reluctantly and from necessity only. Every one feels that he has been robbed of a treasure. The whole command, in ill-humor and unhappy, then stand around in the wet grass, or shiver over a fire until required to *drill before breakfast*, another procedure against which human nature revolts. The laborer in any and every walk of life attempts no avoidable work before breakfast. He then is both ready and willing. His effort after this preparation shows the best that man is capable of doing. I affirm that no better guide as to what is best in camp can be obtained than the experience of the laborer, the common habits of the very men who devote their energies for a week to military work. With the morning-gun, reveille, and roll-call to 6:30, and breakfast at 7, the day's work would be begun with vigor and pursued both with pleasure and profit.

In this, the Regular service is no guide for the fresh volunteer or the citizen in National Guard camp. With the best effort it is undoubtedly true that opportunity for rest as early as it should be, is not attainable, but its importance on the one hand and the practical worthlessness of the early roll-call, possibly in mud or rain, makes delay imperative. Let the morning-gun and reveille conform as nearly as possible with the habits of men who, from long experience, have learned what is best for them, what will enable them to best do a hard and profitable day's work. Nature demands it, and the State should secure it to her citizen soldiery when in camp of instruction, if need be, by General Orders from the Adjutant-General of the State.

It would seem superfluous to call attention to a matter so apparently essential, but it not unfrequently happens that in selecting a camp, a sufficient and convenient supply of water is not secured. This should be abundant, pure, and so accessible that there can be no excuse for thirst or uncleanliness. For failure in this, the officer who selects the camp is responsible. It is wholly unexcusable, but I know that the oversight has occurred, and therefore call attention to it as one of the sanitary measures demanding consideration.

Exposure to cold and dampness is sometimes unavoidable, and is a most fruitful source of illness, but may be largely modified by attention to the construction and condition of their quarters.

Men who have just left comfortable rooms and beds sleep but little and contract many ailments because of scant covering and the cold, damp, hard ground beneath them. Straw on the earth quickly becomes damp, is unsightly in the tent, cannot be aired, and is in every way unsatisfactory. Bunks are expensive and unwieldy, and perhaps I might say impracticable.

The difficulty may be readily and satisfactorily overcome by the use of the straw-tick. These may be made of muslin, seven and-a-half feet long and as wide as desired, with a slit in the middle and an arrangement for closing it by tapes or lacing. This is to be carried to camp perfectly clean, and there filled with dry straw. A poncho, boards, or anything that will serve to keep this straw-tick off of the earth, secures a soft, warm and dry bed in which the soldier can and will obtain refreshing rest and sleep. In contrast with loose straw or a blanket on the ground, from which the sleeper rises disgusted, aching and unrested, the advantages are not only apparent, but highly important.

If neatness is deemed desirable, it is thus obtained, as with the customary blankets, a neat bed may be prepared for inspection, the whole easily moved and aired, and the tent ventilated, all without the usual litter that offends the eye of the visitor and disgusts even the soldier himself, securing at the same time relative immunity from sickness. I cannot too highly commend this cheap and simple device, as it brings many pleasures, and aids in overcoming a multitude of ills. In addition to this, a very slight expense to each company will enable them to place board floors in every tent, which will add wonderfully both to neatness and enjoyment.

Every regiment should have a hospital tent. This must be scrupulously used for hospital purposes only. It should be supplied with cots, bed-sacks for straw, pillows and sheets for each, a pair of stretchers, a portable medicine case, and a portable sheet-iron stove, with which it may be warmed on cold or wet days.

In every encampment all these appurtenances may be found valuable, in addition to securing the completeness of the camp, and conveying to those unfamiliar with the requirements of actual service a knowledge of its routine.

Sick-call is essential, and its observance should be insisted on, and the Orderly Sergeant required to report promptly with his men, each name recorded on a blank form, which, if not furnished by the State, should be prepared beforehand. This should contain a column each for name, rank, company, and remarks. This must be dated each day and signed by the reporting officer.

Under remarks, the Surgeon will write any form of excuse from duty, or other matter that he may readily know who is excused. Military system is thus introduced, forgeries avoided, and by various arrangements with the Orderly Sergeant, the Surgeon may succeed in finding out false pretenses on the part of those who spend the night riotously, and will "govern himself accordingly."

A desirable sanitary condition and proper appearance of the camp can be secured only by formal, rigid inspection, and report. The Regular Army affords the model.

My views may seem to be bound by the odious "red tape;" but I insist that daily inspection of camp is as essential, and should be as formal and strict in execution, as dress parade. It should embrace everything from the sinks to the quarters of the commanding officer, and every deviation from sanitary requirents reported without fear or favor. In this way only can the command be taught that neatness, cleanliness, and that all the means available for caring for their health and comfort are being looked after. The reverse course leads to that indifference that involves unnecessary exposure, and a slovenliness that disgusts even the soldiers themselves.

Let a camp be made so neat that visitors praise it, and the men will be *proud of the duty* in which they are engaged as well as *delighted with the pleasure they enjoy.*

The success of the National Guard depends so much on the individual soldier, that I deem these important factors. Let the duty, however severe, be stripped of unnecessary harrassment, and pride in his position cultivated by every possible means. He will then be satisfied with severe discipline, where it is necessary, and endeavor to make his command an honor to the service. Let proper measures be taken to secure to him every possible comfort; let him be required to aid in maintaining for himself his best physical condition, and instead of a task from which he shrinks, the yearly encampment will become an occasion to which he looks forward with pleasure.

Very respectfully,
J. T. WOODS,
Surgeon 16th O. N. G.

Mercenary Perfidy.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Mr. Roscoe Conkling's sea of words can not wash out the fact which is therein substantially confessed, that he held back from the Presidential campaign, and, in his own mind, consented to the defeat of the Republican party, until his friends had solicited Gen. Garfield to a conference at New York, and, as he understood, it was agreed that he was to have the dispensation of the national offices in New York. Then he consented to give his aid to the Republican candidates, and then, he says, he took in Gen. Grant. This plain exhibition of his mercenary perfidy is all the case that he presents to the Republicans of the New York Legislature.

The President Serene.

Evansville Journal.

The President is serene. He had done his duty, his whole duty, and nothing but his duty. He is not responsible for anything others have done or may do, and if harm comes to the Republican party none of the blame for it can attach to him.

Gov. Cornell's Head Solid.

New York Evening Mail.

It has been noted that Gov. Cornell has given no encouragement to the war on Judge Robertson. The former had rather keep his party together than have it subject to the whims and passions of a man made mad by overgrown self-conceit.

THE public are indebted to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., not only for their standard medicinal preparations, but also for improving the looks of the community by their incomparable Hair Vigor.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the Blade. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the Blade entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

* * *

G. C. E., Bay Station, Ill.: Try any music store.

L. B. B., Granby, Mo.: Read rules at head of this department.

The Blade has no further information of W. W. Giddings than already published.

S. W. J., Prescott, Ark.: The File of Infantrymen has not been published in book form.

J. F. S., Urbana, Mo.: Reapers and mowers are not advertised in this department of the paper.

G. A. S., Montpelier, Vt.:
What was the origin of the phrase, "an ax to grind?"

The phrase first occurred in C. Miner's "Who'll Turn Grindstones?" The following is the passage: "When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind."

Reader, Westchester, Pa.:
What is meant by "star" routes?

The name is taken from the practice in the Government Postoffice Department of designating the three words, "certainty, celerity and security," by three stars, as thus, * * *. It refers to that kind of mail service performed by other means than railway or steamboat, such as on horseback, by stage, horse and buggy, on foot, or in any other way permitted by the regulations.

S. E. T., Wabash, Ind.:
1. Is Admiral Porter living? What Admirals are now in the United States Navy?

1. He is, and has seen a sea service of 23 years. 2. Under the law there is but one Admiral. Admiral Porter occupies that position. There is one Vice Admiral—S. C. Rowan. There are 12 Rear Admirals. The prominent men who fill these positions are John Rodgers, John L. Worden, C. R. P. Rodgers, T. H. Patterson, John C. Howell, E. T. Nichols, George B. Balch and Andrew Bryson.

G. F. D., Wooster, O.:
If a man goes bail for another, is he bound to stick to it or can he ever have his name taken off the note? Or if he should die, and an administrator be appointed, is he bound to pay if the man that is bailed can't?

A man signing a note to accommodate a friend is, in fact, giving his own note in case the friend fails to pay. Nothing that may happen will relieve him, until the claim is settled or the holder of the note surrenders or destroys it.

J. H. S., Girard, Kan.:
Please tell in correspondents' column how oil paper is prepared—such as candy manufacturers use for wrapping candy in.

Papier mache is obtained from old paper made into a pulp with a solution of lime and gum starch, pressed into the form required, coated with linseed oil, baked at a high temperature, and finally varnished. The pulp is sometimes mixed with clay, sand, chalk, etc., and other kinds of a paste of pulp and lime, and used for ornamenting wood, inlaying, etc.

Operator, Ft Wayne, Ind.:
Will you please give the number of miles of telegraph wire in the United State, Russia, Germany, England and France?

There are 300,000 miles of telegraph wire in the United States and 33,155,991 messages were sent during 1880. This does not include lines used exclusively for railroad business. The other countries having the greatest length of lines are as follows: Russia, 56,170 miles; Germany, 41,450; France, 36,970; Austria-Hungary, 30,405; Australia, 26,842; Great Britain, 23,156; British India, 18,309; Turkey, 17,085, and Italy, 15,854.

J. L. D., Dover Plains, Nev.:
Will you please give the names of States producing the most wheat, corn, oats, cotton and tobacco?

In wheat Illinois ranks first, 41,896,830 bushels; Indiana next, 43,399,963 bushels; Ohio, California, Iowa and Minnesota follow. In corn, Illinois also takes the lead, 312,221,000 bushels; Iowa follows with 165,199,200 bushels; Missouri, 141,973,400 bushels; Indiana, 134,920,500 bushels; Ohio, 105,886,000 bushels. Illinois leads in oats, 47,650,401 bushels; New York follows with 29,923,000 bushels; Iowa, 37,256,400 bushels; Pennsylvania, 32,531,400 bushels. Mississippi leads in the production of cotton, 382,275,000 pounds; Texas follows with 338,625,000 pounds; Arkansas, Alabama and Georgia follow in order, the lowest being 248,352,000 pounds. In tobacco, of course, Kentucky leads off with 126,880,000 pounds, followed by Virginia with 86,524,300 pounds, and Tennessee with 44,160,000 pounds.

S. M. P., Windsor, Ill.:
1. Who was President from 1787 (the adoption of the Constitution) to 1789? 2. Please name all of J. Fenimore Cooper's works.

1. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia; Henry Middleton, South Carolina; John Hancock, Massachusetts; Henry Laurens, South Carolina; John Jay, New York; Samuel Huntington, Connecticut; Thomas McKean, Delaware; John Hanson, Maryland; Elias Boudinot, New Jersey; Thomas Mifflin, Pennsylvania; Richard Henry Lee, Virginia; Nathaniel Gorham, Massachusetts; Arthur St. Clair, Pennsylvania; Cyrus Griffin, Virginia. These gentlemen were appointed by the Continental Congress, the first appointment being made September 5, 1774, and the last January 22, 1788. 2. Precaution, The Spy, The Pioneer, The Pilot, Red Rover, Water Witch, Two Admirals, Wing and Wing, The Bravo, Heidecmaur, Headsman, Homeward Bound, Home as Found, History of the United States Navy, Battle of Lake Erie, Lives of American Naval Officers, Gleanings in Europe, Sketches of Switzerland, and some minor tales not mentioned in the biography at hand.

E. T. C., Winchester, Kan.:
1. Will you please give the salary of each Foreign Minister? 2. What is a drawback? 3. What are the duties of revenue cutters, and how do they rank with Collectors? 4. What is an extradition treaty? 5. What is a passport?

1. Argentine Republic, $7,500; Austria, $12,000; Belgium, $7,500; Brazil, $12,000; Central American States, $10,000; Chili, $10,000; China, $12,000; France, $17,500; Germany, $17,500; Great Britain, $17,000; Italy, $12,000; Japan, $12,000; Mexico, $12,000; Peru, $10,000; Russia, $17,500; Spain, $12,000; Turkey, $7,500. No others run above $7,500. Consuls, it would seem, are better paid than Ministers, as the salary runs from $1,000 to $6,000, and the fees from $5 to $17,954.30—the latter in the case of the Consul to Havana, who, in addition to the fees, has a salary of $6,000. 2. Money paid back, or remitted; a certain amount of duties or customs remitted or paid back by the Government on the exportation of the commodities on which they were levied. 3. Their chief duty is to prevent smuggling, but they may be employed in any service which the revenue officers may assign to them. We do not understand what you mean by "rank with Collectors." 4. A treaty between two nations by which each agrees to deliver up fugitives from justice. 5. A document carried by neutral merchant vessels in time of war to certify their nationality; also a document given by the competent officer of a State, which permits the person therein named to travel without molestation.

Young Politician, Bay City, Mich.:
Will you publish a short sketch of the life of W. H. Robertson, whose nomination for Collector of the Port of New Yew York caused Sens. Conkling and Platt to resign?

William H. Robertson was born at Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y., October 10, 1823. His early studies were pursued at Union Academy, in his native town, where he soon gave fair promise of becoming all that his family or friends could desire. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1847. A few years afterwards he was elected to the office of County Judge of Westchester—a position which he held for three terms, or 12 years. In 1849 and 1850, he represented Westchester County in the Assembly, and in 1854-55, the Ninth Senatorial District in the Senate. Subsequently he was a Representative in the Fortieth Congress. He was elected to the Senate of 1871-75, and became President pro tem of that body. He has since been re-elected more than once, and has been Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He has also been for several years a member of the Republican State Committee. In 1879 he was the leading candidate for the nomination of Governor against Mr. Cornell, but he failed to secure the coveted prize. Last year he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, at which it was presumed he would act in harmony with Mr Conkling in certain momentous relations, but those who entertained this presumption were soon undeceived; for he not only declined to co-operate with that Senator, but became a supporter of the views entertained by Mr. Blaine.

A Reader, Wankow, Ia.:
Will you please give me some information concerning the present rulers of Great Britain, France and Germany?

1. Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was born at Kensington Palace, London, May 24, 1819, the daugter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George III., and of Princess Victoria of Saxe Saalfeld-Coburg, widow of Prince Emich of Leiningen. She ascended the throne at the death of her uncle, King William IV., June 20, 1837; crowned at Westminster Abbey June 28, 1838; married February 10, 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who died December 14, 1861. The Queen reigns in her own right, holding the crown both by inheritance and election. 2. Francois J. P. Jules Grevy, President of the Republic of France, was born at Montrous-Vaudrez, August 15, 1808; studied law and admitted to the bar of Paris, 1831; member of the Constituent Assembly, 1848-49, and member of the Legislative Body, 1868-70; member of the National Assembly, 1871-75, and President of the Assembly, 1871-73; President of Chamber of Deputies, 1876-79. Elected President for seven years by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, by 563 against 99 votes, January 30, 1879. His salary is fixed at 600,000 francs, with an additional allowance of 300,000 francs for household expenses. The Ministry is composed of 10 members, viz: Foreign, Interior, Finance, Justice, Commerce and Agriculture, Public Instruction and Fine Arts, Public Works, War, Marine, and Posts and Telegraphs. 3. Wilhelm I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, born March 22, 1797, second son of King Freidrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia, and of Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; educated for a military career, and took part in the campaigns 1813-14 against France; Military Governor of the Rhine Provinces, 1849-57; appointed Regent of Russia during the illness of his brother, October 9, 1858; ascended the throne of Prussia at the death of his brother, January 2, 1861; Commander-in-chief of the German armies in the war against France, 1870-71; proclaimed Emperor of Germany January 18, 1871; married June 11, 1829, to Augusta, German Empress, and Queen of Prussia. To declare war, if not merely defensive, the Emperor must have the consent of the Bundesrath, or Federal Council, 59 in number, appointed by the Governments of the individual States. The Reichstag, the other legislative body, is composed of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage and ballot for the term of three years.

A. C., Lousonia, Ark.:
1. Will you please tell me, through the columns of your paper, all about the salt mines of Cracow? Have read somewhere that they are in Poland. Where is Poland? I think it is in Europe, but I cannot find it on the maps that I have. 2. I would lik to know something about the Castle of Chillon.

1. The salt mines of Wieliczka, seven miles southeast of Cracow, extend over a space about two miles in length by nearly one mile in breadth, and are about 1,000 feet in depth. The salt occurs in great lenticular masses, inclined at a high angle, and varies very much in quality. The so-called "green salt" contains five or six per cent, of clay, which destroys its transparency; a variety called "spiza" is crystalline and mixed with sand; while that known as "szybik," principally from the lower levels, is in large crystallized masses, perfectly pure and transparent. The strata in which it occurs are compact tertiary clays, containing fossils; and the principal associated minerals, besides gypsum, are bitumen, anhydrous sulphate of lime, the sulphates of baryta and strontia, and sulphur. The mines are entered by numerous shafts, with galleries at seven different levels, leading to a labyrinth of passages and immense excavations extending to a total length of upwards of 500 miles. Some of the chambers formerly excavated were more than 150 feet high, but those now made are much smaller. One of these is fitted up as a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, in which the altar, statues, columns, pulpit, etc., are all of salt. In another part is a lake 650 feet long and 40 feet deep, formed by the water which trickles through the strata. The annual yield is about 1,400,000 cwt. It is not known when these mines were discovered, but they are believed to have been worked in the early part of the 11th century, when they belonged to Poland, and in the 14th Casimir the Great established regulations for their workings, as they had become very productive. They were pledged to Austria in 1656, but recovered by John Sobieski in 1683. In 1772, when the first dismemberment of Poland took place, Austria again obtained them, and, except from 1809 to 1815, has since held them. The Kings of Poland, of which Cracow was the capital, drew considerable revenues from these mines, and depended upon them for the dowries of their queens and the endowment of their convents. At each royal election the nobles always stipulated that the salt from these mines should be supplied to them at the mere cost of extraction. The foundation of Cracow, renowned for its historic buildings and as the scene of Kosciusko's exploits, is attributed by the legends of Poland to Krakus, a Slavic chief, who is supposed to have lived about the year 700. 2. The Castle of Chillon is a fortress in the Canton of Vaud, Switzerland, near the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, on an isolated rock surrounded by deep water, and connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge. According to some historians, it was built in 1120, and according to others in 1236-38. It is not certain by whom it was built, but it is attributed by some writers to Amadeus IV. of Savoy. For many years it was a State prison. Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, was confined there from 1530 to 1536. The place has been rendered famous by Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." The castle is now used as an arsenal.

D. J. D's, Newarket, O.:
Will you please give the rule by which a ship captain works out his longitude and latitude; also, the rule by which they work out how many geographic miles a ship will make on a due west course, when she has to sail four hours starboard and four hours larboard, and making nine miles per hour, in a storm of rain and fog, how many miles will she make in 48 hours on her due west course?

Navigation, regarded as a science, requires at the very least, a knowledge of spherical trigonometry and algebra in the mathematics, and of the apparent motions and phenomena of the principal heavenly bodies in astronomy. Regarded as an art, it is a copious and complex system of rules and practices, involving the use of numerous tables. When the ship has left port, the reckoning is begun by observing the compass bearing and distance of some conspicuous object, as a light-house; and from the time of taking this bearing the reckoning is continued by noting down (generally from hour to hour) the courses sailed, which are ascertained by observations of the compass, and the distance on each course, which is ascertained by the the log. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of board, one side of which has a circular edge, and is weighted with lead, so as to cause the piece to sit upright when thrown into the water. It is attached by cords from its corners to the log line, which is a stout cord about 150 fathoms (900 feet) long, divided by knots or slips of leather into spaces called knots, and wound on a reel which revolves with freedom. Its use is called "heaving the log," and consists in dropping the wood over the stern of the vessel, with a quantity of line sufficient to reach from the vessel to the log, at the instant the half-minute glass is turned up. The number of knots run off in the half minute indicates the rate of motion of the vessel. The length of a sea mile is now estimated at about 6,086 feet; and as the length of a knot is intended to bear the same proportion to this that a half minute bears to the hour, the measurement of the knot is properly 51 feet. The reckoning is made up with these data, from the time of any independent determination of the ship's position, by considering the sum of the distances sailed in the different directions, and reducing the whole to one residual expression of the actual course and distance made good; this is done by means of a traverse table invented for the purpose. This is called dead reckoning, and is susceptible of error from so many disturbing causes, that it can only be depended upon for a short time; hence the navigator relies for more accurate knowledge of his position on observation of the sun, moon and stars in determining his latitude and longitude. The latitude is ascertained by consulting the nautical almanac, and the longitude is determined by chronometers. A chronometer is expected to keep the time of a certain place, as of Greenwich; the change of a degree in longitude is equivalent to a change of four minutes in time. The business of a navigator then is to compare his own time with the standard time (Greenwich); he obtains his own time through an observation of the sun when its altitude is changing rapidly. The compass, mentioned above, is an instrument designed for determining at any place a true north and south line, from which other lines may be run in any desired direction. It is furnished with a latitude arc to be set at the degree of the latitude of the place, a declination arc to be adjusted to the degree of the sun's declination at the time, and an hour arc for setting off the hour of the day.

L. A., Walworth, Wis.:
1. Please give me a sketch of the battle of Gettysburg. 2. Will the weight of ice in any condition cause it to sink? 3. Is London the largest grain market in the world? If so, how does the grain market of Odessa compare with that of London? 4. Who was the most successful General the United States ever produced?

1. To give a full description of the battle of Gettysburg would occupy more space than is allotted to this department; but from the American Cyclopedia the following is condensed: The battle opened July 1, 1863. A. P. Hill, in command of one corps of Lee's army, when six miles from Gettysburg, learned that it was occupied by a Union force. He sent back word to Longstreet to hasten up, and when two miles northwest of Gettysburg came in collision with a cavalry reconnoitering party sent out by Gen. Reynolds. The latter General sent infantry to the support of the cavalry, and the battle opened. Reynolds was killed in the beginning of the fight, and the command devolved upon Howard. At first the Union forces were victorious, taking about 1,000 prisoners; but in a few hours Hill received heavy reinforcements and the Union troops were driven back in confusion through Gettysburg, losing about 5,000 prisoners. The remainder took up a strong position on Culp's Hill, just south of the town. The Union loss in this action was about 10,000, half of whom were killed and wounded; the Rebel loss in killed and wounded was fully as great, but in prisoners considerably less. Meade, who was 15 miles distant, sent Hancock forward to take command and report; the latter decided this was the place to give battle and sent word back to hurry all troops forward. Meantime the Rebels had suspended operations for a concentration of their forces. July 2d the forces present or close at hand were about equal, each numbering from 70,000 to 80,000 infantry and artillery. It was clear, however, that Lee greatly underrated the force opposed to him, as he ordered an attack on the strong position the Union forces had chosen. Longstreet led the attack on the Union left and Ewell on the right. The result of the second day's fighting was construed by Lee into a partial success, as he says in his report, "these partial successes determined me to continue the assault the next day." In reality, however, the advantages were with the Union army, as less than half the forces had been engaged, and the foothold gained by Ewell on the right was of no importance unless it could be followed up. The Union loss on the second day was fully 10,000, half of which was in Sickles' corps, which was fiercely assaulted by Longstreet. All the morning of the third day was spent in preparation. Seminary ridge formed an admirable position for the Rebel artillery, and here, directly in front of the Union line, they placed 120 guns. A great part of Cemetery ridge, where Meade had his artillery, was so rugged, that although he had 200 guns, not more than 80 could be brought into action at one time. At 1 o'clock the Rebels opened fire, which was immediately returned. This artillery duel continued two hours, when Hunt, in charge of the Union artillery, suspenden fire, "in order to see what the enemy were going to do." Lee, supposing that the Union batteries had been silenced, ordered the grand attack of the day. The attacking column numbered about 18,000, led by Pickett's division of Virginia veterans. The column moved swiftly down the slope of the ridge and across the plain. Then the "silenced batteries" from Round Top to Cemetery Hill opened upon them, ploughing great furrows through their lines. The column at first headed for the left of the Union center, where Doubleday was posted with 2,500 men, a little in advance of the main line and protected by breastworks of rails and stones. To avoid this the column bent its left and exposed itself to a severe flank fire. Still it pressed on until Pettigrew's brigade was within 300 yards of Hancock's line, which had reserved its fire. In five minutes the whole brigade was streaming back in wild disorder. Pickett's division pressed on until it reached Gibbon's front line thinly posted behind a low stone wall. They charged straight over this, among the Union batteries, and for a quarter of an hour there was a struggle with pistols and clubbed muskets. The Union troops hurried from all sides and drove the enemy back down the slope, which was completely commanded by musketry and artillery. To advance, retreat, or stand still, was alike impossible; they flung themselves on the ground, holding up their hands in token of surrender. Of the whole number, not one in four escaped; the others were dead or prisoners. The attacking column being thus utterly routed in the center, Meade ordered his right to advance and drive back Hood. This was easily done, and many prisoners captured. The Rebel loss this day was about 16,000; the Union loss about 3,000. During the night Lee entrenched on Seminary ridge. Meade called a council of war, and it was decided to wait a day before attacking. A heavy storm set in before the next night, under which Lee began his retreat to the Potomac, with a total loss of not less than 36,000 men. 2. We think not, but it sometimes forms on objects at the bottom of a stream. 3. Liverpool leads London as a grain market, but we cannot find the statistics to show the relative standing of the cities named in this regard. 4. That is a question every reader of history must answer for himself.

Information Furnished.

Lieut J. R. Shirley died at Huron, O., in 1873.

J. C. Matthews, Co. K, 63d O. V. I., was from Dayton, O.

The address of Bishop Quintard, we think, is Nashville, Tenn.

S. C., Wood County: The address of the Frank Leslie Publishing Company is New York City. The books you inquire for can be found in most bookstores.

E. S. R., Liberty Mills, Ind.: There is no publication, so far as we know, devoted to the ice interest. Nearly all daily papers contain the advertisements of ice dealers.

The postoffice address of Gen. Benjamin W. Prentiss is Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo. A letter addressed there will reach him. He has been living there for some time, and was the Republican Elector of the Twelfth Congressional District at the last Presidential election.

Information Wanted.

S. N. Tilton, Tipton, Moniteau Co., Mo., wishes the address of Gen. John W. Sprague.

A. Campbell, McKenzie, Tenn., wishes the address of Capt. Hansen, 4th Mo. Cav.

Mrs. M. O'Connell, Latrobe, O., wishes the address of some member of Co. K, 72nd O. V. I.

Mrs. Anna Brown, Scio, O., wants the address of S. M. Brown, who was in Michigan in 1876-77.

Jonathan Weaver, Dillon, Ia., wishes the address of Capt. S. C. Montgomery, Co. G, 34th Ind. Vol.

Charles W. Wharff asks for information concerning certain soldiers, but fails to give his own address.

Mrs. J. L. Browning, Red Rock, Marion Co., Ia., wants the address of John Wesley Williams, a soldier in the late war.

D. Duffield, Pittsburg, Ia., wants the address of Dr. Winchester, at Mound City Hospital after the battle of Fort Donelson.

Daniel Cochran, Bird's Station, Lawrence Co., Ill., wants the address of Henry Cochran; last heard of in California 28 years ago.

John W. Pennell, Sigourney, Ia., desires the postoffice address of George Barrett and James Corner, both of Co. E, 1st Va. Vol. Cav.

S. D. Odell, Bale, Jasper Co., Ill., wants the address of the Surgeon in charge of Room 14 of the Asylum Hospital at Macon, Ga., in June, 1865.

M. V. Rogers, Windham Summit, Bradford Co., Pa., wishes the full name and address of Lieut. Canfield, of the 1st Regt., N. Y. Light Arty., or Lieut. Barrs, Co. E, same regiment.

T. J. Saxton, Springfield, Mich., wishes the address of Col. S. A. Simison, 23d Ills. Regt.; when last heard from was at Lasellville, Ills. Also, the address of Capt. James Burns, Co. B, 23d Ills. Regt.; when last heard from was in Chicago, Ills.

John N. Crist, of Bronson, Mich., would like to know the postoffice address of Samuel Troops, late private of Co. E, 14th O. V. I. His residence at time of enlistment was Defiance County, O.; or the address of Clarence A. Warren, of the 13th Mich. Inft.; his residence at enlistment was Kalamazoo, Mich.

George W. Harris, Big Spring, Mich., wishes the name and present address of the Doctor in charge of Hospital No. 19, Nashville, Ward No. 1, in August, 1863; also the name and present address of the Doctor that had charge of Hospital No. 15, Louisville, Ky., the Fall and Winter up to some time in December, 1864. It is important to a pensioner.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the Blade mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the Blade and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.20, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $1, dated Whiteborough, no Countp or State, to pay for Blade to O. B. Waters.

Letter containg $1, dated at Bloomington, no County or State, signed Isaac R. Hopping. There are 14 Bloomingtons in the United States.

Letter containing $1.25, stamped Oak Lodge, Indian Ty., no name attached, and no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Letter containing $2, stamped Orting, Washington Territory; no name attached, and no particulars as to what is wanted.

A PRECOCIOUS PAIR.

Elopement of a Lad Fourteen Years Old With a Girl One Year Younger.

CINCINNATI, May 24.—A youthful couple of runaway lovers were arrested here, living together as man and wife. The boy, George Rose, is 14 years old, and the girl, Fannie Shover, 13 years. They are the children of prominent merchants at Coultersville, Pa., where they went to school together and have scarcely been separated two days at a time for years. They say a real love sprang up between them, and young as they were they began to talk of getting married. This alarming news reaching Fannie's mother, that lady forbade her girl seeing George in private again. Last Sunday night Fannie accompanied her uncle to church. After service she managed to elude him long enough to meet her boy-lover and arrange to elope. Monday morning she arose at daylight, and, taking a bundle of clothes with her, she met George and the two boarded a train for Pittsburg, where they arrived during the day, and immediately engaged passage on the steamer Katie Stockdale for Cincinnati. They registered as brother and sister, and at their request were assigned to the same stateroom. In this condition they came to Cincinnati, arriving here Thursday morning. They asked for a boarding-house, and were directed to Mrs. White's house, on West Fifth street. Here they applied and were taken in as brother and sister. Strange to say, Mrs. White gave them a room with but one bed in it, and they have been sleeping together ever since. No one at the house suspected that they were other than they claimed, as they look much alike. They told their story that they had run away from home because they were ill treated, and were going to make their own way in the world. They wanted work, and through the kindness of a lady working in the house Fannie got a situation in a printing establishment. Yesterday morning Mr. White surprised them in the act of fondling each other in a manner that made him suspect they were not brother and sister. While he was debating what to do about it the officers of the law came to arrest them. George was in his room, but Fannie was at work. When told she was wanted down stairs she fainted. The boy was locked up in the station-house and Fannie sent to the Home of the Friendless to await the coming of their parents, who are on their way to Cincinnati. They both avow their undying affection, and declare that they will yet get married. Each had $20 when they lef home, but whether it was their own or was stolen is not known. The boy denies that they have been guilty of a disgraceful act, and the girl on the other hand told a girl acquaintance that she and George were married in Pittsburg. Fannie, though only 13 years old, is as fully developed as a girl of 16.

FOR THE LADIES.

A bouquet of roses is tied on the top of white parasols.

Ombre fans of red, blue or gold is the latest novelty.

A badly cross-eyed Philadelphia woman is said to be really beautiful when she is asleep. A case of handsome is when handsome dozes.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Puck: He had been telling her stories of himself, and had done a great amount of bragging. When he had finished she kissed him and murmured, "This is a kiss for a blow."

The saying that beauty is but skin deep needs to be modified. Is there anything particularly striking about a chime of bells till they are pealed?—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

There was a gay maiden named Fanny,
Who wouldn't darn socks for her granny;
But she'd sit all the day
And she'd hammer away,
Like the plumber upon the pianny.
Puck.

No man has a right to whip his wife after he is divorced from her—at least so says a San Francisco court. With such a check on their inclinations as that, the Elmira *Free Press* thinks few Californians will appeal to the divorce courts.

An Indiana woman has just killed 20 snakes which she found on one spot enjoying the warm sunshine. If Adam had only had that kind of a wife! But somehow the Garden of Eden had to be placed on the wrong side of the Indiana line.—*Exchange.*

A Michigan girl went to the parson's with her young man to get married, but just before the knot was tied she was called to the door. She did not come back, and then it was found that she had gone straight to another parson's and married a rich widower, who had sent word he was waiting for her there.

An ex-soldier's wife in Newburyport, Mass., believing herself to be a widow, married, and thus relinquished her pension. She lately learned that her soldier-husband is alive, and the court has declared her second marriage void, and that she is entitled to go on the pension list again and to receive $2,000 arrears.

An elderly gentleman says to a little miss of 7: "Say, sissy, will you marry me?" The child, taking the proposition gravely, curls up her mouth as if considering the subject. "Come, sissy," says the mother, "will you marry the gentleman?" "Yes, 'm, but—[aside]—ma, I'd like a newer husband."—*Paris Paper.*

An exchange states that Miss Gertrude Blood, who is soon to be married to the Lord Colin Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, is the daughter of Victoria C. Woodhull. In due time, if this story is true, Mrs. Woodhull will be connected in a distant and roundabout way with the royal family itself. A queerer ending for a queer life could scarcely be imagined.

We have never seen a finer bit of sarcasm than the following: A little Shelbyville boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night, asked his mother: "Mother, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child."

Sophia Perowska, the executed Nihilist, has been elevated into a sort of St. Agnes. Her life has been written in the form of a religious romance, in which the most extraordinary virtues are attributed to her. She is worshiped as a martyr, and the Nihilists faithful regard the clothes she wore and the ringlets which were cut from her head as so many precious relics. These objects have been distributed as talismans among the leaders of the Nihilist party.

Picturesque Villainy.

New York Tribune.

Some student of the picturesque should make a specialty of the star route frauds. For originality and unexpectedness, they surpass all other recent methods of the art of stealing public money through the forms of law. The latest discovery is of route No. 35,156, in Montana, which lay in part across an Indian reservation where there can be, by law, no postoffices. A jocose Postmaster kept a single circular traveling back and forth in the pouch for a long time, and that is all the mail this daily route seems practically ever to have had.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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AFTER THE BATTLE.

Scenes on Peruvian Battlefields.

Correspondence San Francisco Call.

Procuring saddle horses at Lima, this writer and two companions rode out to the battlefields. Before we reached the spot we could smell the stench, as the wind was blowing from it toward us. The flies began to bother our animals, and we soon reached the first subject. It was a dead cholo, or Peruvian Indian, with his rifle and 40 or 50 cartridges, lying near; also, a bag of moldy bread. He had a bayonet stab in the breast, and his skull was broken by a blow from a musket stock, as it is said the Chilians finish their victims in that style. Benzine had been poured on his body and then set on fire. The flames had ran swiftly over, burning the clothing and portions of the body, and then went out. So there he lay in a half-consumed condition just where he fell a week before. We soon found others in the same condition, and then groups of five and ten in a pile, some on their backs, others on their faces, as they were dragged up and flung together by the Chilian soldiers. All seemed to be with the legs and arms spread out and distorted, probably by the action of the fire. In many places the head had been burned off at the neck, and the feet and hands were gone, and the fingers and small bones of the feet would burn quicker than the larger mass of flesh. We saw no carrion-eating birds, but the flies completely covered us and everything else. We saw many dead and wounded horses, often the latter were standing around on three legs, some unable to move, and others trying to crop a few spears of grass growing close by. We noticed one large, fine fellow, with a hind leg almost severed at the ankle. He was black with flies and slowly dying with mortification. Poor suffering fellow! We tried to fit a cartridge into a Remington rifle for the purpose of putting him out of his misery but could not. At Miraflores, mounted on an old incahuaca, or tomb, we found a Dahlgren 11-inch smooth bore of 1863, weighing over 16,000 pounds. It stood solitary and alone out on the plain, with its dead gunners lying around.

Arms were found all over the valley, and cartridge boxes nicely filled, with not a single cartridge missing, showing that they had been cast off and thrown away before the firing of a shot. It was actually pitiable to see the waste of ammunition here. Everywhere in the track of the retreating army the ground is thickly sown with it. Often we came across cases of ammunition lying in the dust of the public road that had never been opened—too valueless to carry away. In one place in a small grave yard, where the fight had raged very hot, the unburied dead lay thick on the graves, and in a receptacle for a coffin in the tick wall—a sort of a large pigeon-hole—we saw a dead soldier with the feet protruding from the aperture. He had been wounded and crawled in to die, thus burying himself before death found him. Along the public highway we constantly come across bodies, some with a little dirt shoveled over them, some half consumed, and others just as they fell. They were on their backs, with arms extended and heads thrown back, mouth wide open and heads upturned, in mute appeal to the dead, unpitying sky. The whole valley is crossed in all directions with adobe walls, breast high, and from 15 to 18 inches thick, and in many places the Peruvians had dug out loopholes with their bayonets, and posted field artillery in different places. Now, there were the Peruvians in possession of these natural breastworks—breastworks so close together that the fine Chilian cavalry could not operate—and yet they failed to hold their excellent position.

At San Juan, where the first battle took place, the soldiers of the Esmeralda Regiment, still encamped there, were collecting and burning the dead. We stood near and watched the cremating until the exploding cartridges on the bodies caused us to fall back in some disorder. The soldiers would fasten a rope to the neck or leg of the corpse and drag it carelessly along the sand, followed by a procession of flies, to the pyre. They were laughing and joking and sometimes growling with each other for hanging "back in the traces" and not pulling the right share of the load; they would haul it up on the pile and go lazily for another, till they got the place cleaned out, just as we have seen a California farmer dragging out and burning logs from his plow land.

These heart-sickening scenes did not occur off on an isolated plain, but within four or five jumps of the busy camp. We found a trooper sitting on the bank of of a little stream, and asked him for a drink of water. He handed us his canteen, which he had just filled, from which we drank heartily. Riding our horses on up the stream we found a body lying slimy and bloated in a puddle of water that oozed into the creek. As we had been accustomed to horrible sights and smells, we did not get sick, but felt squeamish the rest of the day, and dreamed of that body all night. It is said that the Chilians lost about 4,000 in killed, while the Peruvians lost about 8,000. At Chorrillos the Chilians learned that the canteens of the enemy were filled with rum. So every one they caught they killed as quickly as possible, and drank his liquor. Soon that part of the division were drunk, and fighting like devils, and many savage deeds were committed at night. The Peruvians had protected their lines by a ditch and sandbags, and the Chinamen are doing a good business emptying the bags and selling them.

Roscoe's Little Lamb.

Chicago Times.

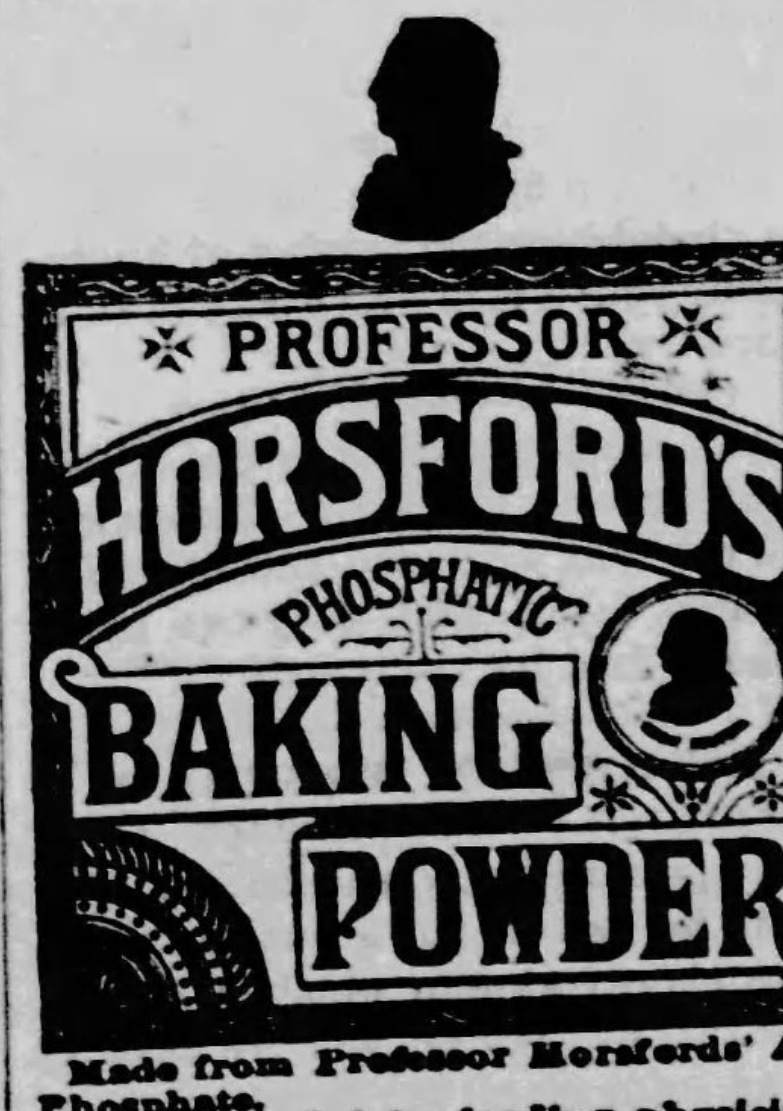
"Lord Roscoe had a little lamb, its name was Tommy Platt; and when Lord Roscoe rose to go, the lamb no longer sat. It followed him from school one day, it was Lord Roscoe's rule, and why it did it all can see, it was a little fool. 'What makes the lamb love Roscoe so?' the togas all did cry; 'because Lord Roscoe lams the lamb,' the knowing did reply. And poor little Tommy Platt doth run about and bleat, for, having loved Lord Roscoe so, it's lost the public teat."

Sponging Off Now.

Chicago Times.

Mr. Roscoe Conkling has received a gentle, low tap on the nose which has necessitated a temporary retirement to his corner and a consultation with his immediate seconds. Harmony within the party is pretty comfortable, thank you.

HORSFORD'S BAKING POWDER



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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.
D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1881.

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May 14th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

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Circulation this Week, 80,000

OUR readers will notice from the figures above that the BLADE's circulation has increased within the past few weeks over 5,000—a most gratifying rate—considering the season of the year and the busy occupation of farmers and trades people with their work, which the tardy opening of Spring has thrown so far behind. But the BLADE goes ahead constantly, while others fall behind or stand still. The prospects are that this rate of increase will be steadily enlarged for every week now, as our readers gain a little leisure. We have no doubts that we will have 100,000 subscribers before the Summer is well advanced.

Next week we will probably have the first of the Nasby Letters from Europe, and will print several thousand extra copies to meet the large demand that will undoubtedly be made for that issue. Both subscribers and advertisers are invited to take notice of this fact, and take care to send in their favors at the earliest moment possible, that all may receive attention in time, and none be disappointed.

Let it be remembered that the Nasby Letters are copyrighted, and will not appear in any other paper.

"MERCY" is what some of Mr. CONKLING's friends now ask for.

MR. CONKLING will soon be eliminated, and the party will have that harmony which has been denied it for the past four years.

ENGLAND frowns most decidedly upon the revised edition of the New Testament. The first disapproval does not seem to grow less but greater in religious and literary circles.

A. M. HEWITT, SMITH M. WEED and "*Mule*" BARNUM are the men CONKLING consults with most frequently now. That is the kind of a "Stalwart Republican" he always was.

IF "forelady" is proper to use in speaking of the head of a department in a business house, why not say "foregentleman"? The fact is, one is as euphonious as the other, and both are utter abominations.

NO ONE can think of the Empress of Russia without the deepest pity. It is said that she looks more like a corpse than a living being, and sits perfectly speechless seeming to hear and see nothing. Who would possess royalty at such a price?

IT has never happened in this country that the press and members of a party have denounced a leader and his methods with the unanimity that CONKLING and Conklingism are condemned by Republicans and the Republican press. They are properly regarded by all thinking men as the canker which will rot the heart out of the party unless cauterized, and that speedily.

IT is said that the Irish are not doing their planting this Spring because of the great uncertainty as to what will be done in regard to the tenures by which they hold their farms. The means to buy seeds are not plenty with them, and they feel no courage or ambition to do work which may amount to nothing. If this is really so the result must be a terrible famine, worse than ever before known even in that country of famines. The arrest of Mr. DILLON will not tend to encourage confidence in the ultimate success of the Land Leaguers.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE sensation of the week has been the Senatorial fight in New York. The ex Senators went to Albany with a grand flourish of trumpets, with the prediction made by their adherents that their presence would cause a stampede in the ranks of their opponents. They were sadly disappointed, and their efforts to force a caucus were futile. Monday night 30 so-called Stalwarts met in caucus, and sorrowfully adjourned till Tuesday evening. The ballot taken Tuesday was without result, and the Legislature will probably be found in a deadlock in a few days.

THE ceremonies of Decoration Day seem to have been more generally observed this year than ever before. Immense crowds assembled at all leading points, and scarcely a village in the Nation failed to do honor to the heroes of the late war.

SEN. MAHONE has returned to Virginia to engage in the coming campaign. The Readjuster Convention will be held this week. Whether the campaign will result in breaking the ranks of the Bourbon Democracy depends altogether on the course the Republican leaders pursue. If they support the ticket nominated by the Readjuster Convention the chances are they will carry the State. There are wide differences between the parties, however, and it is not improbable that three tickets will be in the field, as heretofore.

DR. SCHAFF, Chairman of the American section of the Bible Revision Committee, delivered an address in Pittsburg Sunday, in review of the work of the Committee. He expressed the opinion that when the revision was dispassionately compared with the old version, the popular verdict would be in favor of the latter work.

PRES. GARFIELD has informed a personal and political friend that he wishes it understood that he is taking no part in the Senatorial fight at Albany. That is a matter for the New York Republicans to settle in their own way, and in their own time. He feels that the Republican party sustains him in the contest with the New York Senators, and that he can safely rest the case in their hands.

THE troubles in Ireland remain about the same, and there seems little hope of any change for the better. The opposition to the Land bill is persistent both in the House of Commons and out of it. The Irish people seem to regard it with great enmity and at a recently largely attended land meeting, it was declared by one of the speakers to be "one of the greatest shams that ever passed through the House of Commons." A movement is on foot to present Father SHEEHEY, the imprisoned priest, with a national testimonial.

FRANCE is evidently determined to keep her hold upon Tunis, and as an evidence of it is establishing a military post and arsenal at Biserta. GAMBETTA is said to be gaining in influence every day, and will probably be at the head of the Government in some way at an early date.

THE most important event of the week was the terrible accident at London, Ont., where an excursion steamer loaded with people broke to pieces and between 200 and 300 persons met their death. The disaster was caused by overloading the boat, a thing which is too common everywhere. An investigation to see where the blame should be placed is now in progress.

TEAS IN OUR MARKET.

The cup that cheers but does not inebriate may be set down as one of tea, a beverage which is usually spoken of in a scornful way as belonging exclusively to women and invalids, but of which the so-called sterner and stronger sex do not refuse to partake. Of good quality and made as it should be, it is certainly a most refreshing draught, but the trouble is that a great deal of the article in market is a poor apology for tea, and then like coffee, it is very apt to be villainously prepared.

As is well known, the Department of Agriculture is making a great effort to have tea cultivated in this country and with strong probability of success. In California the plant flourishes admirably, and there is no doubt but that it will elsewhere in the Southern States. The next thing of importance is to have it well cured and without the adulterating and coloring which are employed in China and Japan, and which so materially injures that brought to this country.

In the last consular report published by the Government, the United States Consul at Hiogo gives some facts in regard to the coloring of teas, which are of considerable interest. He says that formerly the Japanese prepared the teas for importation to this country just as they did for home use, the only manipulation beside being a process of "refiring" which was necessary to enable them to retain their qualities through transportation and while in store. It required a considerable outlay, but the result was an improvement to the leaf, while it was really and honestly "uncolored." Strange to say, consumers in this country and England began to call for a higher color, and in the end Japanese shippers, much against their will, were obliged to resort to artificial methods to produce the desired appearance.

The materials used for the purpose, the Consul says, are usually nothing worse than indigo and gypsum, but while these are not absolutely pernicious, perhaps, they diminish the excellence of the tea while increasing its cost. The Japanese themselves consider the leaves as prepared for the American market an abomination, and looking upon it in that way, regard the quality of what must be subjected to such treatment as not important. This accounts for the deterioration of the crop which has been gradual but continuous ever since the coloring process was begun.

If consumers would select teas according to their strength and excellence and not according to their color, an improved quality would be again brought into the market from Japan, and at lower prices. This, too, would have a tendency to check the adulterations and coloring in China, and bring the finer leaves instead of so much that is coarse for the general use of the people. A cup of tea would not be so often the abomination that it is now, even when it is carefully prepared.

WHOLE Counties in Sweden are being cleaned out of their able-bodied young men and women by their emigration to the United States.

AFTER MR. CONKLING, WHAT?

The signal defeat of Mr. CONKLING which is now assured, will not be followed by any disruption of the Republican party. The impression that when, like LUCIFER, he is pushed down and out he will take a third of the stars of heaven with him is quite incorrect. His attractive powers are not equal to those of the first and greatest Rebel and Secessionist.

The men who are Mr. CONKLING's followers are attracted to him and held there by the cohesive power of spoils. If they were subjected to a close cross-examination, they would confess their belief that the highest type of human wisdom is in "knowing which side of one's bread is buttered."

This is the conclusion of the whole matter, and the principal item in our quarrel with Mr. CONKLING is that it is these slack-principled fellows that he would make the rulers of the party. He recruits followers as the Captains of the *Condottierie* do theirs—they are to share in the spoils. When he has none or no hopes of any to offer them, or when some one else can offer more their allegiance is at an end. There is nothing for which they have such a lofty scorn as for a "lame duck;" that is, a man who "has lost his grip," whose "luck is turned against him"—who is "played." They avoid him as they do one with the leprosy or the small-pox.

Mr. CONKLING's greatest humiliation is yet to come, when he finds these once truckling followers turning from and against him—even spurning him, to curry favor with some new dispenser of place and spoils, and with

> Candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> That thrift may follow fawning.

And in this manner it will end. We see the number of those who are supporting him in the Legislature daily become smaller, as their cunning intellects show them that CONKLING's chances are becoming more desperate. When his supremacy shall have received its death-blow by a failure to return him as Senator, his faction will absolutely disappear. It will don a new livery, and gather around the banners of whoever it may think will offer the best chances for booty.

It is absurd to think that these bread-and-butter men are going to seriously disturb the harmony of the party. They may try to work a little revenge at the first election that comes off, but their keen perception of their own interests will not permit them doing anything which will keep them out in the cold an hour or a day longer than they can help. If Mr. CONKLING were a leader like SUMNER or GREELEY, there might be some reason for fearing a permanent split in the party, because those men were leaders of opinion, and swayed men according to their ideas of right and wrong. Mr. CONKLING is only the leader of a band of spoil-hunters, who will speedily depose him, and substitute another when he can no longer lead them successfully.

SHARP PRACTICE.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who is traveling through the South, tells some things in regard to the mode of dealing used by drummers from the North towards the poor whites and negros which, if true, gives ample ground for the assertion made by Southern people that there is a great deal of what the Chinaman would call "talkee, talkee" up here, but when philanthropy comes in conflict with the counting up of dollars, the former is the loser.

The following *modus operandi* of their business dealings with these people will show what is meant: They make an agreement in the winter with a negro or white laborer to "run" him for the season, that is, the dealer is to furnish all the provisions and supplies for Spring, Summer and Autumn on credit, to be paid for out of the crop when gathered. While the crop is growing the merchant or his agent keeps a careful watch over that of each man whom he "runs," and these may count up to 50 or 100. Of course he can estimate pretty nearly what will be the product, so that when Fall comes he is ready to make his calculations. Having kept an account of everything furnished, he can go over his books and arrange the price according to the purchaser's crop, and thus take exactly the whole leaving the laborer absolutely penniless.

Of course this charge does not include all dealers, but such practices are common enough now and growing so in frequency as to be the cause of much ill feeling. It may be said that there are always enough to take advantage of ignorance, and if the South took greater interest in popular education, so that negros and whites were more intelligent, they could not so easily be overreached. That may be true, but it does not make it any less certain that the fact of most of these so called "merchants" being from the North has a strong tendency to intensify the antagonism between the sections.

OVER WORK.

It is said of Col. SCOTT the great railroad manager, one of the most successful that the United States has ever known, that he never took business troubles across the threshold of his home. The hours spent there were those of recreation. That this is the right way for every business man to do is certain and would, no doubt, bring a greater degree of success. It is hard to believe though that this was true of Col. SCOTT, as it seems hardly possible, if he gave the time a man usually devotes to his family, that he should have broken down so utterly when but little past the prime of life. It is not said of him that he was not strong physically in his youth and early manhood. People rarely "break down" unless they have overtasked themselves, that is, placed more of a strain upon the system than it is able to bear.

Right here is where the people of this nation make their mistake, particularly the dwellers in Cities. They seem to work as if life was all too short for them to accomplish their schemes, and thus they make it so. True, it does appear as if to stop to rest would be to see the world rushing on and leaving one behind, but even if that were so, in the end it would be just as well as to be obliged to drop out of the race forever just as the goal was in sight.

There seemed long years of usefulness before Col. SCOTT when he was struck with the paralysis that eventually ended his life. He had gained a position and the means of doing great good while finding much enjoyment in the pleasant things of this life. Instead of that, came much suffering, and eventually death. It was not a Providence, but simply the result of a disobedience to the laws of Nature. The lesson taught is plain, but will not be heeded.

NATIONAL RAILROADS.

Tables of figures and statistical reports generally do not possess any great attraction to the mass of the people unless they have some special object in searching them through, and yet to the careful, thoughtful student they tell wonderful stories of progress in wealth and civilization or the reverse, and of the operation of influences, which could be arrived at in no other way.

The "Statistical Abstract of the United States," just issued by the Secretary of the Treasury, gives much interesting information through its columns of figures. Just the one thing of railroads alone shows the progress the Nation has made in the last 50 years in all respects, for these great arteries could not be built and operated unless the products to be transported and the people to be carried had multiplied correspondingly. In 1830 there were but 23 miles of railroad in the length and breadth of the land. At the end of the year 1879, 86,497 miles of road echoed to the tread of the iron horse and the roll of the loaded cars from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, crossing and re crossing over the States like the warp and woof of woven cloth. Illinois had within its borders 7,578 miles; next came Pennsylvania with 6,068 miles; then New York with 6,008 miles; Ohio, 5,521 miles; Iowa, 4,779 miles and Indiana with 4,336 miles. Of the Southern States, Georgia, as might be expected, had the greatest extent of road, 2,460 miles, and Louisiana and Florida the least, each having something over 500 miles.

Making allowance for the difference in time of settlement, a comparison of the figures in these columns tells the story of the comparative energy, enterprise and intelligence of the people. They tell where Bourbonism has reigned triumphant, where popular education has been neglected, where old customs and methods of working have been maintained in spite of all inventions of labor saving machinery. They relate a story which has a moral and he who runs may read it.

Another thing is made evident by studying these figures. They show the great routes of travel, and where lie the treasures that men seek in order to better their condition. Other things being comparatively equal, a centering of roads leading in one direction shows that *there* great mineral wealth is to be gleaned from the earth; large coal beds await the pick-axe and shovel or vast grain fields yield their glorious gifts to the hands of the agriculturist. It is certain that busy, thriving towns have sprung up with magic celerity all along the iron way, and that to them are thronging the energetic and industrious from other and less favored parts of the country.

The Western States and Territories had already in 1879, 46,963 miles of railway. What will the next half century do for them in that direction?

What is true of States is true also of Cities. The centering in Toledo of so many railroads show that its natural advantages are great, and that here too are energy and enterprise sufficient to make one of the largest cities upon the Continent, if only they are exerted in the right direction. The way to do this seems now to be self-evident. Will the necessary work be done is the important question.

THE REASON WHY.

It has been lately a cause of alarm with some religious denominations that the number of young men studying for the ministry was growing smaller every year. They reason that it is only another evidence of the spread of infidelity and the drifting of the Nation towards a general skepticism which will not only destroy Christianity, but morality as well.

So far as the diminution of theological students is concerned, to a certain degree they are probably right. Boys now growing up are disposed to think for themselves in religious matters as well as in other things. The unquestioning faith of long ago, which took everything as true because believed by their fathers and grandfathers, is gone, nor can it be brought back again. Old doctrines do not possess the force of yore, although, in many places, the doubts and questionings are upon points which really are of little importance in human action, and if ignored would make no difference in the results of individual work directed by a conscientious desire to do good.

It is not much wonder that boys with bright, active minds hesitate to make choice of the ministry for a life work when they see that the effect of any independent thought is to ostracise them from the Church in which they have desired to labor. They see, to be sure, that the number of so-called independent Churches is constantly increasing, that in all large Cities ministers with a portion of their flocks are cutting the bonds that unite them to the rest and setting up for themselves. If they know the story of the affair, they cannot fail to see that there has been an infinite amount of bad feeling; of jars; of bitter words; days and weeks of bitter sorrow to the pastor before the separation has been brought about. A young man must be entirely sure of the ground he stands upon, must feel that he is and will be satisfied with the doctrines laid down by his Church, and he will not question what has been declared law by those who have gone before him, will not think out of the beaten track, before he makes up his mind to enter upon such sacred duties. There are those in all denominations who can far sooner forgive a moral delinquency often repeated, than a failure to be in full accord with all the doctrines of the Church.

It is, probably, this tendency to think for themselves and this fear of sometime being obliged to fight for conscience sake, that is diminishing the number of bright, promising young men who desire to enter the ministry.

PEOPLE are now predicting that within the next three or five years Boston and New York will exchange mails through pneumatic tubes, and only two hours will be required for the transit.

OUR PREMIUM PORTRAIT.

The portrait of D. R. LOCKE which we have promised new subscribers, will be ready for mailing in about one week. We are endeavoring to obtain a correct likeness of Mr. LOCKE, and we have to give the engraver all the time he wants. We hope our subscribers will have patience with us, and in the meantime send along large clubs of your friends and neighbors who want to read the Nasby letters from Europe.

NEED OF FORESTS.

It is often said that a person needs to go through one life in order to learn how to live. It is much the same with nations. They rush frantically on in what they imagine to be the true path of progression and suddenly find themselves obliged to undo much that has been done, or at least to find remedies for evils that have been deliberately invited.

Perhaps this fact is made evident in nothing more than in the treatment of forests by different nations. In Europe for centuries the older States cut and destroyed just as this country is doing at present, recklessly and wantonly; now they are doing all that is possible to retrieve their mistake. Especially is this true in Germany where as many as a hundred volumes and pamphlets are issued each year from the press upon the subject of forestry. It is made a matter of national and political concern, and schools have been established to promote interest and knowledge in that direction. The important part that forests play in furnishing materials for fuel and for the arts is fully recognized when it is too late to do aught but wait for them to grow again in those older countries, but there is yet time for the United States to take care of her future in those respects.

A very interesting article in the current number of the *Popular Science Monthly* by N. H EGLESTON gives another view of the case, with reference to the effect trees have upon the climate, and in regulating storms. Considered with reference to the great floods which have caused such a loss of life and property the present year, it is worthy of careful thought and attention. He says what common sense declares must be true that rains falling upon open unwooded countries unless they are very level, flow off at once into the beds of neighboring streams, and thence into the larger rivers, swelling their volume to such an extent that the waters cannot be confined to the banks, but break over and submerge the adjacent lands, "carrying destruction to the growing crops, interfering with manufacturing interests and often destroying life itself." Drought frequently follows these floods. Forests prevent such catastrophes. The spongy soil formed by fallen leaves retains the rain and melted snow until it passes off gradually into the valleys below. Hillsides thatched with trees are the most desirable water sheds a country can have, but a level country is protected from such dangers if there is plenty of woodland.

MR. EGLESTON supports this position by a reference to a report of the effect of a storm upon two neighboring ravines in the Valley of the Durance in Southwestern France. They are very similar in extent, but one is cultivated, while the other is covered with pines and oaks. An abundant rainfall struck both at the same time, followed the next day by a water sprout prevailing about 40 minutes. In the first it had hardly begun before the ravine was filled from bank to bank, carrying off rocks and causing great destruction. In the other, the wooded lands remained comparatively dry or the streams carried only a small portion of water.

Some of the the treeless Western States have been obliged to take some measures to interest people in the planting of trees. The terrible "blizzards" of Minnesota and Iowa which sweep unchecked across large portions of their territory, can only be remedied by forest growth. The Minnesota State Forestry Association was organized to meet and deal with the stern realities which have called so loudly for consideration. The force of the winds across those treeless Western prairies "cannot be conceived of by those who live within the area of forests."

The writer well says that a general awakening all over the country upon this subject is what is needed. An interest must be aroused sufficient to cause a cessation of wanton destruction of trees, if nothing more; but if the Government will take measures to promote their growth, the result in the future will show the wisdom of the course.

FACILIS DECENSUS.

Mr. CONKLING—

Last *Wednesday* was "entirely out of politics."

Thursday.—"Must attend to private business, and rebuild his fortune."

Friday.—"Would not take a re election if the whole Legislature asked him on their bended knees."

Saturday.—"Would not take a re-election that did not include PLATT, and a substantial vindication by a Republican majority."

Sunday.—"Would not take a re-election unless the caucus demanded it for the good of the porty."

Monday.—"Was in the hands of his friends."

Tuesday.—"The Republican who does not vote for me will have his feet taken out from under him in his own County."

Wednesday.—"If I'm not elected I'll burst up the whole Republican party, and sink everything."

GERMANY will now have an opportunity to cry out against American manufactures, just as other European countries are doing. It is said that the oil cloths imported from the United States, and used extensively in covering the tops of baby carriages, has caused the paralysis of several children. The white lead contained in the paint is made by the heat of the sun to crumble off in fine dust, or set free in vapor, which is inhaled by the occupant, who is thus poisoned. Quite an excitement has been caused by the discovery. As the oil cloth was not made for any such use, it is difficult to see how any blame can be attached to the manufacturers.

A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATION.

We have issued a new poster for free distribution, headed by a very fine wood cut engraving, humorously illustrating "Nasby in Europe." In the center is a picture of Nasby carrying a guide-book under his left arm and an umbrella and carpet-bag in his right hand, the carpet-bag being labeled "P. V. Nasby, Confederate X Roads, Ky." In the background is a beautiful Swiss landscape, and the four corners are samples of architecture of France, Italy, England and Germany enclosed in oval frames. We wish one of them posted in every depot, blacksmith shop, grist-mill, saw-mill, hotel and store in the United States. We have already sent one to each postoffice. We will mail one free to every applicant who will place it in a conspicuous place.

EVEN little Greece must suffer from defaulters. Defalcations in the Treasury have been recently discovered amounting to 80,000 drachmas.

CAN CONKLING BE RETURNED?

Of course the pseudo Stalwarts are moving all their forces in one desperate struggle to make the most favorable showing possible for CONKLING, but they cannot disguise the fact that the signs of defeat are unmistakable.

Were they not as blind as moles—as machine politicians always are—to the real state of public opinion, they could not mistake this themselves.

CONKLING has made the fatal mistake of coming out into the open, where the people whom he has so long bullied and domineered can have a chance at him. Heretofore he has played his game more cunningly. He always managed to so closely interweave his interests with vital ones of the party that people could not vote against him without also voting against something which the Republican party had at stake. He has never allowed Conklingism and anti Conklingism to be the issue, but some grave question to which Conklingism was very much subordinated. Thus people were constrained to endure much that they disliked for the sake of securing something that they desired still more.

But now Mr. CONKLING, inadvertently, as it were, has disassociated himself from any principle or idea. He has allowed himself, for some inexplicable reason, to stand before the people on his own merits, and give them an opportunity to express their opinion as to the manner he has polluted and debased the party by advancing its worst elements to the control, and throttling all its better aspirations. The result is already assured. At the moment that the New York Legislature took a recess, on the receipt of the news of CONKLING's resignation, a very large portion of the members took the next train for home to ascertain what what their constituents thought about it. They all came back telling the same tale: that it were better far that a millstone be hanged about a man's neck and he jump into the sea than that he vote for the reinstatement of CONKLING.

It has never failed that when a Boss like Mr. CONKLING has been short sighted enough to place himself in this condition that he has been hopelessly ruined. Now is not only the time for every Republican who has disapprove of Bossism on principle to express that disapproval in the most effective manner, but every man who has been injured by the arrogant Boss will take this opportunity to secure his revenge. It is not in the nature of things that CONKLING can survive such a combination of opponets and he is foredoomed to failure, even more certainly than his great leader, Gen. GRANT was, when he entered the Chicago Convention last June.

AN ABNORMAL EDITOR.

Confusion was carried into the ranks of the Conklingites by the accident of having in their employ an editor with brains. This is contrary to their usual practice. All they want of their underlings is obedience; brains can be dispensed with; in fact, are frequently an inconvenience, as in this case. The offending editor is at the head of the CONKLING organ—the Albany *Express*. According to the explanation of the Conklingites, he is a talented being, whose normal condition is that of "half-drunk." He had a lucid interval the other day which lasted long enough to enable him to become aware of the situation, when he sat down and penned this double-headed editorial:

> We learn from friends of ours in New York that both the Senators from this State are candidates for re-election. The news comes to us from such a source that we cannot doubt it, and at the same time we feel very sorry to have it presented to us. Roscoe Conkling is, as we thought, a man who played his games for keeps. It looks as though in this last matter he had not done that. Now, the *Express* likes Sen. Conkling, and it most assuredly asks nothing from his enemies, but plain words are best at all times, and the *Express* thinks Mr. Conkling is belittling himself in being a candidate for re-election, under present circumstances, to the United States Senate. He might better keep out of it. He can afford to be defeated, but he should not place himself in the way of being humiliated. That will please only his enemies.

Deepest anguish moved CONKLING and all his followers at this publication, and ever since they have been laboring to explain it away on the ground that the editor was either abnormally drunk, or phenomenally sober when he wrote as he did. It is very funny.

GEN. GRANT'S MISTAKES.

Gen. GRANT occasionally makes mistakes, as well as other men. The source of these is not usually so much in his own mental defects as in his liability to be imposed upon by those in whom he trusts.

He made a great mistake at Shiloh, by his over-confidence in SHERMAN.

He made a big mistake in the first advance on Vicksburg, by entrusting the care of his communications to incompetent officers.

He made a big mistake in 1864, when he sent BUTLER to attack Petersburg.

He made mistakes by the batch during his civil administration, when he allowed such men as WILLIAMS, McDONALD, BABCOCK, JOYCE, LEETE, STOCKING, *et al.*, to use him, his name and his power in carrying out any whisky, Indian Agent, or Custom House fraud, they had on hand.

His letter to JONES shows that age does not wither, nor custom stale, his infinite serviceability to sharpers who want to use him for their own ends.

TO THOSE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

"Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book" is now completed and ready for delivery. The book is all that has been said of it. It is the most valuable collection of useful and indispensable knowledge ever collected, and will be in demand in every family in the United States. It is sold only by subscription, and whoever secures an agency will have a valuable property. Over 20,000 have been sold in advance of publication, and the demand for it, now that it is out, will be simply immense.

Persons of either sex out of employment can do no better than to take an agency for the sale of this book. It will yield a certain and permanent income, for there is nothing on the market that will compare with it. A postal addressed to "Locke Publishing Co.," Toledo, Ohio, will bring full particulars. For New England address "Locke Publishing Co." 1 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THE way that CONKLING's friends were overmastered in the debate is as humiliating as anything which has happened to the Boss since his resignation. The Boss's rule was not the kind to attract the alliance of self-respecting men of brains, and his speakers, like his editors, have little chance when they meet the opposition editors and speakers.

SAMUEL D. STURGIS was promptly made a Brigadier General in August 1861,—just as soon as the Regular Army clique got full swing at the promoting machine, and he held that position until August, 1865,—just as long as it was possible to make a commission to command volunteers run. He had not exercised any command over troops since his shameful defeat at Guntown, in June of the previous year. He had been placed on "waiting orders" at Covington, Ky., where his propensity for the flowing bowl was not likely to do harm to anybody but himself, and this is perhaps as cheaply as we could expect to get rid of a West Point favorite. But if a volunteer officer had sacrificed his command in the cowardly and inefficient manner that STURGIS did, would he have been allowed to go and draw his full pay as Brigadier General for a year or more after being ordered home? Hardly. He would have been driven out of the Army with deserved ignominy, with forfeiture of pay and allowances, and never more be heard of except to be denounced. Instead, STURGIS is given the colonelcy of one of the finest regiments in the service, and after awhile assigned to the most pleasant post in the Army—that of superintending the Soldiers' Home at Washington. There is no grosser instance of the favoritism that pervades our Army administration than this.

VERY probably those eminent literary artists who furnish platforms for Democratic conventions will pronounce the revision of the New Testament a humiliating failure. Judged by their standards it undoubtedly is. There is no "reiteration of eternal principles" in it, though the principles it enunciates may, in consideration of a score of centuries of age, be regarded as entitled to deserving more of reverence than the Resolutions of '98. It does "not point with pride" to anything in particular, though it may well do so, considering what has been accomplished by it since it was first given to the world. It does not "renew its declaration of unwavering fidelity to the fundamental precepts," but that fidelity is a very real thing for several hundred million people. It does not "repel with scorn," or "indignantly denounce" or "spurn with contempt" anything in particular; in fact, it seems to lack pretty much all that forms the bones and sinews of a platform of great principle, but nevertheless it manages to say a great many things that go right to the spot, and stay there, though they who wrote them are dust, and again part of the dull clods whence they sprang.

THE Vice Presidency was given Mr. CONKLING to placate him, and the Independents of New York, to whom Mr. ARTHUR was deeply distasteful, so anxious for party harmony that they overcame that dislike, and gave the ticket a hearty support. Recent events show that the man elected is so pliant and ready a tool that he is merely an extension of Mr. CONKLING. Still the latter was not satisfied. Then five excellent appointments were given as rewards to his most devoted friends in the State. He took these without so much as saying "Thank you;" but the instant there was an attempt to recognize others who did more to secure the State than he did, who labored cheerfully for the party from the first, while he was yet sulking in retirement, he flies off in a petulant rage, and hence all these tears.

ENGLAND and Scotland are putting on virtuous airs over the result of recently made statistics about drinking in those countries. From being conscience-stricken over the reported affirmation of the total abstinence people that they were the most drunken race on the face of the globe, they have passed to the opposite extreme of self-congratulation upon the fact that in France nearly 50 per cent. more alcohol per head is consumed than in England; in German States the excess is much greater; in Sweden and Russia it is more than twice as much, and in Italy nearly as large. In comparing, too, the increase of drinking with the increase of population, it is found that the ratio per head is steadily decreasing. This is encouraging, altho' it takes from the total abstinence laborers one of their strongest arguments.

SUPPOSING that the nomination of the Collector of New York had been conceded to CONKLING, what would he have demanded next? Doubtless the patronage of all the Departments, because experience shows that the more he gets the hungrier he becomes. He has already taken one concession as the basis for a still greater demand, until, as one Senator put it, it was only a question of time when CONKLING would order the President to come to his room and black his boots.

GOV. FOSTER tells an interviewer that he is "satisfied that the contest had to come, and that Sen. CONKLING was determined to either rule or know the reason why he could not. I think it is good for the country that the President has stood by the prerogatives of his office and defended it against Senatorial encroachments."

CONKLING instructs his friends to say that he will not fight the Administration, if the Republicans will only please re-elect him. CONKLING can eat a great deal of humble pie, when it is necessary, as it is in this case.

THE STORY OF A GREAT CRIME.

There never has been but one history of Andersonville written. The greatest, the most infamous crime of the century has had but one chronicler. JOHN H. M'ELROY, associate editor of the BLADE, was for fifteen horrible months a prisoner in Andersonville, and with the other victims of Southern barbarity went through it to the end. A trained journalist before his capture, he was, unquestionably, the only man qualified to write the history of the great crime. He did it, and the fact that over 60,000 of the book have been sold, attests its merit. There is no survivor of Andersonville who does not endorse it, and no lover of descriptive writing who does not give the work unqualified praise.

The book, "Andersonville," is an elegant volume of 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and elegantly and substantially bound. It is sold only by subscription at $3. It is not and never will be sold any other way. Agents for this book are wanted everywhere in the United States. In this connection it may be said that agents who have handled the book have, without exception, made a good income. The book sells at sight. For particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, or Boston, Mass.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The City Solicitor of Philadelphia has filed a bill against 12 members of the City Gas Trust fund. The amount of money involved foots up nearly $10,000,000.——A contract has been closed in St. Louis for a shipment of grain to Glasgow, Scotland, by barges to New Orleans, and thence by steamer at 28 cents per bushel.——Pres. Garfield has appointed Charles Kahlo, of Indiana, Consul at Berlin, Prussia.——The excess of exports over imports for the year ended April 30 was $259,013,961.——The United States Fish Commission has put 1,000,000 young shad in the river at Steubenville, O.——Numerous arrests have been made in Ireland under the coercion act.——The Porte has written the Bey of Tunis in regard to the French occupation, and threatens, unless his reply is satisfactory, to depose him.——Pres. Billings, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, will resign his position at the next meeting of the directors. Mr. Billings has engaged passage for Europe. It is not yet settled who will succeed him. The position has been offered to Villard, but that gentleman declined, claiming that his outside duties occupy all his time.——Some weeks ago Lieut. Baltic, with Seminole scouts, crossed into Mexico in pursuit of Lipans, which murdered the McLeevre family. The Mexican Consul at Eagle Pass has written a letter asking by what authority United States troops invaded the soil of Mexico, and protesting against such invasion in the future. It is understood that Gen. D. S. Stanley, commanding the district of Nueces, declares his intention to follow all the marauding parties into Mexico who seek refuge there.——Laborers' wages in Mexico, which were 18¾ cents a day, have now, under the influence of the railway boom, reached the high rate of 43 cents a day.——The United States Treasury on Saturday held $356,237,000 in United States bonds to secure National bank circulation.——The Commissioner of Agriculture values the farm produce raised in the United States in 1880 at $2,000,000,000, of which more than one-third was exported. Among the leading articles he includes breadstuffs to the amount of $288,000,000; cotton about $221,000,000, while cheese and butter are estimated at $49,000,000.——The United States corn crop averages nearly or about 1,500,000 bushels, or 47,000,000 tons, enough to load 5,000,000 rail cars, making 30,000 trains, each half a mile long; or enough to fill two continuous lines of box cars from Baffin's Bay to Cape Horn, and require at least 60,000 locomotives to draw them.——The United States of Columbia, in South America, are suffering under a plague of locusts or grasshoppers. They are devouring every green thing in the way of vegetation, and a famine and terrible sufferings are feared as a consequence of this destruction of the growing crops.——A Havana dispatch says: Spain will colonize the Island of Colebia, near Puerto Rico, which is now uninhabited, and Commissioners will go there to fix the site for a settlement and distribute lots.——It is announced that Gambetta will be a candidate for his native department at the next election.——A seam of coal 30 inches thick has been discovered at Downs, Ill., only a few feet below the surface.——The annual report of the Northwestern Railroad, to be submitted to the stockholders next week, will show gross earnings of $19,000,000 to $20,000,000, an increase over last year of about $2,000,000. The earnings of the Wabash at Chicago are increasing rapidly each month, the increase being from $28,000 in January to $110,000 in May.——The United States steamer "Alliance," Commander Cooper, now at Norfolk, Va., has been ordered to prepare and proceed with all dispatch on a cruise in search of the "Jeannette" between Greenland, Iceland and the coast of Norway, and as far as the Northern Coast of Spitzbergen. Commander Cooper is instructed not to remain in the region longer than Sept. 25.——Last year 11,851,738 bushels of buckwheat were raised in the United States, against 9,821,721 bushels raised in 1870. There were 44,149,479 bushels of barley raised last year, against 29,769,305 in 1870; 407,970,712 bushels of oats, against 282,107,157; 459,501,093 bushels of wheat, against 287,745,026; 1,773,106 bushels of corn, against 760,944,549; and 19,863,632 bushels of rye, against 17,918,735 bushels in 1870.——The Reformed Episcopal Church Council, in session in New York, has approved the calling of a temperance convention at Saratoga, June 21, and requests the co operation of all persons to prevent the alarming spread of intemperance.——The claim of the United States against Great Britain for damages for outrages inflicted by a Canadian mob upon American fishermen at Fortune Bay, N. F., and Aspee Bay, Cape Breton, has been settled by the latter by the payment of £15,000. The amount originally claimed by the United States was $103,000.——Late foreign dispatches are of the following tenor:—In the British House of Commons, the Under Secretary said that France admitted and apologized for the searching of a British schooner at Tunis. It is reported that Mr. Childers, British Secretary for War, is to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Orders for the immediate evacuation of the Pisheen Valley, Afganistan, have been issued by the British Government. The stubborn resistance of the Hamburg Legislature and of the Reichstag has induced Bismark to abandon his scheme to force Hamburg into the Zollverein, and it remains a free post with its territory somewhat reduced. A quarrel between the two Houses of the Danish Diet seems to forbode its dissolution. Dispatches from South Africa insist that there are many disturbances in the Transvaal.——Gen. Grant and party sailed on Saturday night from Vera Cruz, Mexico, on the steamer "City of Merida," for New Orleans.——Advices just received from the Holy See, announce that His Holiness, Leo XIII. has created the Very Reverend Father Quinn, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York, and the Very Reverend Father Preston, Chancellor, Monsignori, with the rank of Domestic Prelates.——A bill has been introduced in the Mexican Congress authorizing the President to establish a National Bank. The Palmer-Sullivan Company are negotiating for the purchase of the old Toluca and Jalapa & Chalchicomula Railroads.——The election in the Ninth Arrondissement of Paris, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Emile de Girardin took place Sunday. The vote resulted as follows: M. Anatole de la Forge, Republican, 9,198; M. Herve, Monarchist, Director of the *Soleil*, 4,250; M. Paul Dubois, Radical, 2,079.——Col. Thomas A. Scott, in the last year of his life, gave away $250,000.——Justice Field will spend the Summer in the Northern countries of Europe.——It seems that the President personally gave the orders to investigate the Treasury supply frauds. The implicated parties will be suspended from office till the investigation is completed.——An old silver mine in Mecklenburg County, Va., which was profitably worked a hundred years ago, has been reopened, and found to contain a rich vein of silver ore, between eight and 10 feet thick.——Ex Sen. Dorsey is reported quite ill in Washington, owing to mental anxiety over the star route exposures.——Sen. Ferry, of Michigan, reached his home Tuesday. He was so ill on the journey that a physician had to accompany him.

A CLERGYMAN down in New York has hit upon a new way of paying his debts. He bade farewell to his creditors, turned monk and went into a monastery.

Correspondence.

DAS VATERLAND.

One of the By-Ways of Europe—A Village in the Harz Mountains and a Simple, Primitive, Religious People.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

BLEICHERODE AM HARZ, May 13.

Nothing strikes the American tourist upon a first continental European tour as forcibly as the very small corner of territory passed over in order to reach a different nationality with manners, customs, language, so completely changed that one seems magically transported to an antipodal hemisphere. It is incomprehensible to us with our vast extent of territory, how Europeans preserve distinct nationality in this age of steam, telegraphs, and commercial intercourse. The impression which prevails among us, that foreign languages are colloquially spoken more correctly or fluently in Europe than in the United States is a mistaken one, and our college and university Professors, who come here and when talking French, German, Italian, etc., are supposed to be speaking an unknown tongue, find plenty of company among their European colleagues. The literary classes, and the merchants in France and Germany study several foreign languages, prominent among which are French, German and English, but they rarely speak any but their own. They read and translate well, especially those who have studied Latin, but their accent and pronunciation is never better than ours. I find it the universal complaint among practical thinkers here, that there is something especially wrong in the present system of teaching foreign languages. Pupils after years of study find it difficult, often impossible, to carry on conversation in an acquired tongue, even for commercial purposes, and the subject of a linguistic school, where students will be taught to speak the foreign language they desire to acquire, is beginning to receive attention in Paris.

The Winter has been a very severe one throughout Europe. The grapes of the Rhine land have suffered greatly from frost, while in France the phyloxera has caused many vineyards to be entirely replanted from American cutings. The fruit trees of Germany have been much damaged; I was told that in Wurtemburg and South Germany much replanting was required, and in the valleys of the Harz Mountains the orchards look diseased. The season is very backward, and the semi-tropic atmosphere of Paris, with its increasing vegetation, is greatly missed by us, since coming to our native home among the spurs of the Harz, whose air is so bracing that it produces vertigo, until the stranger from the south land is acclimated. With the exception of lakes and streams, no more picturesquely beautiful landscape lies upon the broad, round earth than that of

BLEICHERODE AM HARZ

and "Das Vaterland" outlining the horizon. The peak of Mount Broken is as rocky and snow-crowned as when my heathen Saxon ancestors with mule-like obstinacy fought the good Christian missionaries, and as when their brave spirits succumbed to mental and material forces they ostensibly accepted the new religion, but secretly worshiped Thor and Woden, the devil and witches, on Mount Broken's summit. I am inclined to doupt the report that on the 1st of May last, exactly at midnight, Herr Teufel and his angels left their warm abodes and gave a grand ball upon the snowy, ice-bound brow of the hoary mountain, to which witches rode on pitchforks and brooms from the uttermost parts of witchland, and that the dance lasted till the sun peeped over the surrounding mountains, just as upon the first night of May, from the beginning of devil and witch history, to the present day. The hill tops, upon which St. Bonifacius and the other Christian missionaries preached the gospel, are marked with rude, heavy stone crosses, and the winding mountain paths which they trod upon their journey through Germany are believed to be the very grounds upon which one views, in the valleys below, verdant meadows and fields, flocks of sheep, near which stands the shepherd's tiny cot on wheels, with its pigmy bird house perched over the door, where the lark and the bullfinch make their homes and sing the sweetest of melodies, and quaint, primitive villages with houses huddled together in the circumference of an ordinary farm yard of Ohio, from whose center rises the church spire, and whose red tile roofs are visible in the sun light at a very great distance. The entire horizon is outlined with the spurs of the Harz mountain chain, and the summits from whence most extensive views are seen, are marked with stone crosses, and rude stone monuments commemorative of the events of the German Reformation. Bleicherode, in feudal times, was a fortified town, and portions of its walls are yet standing. Situated in the heart of Protestant Germany the unadulterated gospel of

LUTHER AND MELANCHTHON

is still preached here in pristine purity, and be modern faith therein, strong or feeble, the little stone church in which Luther preached, is remarkably well attended, though among those who worship there, women largely predominate. The interior decorations of the church are not very different from those of Roman churches. Candles burn at the altar during services, ancient oil paintings of the Crucifixion ornament the walls and cherubims, with little round Germanic heads and faces, peep in bass reliefs from the high pulpit and its remarkably funny looking sounding board overhead, which has a sky of azure, studded with stars. The church was built in the first half of the fourteenth century, and after the Reformation was dedicated to the Protestant faith, and I should judge had not been improved since. It has never been heated, and its stone walls breathe the damp, chilly air of antiquity. For centuries and centuries its clergy have occupied the same parsonage, under whose antiquated red tile roofs we are lodged, with a cousin, the present Rector. Next to Luther and Melanchthon they idolize "Unser Kaiser," as they call Emperor Wilhelm. This portrait blinks and smiles upon one, in every house and Socialist doctrines are as heterodox to the average Bleicherodian, as skepticism regarding hell fire was to Jonathan Edwards. When the news of the attempted assassination of the Emperor was known here, the Church bell was rung, and the entire population flocked to the public square, where they fell upon their knees and besought Heaven to spare his life. Their affection for the Emperor is very great and they reverence him like a venerated parent. Empress Augusta, is not popular, and I have made several strong Womans' Rights speeches in her defense at coffee and chocolate socials, where women only congregate. Skeptics in the emancipation of women realize here their heaven. People are shocked when told that we no more reverence what St. Paul said about women, than when St. Peter bade his followers to "Honor the King," and they have as little faith as Carlyle, in the permanency of our Republican Government. But the social life of this little mountain town, with its primitive German ways, manners and customs is a charming study to the adopted child of dear America, who revisits the fatherland, even though never failing for a single moment to thank the kind Providence for having emigrated from it, in early infancy. After more than four decades of the ambitious nerve trying life of the new world, with its immensely great possibilities, it is restful beyond discription to linger here for a time, amid these primitive mountaineers, whose simple, honest, truthful uneventful lives often reach their four score years and ten, with well preserved mental powers, and the physical endurance of the age of 55 in America. In pleasant weather, people over 80 climb the mountain tops, and rejoice over the beautiful landscape, they have seen thousands of times, with the vivacity of life's spring time. It is wonderful how our European ancestors rejoice over and enjoy the things inexpensive in a financial sense, and how much pure happiness they derive, where we can not find it. In France the poorest cottager finds a delight in a pot of blooming pansies or violets, and a pleasure which could not be greater than the Wall street brokers whose stocks are "up," and here the breakfast or dinner of black bread with some little relish is taken to the hill tops and enjoyed after the bracing walk of miles, with an appetite and digestive powers which all the gold of a California Cresus can not buy, and its well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to realize, how cheaply, after all, happiness may be bought.

In the large German Cities, life is cosmopolitan, but cityfied ways are not much copied in the provincial communities of the Harz regions. This is the season for the semi-annual washings, which is much worse than our semi-annual house-cleanings in Northern States, in upsetting the regular order of home life. Why people will invest fortunes in linen, is past finding out. Imagine as a few items of "the great washing," as they call it, 60 shirts for each male member of the family, and as many undergarments per head for all adults, with 50 sheets, 100 pillow-slips, 50 table-cloths, 100 towels, 150 pairs of hose, etc., etc. Four or five women under the superintendence of a professional laundress, begin their work at early dawn, and continue from day to day till midnight, till the detestable job is finished. Some enterprising American visitor, a long time ago, told them about washboards, and they sent to Leipsic and purchased some, but threw them aside, because they preferred rubbing the clothes with their hands. A regular feast is made for the washerwomen, and they eat five times a day, and eat and work and chat and wash and dry and mangle and iron for a week or more. Infants' and children's washings are done weekly, and sometimes colored clothes, but white garments are washed semi-annually. All of the white clothes are of fine linen, for which this Town has been celebrated for centuries. It is woven here by *hand looms*, and is strong, white, and handsome. Bleichdahl, a mountain valley, four or five miles in length, with a mountain stream, is at this time covered with thousands of pieces of linen, woven here, and undergoing the bleaching process. The length of a piece ranges between 33 and 36 yards of our measure, and its fearfully hard work to suds, rinse, sprinkle, and tend it, and they build temporary cottages for the bleachers, who fuss over it day and night for a month, and for bleaching one piece they secure only 40 cents. Help is cheap and plentiful, notwithstanding the enormous emigration. Protestant Germany is mundane paradise for ministers' wives, for they are independent of their congregations, never call upon them unless they please, Clergymen receive their salaries, like any Government officials, can not be removed unless committing some criminal offense, are handsomely pensioned before they are very old, and retired from active duty. The amount of pensioned persons is enormous here, and while official salaries are not very great, it must require tremendously heavy taxation to support the large army of pensioners.

ROSA L. SEGUR.

ANSWER TO A "HOME LETTER."

How a Woman Succeeded in the Profession She Had Chosen.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

After reading Susan Power's letter to the BLADE of May 19th, I wrote "Nettie" a private, personal letter for the purpose of smoothing over the roughed-up feelings that I knew the before mentioned epistle would produce, but afterwards thought it would be of no comfort to the other eleven who seemed, though unnamed and invisible, to be needing the same thing. Susan said 'One answer would suit a dozen appeals." I then prepared a letter and wrote my own experience under cover of "My Friend," but again Susan writes "Bah! I hate theorists." That compelled me to come out with the bold I, but why not? What I say is honest and truthful and written for a good purpose. Admitted this answer smacks largely of egotism, and lacks proper modesty in bringing private concerns before the public, yet the fact of so many appeals being made are straws that show which way a strong current of air is blowing. I cannot trespass on the editor's courtesy enough to answer the letter in question in detail, or satisfactorily to myself, but must be content to take up only a few leading points that she has made.

The first query is, if it is an almost unattainable thing "To gain a place in Journalism," how comes it Susan "wrote twaddle at the age of 19," unless she was one of the "cadets in a family in society with whom the editor had such relations that it was inconvenient to refuse." What is there to change our belief that her relation to journalism is unchanged to-day.

"I have lived to wish that girls were not allowed to utter opinions or write them till after they were 40." I am not quite a 40-year-old girl, but am 30, have a husband and a profession that relieves me of the "fullness of wisdom of 19," and of being a "theorist." I have not a "care-worn visage," nor is my head "tied up with neuralgia." On the contrary, I have as good health as an average constitution enjoys, and laugh every day.

This letter is addressed to women who have no children, because it is impossible for a woman with small children to do other than care for them, and motherhood is the highest profession of any, but children are luxuries that poverty-stricken, discontented women should not covet—luxuries they have no right to enjoy.

I was married at the age of 17 to "the best fellow in the world," who had given the years that should have qualified him for some life work, to his country. After we had been married some months my eyes were gradually opened to the question of life and living, and taking my neighbors as an example, the outlook for myself was anything but "happyfying." I craved the comfort of just such things as Susan writes that she has surrounded herself with. "The mingled fire and snow of carnations gleam in the lamplight, the wild violets and anemone droop delicately over their gilded rims as if longing for the open air and the sheltered bank under the birches where they grew. There is a shine of quaint mahogany and polished brasses, and company of pleasant pictures in the room, the big sofa is piled with pillows, the *Lettres a Une Inconnue* lying there temptingly, the big round table spread with flowers, and a confusion of illustrated papers and magazines, and a delightful volume of French caricature seductively at hand." Besides longing for these refined comforts, I wanted advantages of improvement, for being a pioneer western girl with no accomplishments other than those acquired at a common country school, I was uncultivated, and felt the need of time and money to gain them.

I weighed matters pro. and con. two years. I am surprised it took so long a time to come to the conclusion that I was not a machine to be driven by circumstances, but a person having the privilege of shaping the ends of life as it suited me. After coming to that conclusion I spent another year in selecting a profession, then with a steady, fixed purpose before me, I set about qualifying myself thoroughly in it.

I have no patience with women who try to jump at results, and are impatient of discipline in work. There is a class who only talk, talk eternally of their inferior place in society, but really make no patient continued effort toward filling any position occupied by men—who are unwilling to learn by the plodding process that insures success.

For myself I managed to economise time, to work toward an end, to work at work that would tell. It took six years to learn what I had undertaken, but at the end of that time a position was offered me and I accepted. The village raised their eyebrows on the start, but have since dropped them. The mother very sorrowfully shook her head and said "She hoped it would turn out for the best, but she did not know." The father was sure my reputation would suffer, and would have put a stop to it had I been under his control. My heart bleeds when I think of it. Had I been a young man of the same age, free from tobacco, drink and vice of any kind they would have said "What a fine young man!" I would have been "my boyed" and encouraged to the skies. My husband had come to be slowly initiated into my plans, and finding his comfort none the less interfered with or diminished, and being natural born gentleman, rather enjoyed seeing me happy. I got one of those girls who write to the Household Department, that enjoy doing housework but do not like the social degradation it brings. We make the home equal for all, and I think she never thinks but that she has as much interest there as any of us. Working, laboring men know what it is to save money enough out of the daily toil, besides supporting a family, to accumulate capital sufficient to invest so that the capital will add to itself. Even with the most strict economy it takes years, and oftener it is never done. I have known many women to die before they were able to afford a castor for their table or a dozen napkins to lay by for company, a fact, probably, Susan could not comprehend.

After two years experience I have never met any among the many men with whom I have been thrown, but were ready to give me a helping hand and an encouraging word whenever it was needed. It may be on account of more room and a better atmosphere that they have larger souls than those Susan knows. This I have proven, that men are willing to give a woman the first place and are as gallant in business relations as in any other capacity.

I have not mentioned the kind of work I chose to do, because it is no better than many other things. Art is better fitted for the finer tact and more nimble fingers of women than trades and were I to choose again I would prefer it. In thus encouraging women, I would not have them think that the way to any excellence is attained without great sacrifices, unnumbered discouragements and great labor, but these are common to ambition under whatever conditions, but what has been done can be done again, and if Susan does not believe it she can come and see. I leave my address with the editor and my home is open to her at any time.

Clarksonville, Iowa, May 24.

THAT INFAMOUS APPOINTMENT

Something About Samuel D. Sturgis, by One Who Fought Under Him.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

Is it possible that S. D. Sturges has been appointed Commander of the Soldiers' Home at Washington? It is astonishing that the incompetent, drunken, cowardly wretch is still permitted to live, when we remember those 400 dead comrades we left on the battle field at Guntown, the 1,300 wounded, many of whom were afterwards eaten up with worms in rebel prisons, and the 3,500 who were taken prisoners to Andersonville and other Southern prisons, to be starved to death. I have no language by which to express my feelings of disgust. I and my only brother were among the prisoners. My brother was starved to death.

I was a member of the 72d Ohio, went out in 1861, came home when the war was over and was in Sherman's command at the battle of Shiloh. We had our share of the pleasures and privations of the Western Army, including the Vicksburg campaign. We had often met and whipped Forest's command, but soon after we had re-enlisted, we fell into the hands of Samuel D. Sturgis, and went out on the Guntown expedition. Sturgis was drunk from the time we left Memphis until we met Forest, about 10 days later, at Guntown, Mississippi, with the result and in the manner so truthfully set forth in the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE of May 19th, also by Gen. Steedman in the Northern Ohio *Democrat*. I believe that every soldier that was along and is yet living will testify to the truth of those charges against Sturges. The question is, what can we do?

MORRIS REES,
Late Lieutenant 72d O. V. I.

Pemberville, O., May 29.

Documents Wanted.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, May 16, 1881.

Circular.

There being now pending in this Department great numbers of volunteer pension claims which cannot be satisfactorily verified for want of information which missing records of discontinued volunteer commands would afford, and it having transpired in many instances that officers of the late volunteer forces have still in their possession or under their control books and other records pertaining to their corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies, their attention is called to the fact that all such books and records should be deposited with this office, and they are earnestly requested to cause to be forwarded without delay to the Adjutant General of the Army, at Washington, District of Columbia.

No expense, other than postage or proper express charges (when packages exceed four pounds, the limit for mail parcels,) can be paid by the Government.

In the interest of the great number of widows, orphans, and disabled soldiers whose claims are involved, the newspapers of the country are requested to give the substance of this circular the greatest publicity.

By order of the Secretary of War:
R. C. DRUM, Adjutant General.
Official: A. W. WICKERSON, Assistant Adjutant General.

THE FIGHT RENEWED.

Messrs. Conkling, Platt and Arthur Return to Albany.

Death Blow to Conkling—No Caucus.

ALBANY, May 25.—The following letter was sent to Speaker Sharpe this morning:

Hon. Geo. H. Sharpe, Chairman Assembly Caucus Committee:

DEAR SIR: The Senate Caucus Committee have given the question of calling a caucus the earnest deliberation which the gravity of the situation demands. The United States Senators from this State have resigned, and thrust upon the Republican members of this Legislature the altercate of supporting or antagonizing the National Administration. This issue involves the integrity of the party. The resignation of our Senators has left the Senate of the United States in control of a Democratic majority. The Republican party of the State cannot submit its relations to the party in the Nation to a decision of a majority of a Legislative caucus. No member ought to be excused by caucus action from individual responsibility, but in joint convention of the Legislature and in the solemn exercise of his duties as legislator each man should cast his vote according to his conscience and the wishes of his constituents. We do not, therefore, deem it wise to unite in a call for a joint caucus.

We remain, dear sir, yours truly,
D. McCARTHY,
GEORGE H. FOSTER.

While I do not fully concur in the above, I deem it unwise and inexpedient at the present time to join in or recommend a call for caucus.

W. W. ROCKWELL.

REMONSTRANCES IN THE SENATE.

Sen. Wagner presented remonstrances from Republicans of Gloversville, Bollston, Waterford and St. Johnsville against the return of Conkling and Platt. Sessions presented a similar remonstrance from citizens of Cattararugus County; Robinson from citizens of Weschester County on the same subject, and Lynde from citizens of St. Lawrence of a similar import.

BOTH SECTIONS

declare themselves firm in their convictions this morning. Alvord appears stronger than ever in his opposition to Conkling, and says the cause of the Senators is weaker to-day than yesterday. On the other hand, Carpenter and other Stalwarts claim that Conkling has made several votes since his arrival here, and will triumph.

The refusal of the Senate Caucus Committee to caucus was not unexpected. The paper circulated yesterday for signatures of Republican members for calling a caucus was still in circulation this morning. Stalwarts say it will contain the names of a majority of Republican members. At noon the Stalwarts reported they had 50 signatures to their call for a caucus. Fifty four is a majority of the Republican members of the Legislature.

ALBANY, May 25.—Everything indicates that there will be no Republican caucus. The leading Democrats, when spoken to on the subject, declare unhesitatingly they have their own party work to do and feel that they would deserve and receive punishment if they did not vote for two of their best partisans. They indignantly deny that there has ever been the least intention or thought of helping either section of their opponents in this matter. Those who claim to know, say that Conkling feels he was induced to come here on false information; that he was here not over half an hour before he saw a great mistake had been made.

CAUCUS CALL.

ALBANY, May 31.—The following call was sent to each Republican member of the Assembly yesterday afternoon:

To-morrow the Assembly is required by law to ballot for two Senators in Congress, and it is urgent and indispensable that members of the Republican party shall act in harmony. No joint conference of Republicans of both houses having been called, we hereby call a caucus of Republican members of the Assembly to agree upon candidates to be supported by the Republicans. The caucus will meet this Monday evening, May 30, in the Assembly chamber, immediately on the adjournment of the Assembly. We earnestly and respectfully invite the Republican members of the Senate to attend and participate in said caucus.

GEORGE H. SHARPE,
E. A. CARPENTER,
JNO. E. GILLETTE,
A. S. DRAPER.

ADMINISTRATION LEADERS

now claim Gorsline Boardman, G. M. Palmer and Gates, of the Assembly, who have been classified with the Stalwarts, and say the vote for Conkling will show him to be in the minority, and he will then be abandoned entirely.

IN THE ASSEMBLY

a resolution for a joint convention to elect United States Senators Wednesday next, was received, and by unanimous consent, adopted.

THE CAUCUS.

After the adjournment of the House a number of Republican members remained in their seats, in accordance with the invitation to meet in caucus sent them by the Assembly Caucus Committee.

The Chair stated he had had a count made, and it was found there was not a majority of Republican members of the Assembly present.

E. A. Carpenter moved the caucus adjourn until 8 P. M. to-morrow, and that Republican members of the Senate be invited to participate. Carried, and the caucus adjourned. Thirty members of the Assembly were present.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

The Democratic members of the Legislature met in joint session last evening. Erastus Brooks, Assemblyman, who was absent delivering a Decoration Day address, sent a letter stating the first duty is to insist upon adjournment without a choice of Senators in Congress whose places have become vacant by the voluntary acts of those elected to represent the State. The present Legislature is appealed to to fill these vacant places, and the appeal is made by two gentlemen, who after abandoning their places now demand a new election to fill the very places which they voluntarily surrendered. When the Legislature of 1881 was elected no such result was considered within the range of human possibilities, and it is therefore but an act of justice to the people of the State that opportunity be afforded them to choose members of the Legislature who in the choice of its Senators in Congress will represent the voice of the whole people.

Mr. Fowler nominated Sen. John C. Jacobs for the short term created by the resignation of Roscoe Conkling and the nomination was made unanimous.

Francis P. Kernan was then made the unanimous choice for Senator in place of Platt, resigned.

THE ADMINISTRATION MEN

met for conference last evening. There were 57 present, and notes from 13 more saying they will vote for men who will support the Administration. Resolutions were adopted pledging all present to withhold support from Conkling and Platt.

IN THE ASSEMBLY.

At 12 o'clock the speaker announced that under the order of the House it would now proceed to vote for United States Senator in place of Roscoe Conkling, resigned. Each member as his name was called named his candidate. The vote stood as follows: Conking, 26; Jacobs, 47; Wheeler, 15; Crowley, 5; Cornell, 6; Wadsworth, 2; Rogers, 8; Miller, 1; Evarts, 2; Edick, 1; Ealger, 2; White, 2; Chapman, 1; Tremaine, 2; Fenton, 1; Ward, 1; Pomeroy, 1; Dutcher, 1; Alvord, 2.

No candidate received a majority. The House then proceeded to vote to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Platt. The vote stood as follows: Depew, 14; Kernan, 47; Platt, 21; Folger, 6; Laphan, 6; Cornell 12; Crowley, 3; Evarts, 5; Morton, 2; Miller, 3; Francis 1; Pomeroy, 1; Wadsworth, 2; Tremain, 2; Rogers, 1; Choate, 1.

The Chair announced that the House having failed to give a majority for either candidate, that fact will be entered on the journal of the House, and the legislative business will be proceeded with.

IN THE SENATE.

When the hour of noon arrived the Senate proceeded to vote for United States Senator in the place of Thomas C. Platt, resigned. The vote stood as follows: Thomas C. Platt, 8; Chauncey M. Depew, 7; Francis Kernan, 7; Warner Miller, 2; Sherman S. Rogers, 1; Eldredge Lapham, 2; Joseph H. Choate, 1; Judge Noah Davis, 2; William A. Wheeler, 1; George H. Sharpe, 1.

The Senate then voted for a successor to fill the short term in place of Roscoe Conkling. The vote stood as follows: Roscoe Conkling, 9; Sherman S. Rogers, 5; John C. Jacobs, 6; George B. Bradley, 1; Charles J. Folger, 2; Gov. Cornell, 2; William A. Wheeler, 4; Theodore M. Pomeroy, 2.

No one receiving a majority the Senate adjourned.

A DEADLOCK.

NEW YORK, May 31.—A telegram from Albany says: 'From all appearances of things this moment a prolonged session seems inevitable. It would be no surprise to those who understand the situation if balloting went on till the 4th of July or after. The Half-breeds are quite as determined as the Stalwarts, and unless a compromise is reached it is impossible to see the way out of the present tangle."

AN ASSEMBLYMAN

who spent Sunday with Gen. Arthur, said: "Conkling is in this race to stay, and if you knew the points that I know you would agree with me that his election cannot be prevented, and that it will be without Democratic help, too. Its all nonsense to talk about Conkling's bargaining with Democrats."

A friend of Conkling was heard to say to-day that Conkling means to make and hold a dead lock, and in the Fall elections make a personal canvass of the State, more complete than he has ever yet made. By this means he might have an even chance of being able to secure the Legislature that would re-elect him in January next. Success achieved in such contest would lift him to the highest pinnacle in American political history, and put him in the field as the winning candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1884.

Platt said to a reporter this morning: "I think our chances for re-election are more than good; I believe we shall go back to Washington."

The Post's Albany special says: "The anti-Conklingites will attempt no concentration until after Conkling's votes melt away. In such a case it is probable that the Administration men have 91 votes, and may elect two candidates, although it is yet too early to make the prediction of any such result."

Sen. Robertson says he should not be surprised if an actual election is held before the week is over.

The Express says: "Should the dead lock continue until the end of next week, adjournment will take place, and the Governor is quoted as saying that he will not re-convene the Legislature, but let the dispute be settled at the polls."

The Commercial says: "The Half-breeds are very boastful to-day, and some of them claim they will be able to elect two Senators in place of Conkling and Platt this week. It is not their purpose to develop their plans in to-day's voting, but before Thursday they say they expect to be able to decide upon two candidates. After Conkling and Platt are disposed of they say they will address themselves to the choosing of candidates."

THE SUBJECT OF PRAYER.

At the opening of the session of the Assembly last evening, Rev. M. C. Lockwood, of the First Baptist Church, of this City, made the following prayer, which was freely commented upon after its delivery:

"Our Father and our God, we come to Thee seeking Thy favor and wisdom for this Legislature. A great issue is before them, about which strong passions are excited. Conflicting opinions are pressing upon them; selfishness and hatred are motives which prompt human action, alas! too often. Love of position or place may sever weak men from their integrity and honor. We pray Thee to help the weak to be loyal to their convictions in the coming conflict of opinions. May neither organized menace nor fear of personal loss lead any man to betray his self-respect or barter his honor, and thus may they all fulfill the trust which has been reposed in them, and may the result be that which shall have Thine approval, which shall fully and clearly establish the right and defeat the wrong. If in any way the honor of this State has been affected by the falseness or folly of any man, we pray Thee that it may, by the wisdom of this Legislature, be made to assert its dignity to our country and its representatives. May all their deliberations be characterized by courtesy and charity in all manliness of spirit. Hear us in our prayer for help and strength and wisdom for these men."

THE ADMINISTRATION PLAN.

The Tribune's Albany special says: "It was at first supposed that the friends of the Administration would select two candidates with which to confront the two Senators; but there is a growing sentiment among them in favor of avoiding all dangers of dissensions that might arise out of an attempt to select at the outset two candidates for a fusion of the numerous divers elements. The plan most favored is that by an amicable agreement between the friends of various candidates certain of them shall be chosen to be voted for when Conkling's successor is balloted for, and certain others when Platt's successor is being balloted for. In this way candidates will not cross each other. The indications are of a pushing canvass next week by the Conkling men. Some of the friends of Conkling represent him as really confident that he will finally be elected, while some persons who have seen him in private believe him to be greatly disappointed."

BEECHER INTERVIEWED.

LOUISVILLE, May 30.—The Nashville correspondent of the Courier Journal had a talk with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of which the following is a brief extract:

"You are having a ferocious fight in New York just now."

"In politics, you mean?" asked Beecher. "Yes, it is a disgraceful dog fight."

"Will Conkling be returned, do you think?"

"Now, I can answer that better six months from now," replied the sage, with a smile. "I am a splendid prophet backward."

"Ought Conkling to be sent back to Washington?"

"No: he is totally wrong, and ought to go down. I have been a great admirer of his abilities, and have stood by him in his support of Gen. Grant; but in this instance he has forfeited any claim to aid and comfort. It will be very hard for him to defeat the Robertson element, as they have two powerful engines at their command—the Administration influence and the 1,000 custom house appointments. With all these favors in his pocket, Robertson is all powerful. Moreover, Robertson is a good man, and will, if he succeeds in this issue, be more powerful than Conkling has been, and will supercede him in State politics. He is a man of character and ability."

"Conkling is not a corrupt man, is he?"

"He does not hesitate to employ the machine and all juggling appliances of politics, but he is not personally approachable with money. Blaine is; that is what has kept him from being President."

"Conkling is overbearing, dictatorial and unforgiving is he not?"

"He is imperial and implacable; he never forgets an injury, nor forgives an enemy. He never looks with any degree of allowance upon a man whom he thinks has betrayed or wronged him."

"But is it not treason in his eye to oppose him in any of his purposes?"

"It would appear so. He cannot brook opposition."

"Gen. Grant will stand by him in the impending contest, will he not?"

"Yes, he is hastening on to New York, but he is making the worst move of his life; he is working against his best interests."

A crowd now came up to handshake the pulpit jour, and the colloquy was broken off.

VANDERBILT ON THE RESIGNATIONS.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt in conversation with a Tribune reporter in regard to the resignation of Sen. Conkling, said, with great earnestness, "Mr. Conkling made a grave mistake in resigning his seat in the Senate. He left the State without representation and the Republican party in the minority. He could not afford to do that. I have regarded him as a man of ability, and that he should have made a quarrel with the Administration is a pity—a very great pity. Still Conkling is likely to discover his mistake. The party is more than the man, and the question shall be submitted to the people whether to follow the party or Conkling. The people will rally altogether around the party. Conkling will find himself alone. This is a mere matter of politics, however, and that is a trade with which I am not very familiar. It is the conservative part of the world which really holds the balance of power. I vote, when I vote at all, for men and not for party issues. I don't think there have been any great party questions lately. But Conkling should remember that the Collectorship of this port is as much a National appointment as any office in the gift of the President. The Collector is not Collector of New York alone, but almost of the whole country. There is nothing against the fitness of Judge Robertson for the office. His ability and honesty have not been assailed. Conkling should have known that an appointment to the office was not dependent on his personal wishes."

ANOTHER "FLOP."

ELMIRA, May 25.—The Advertiser, which heretofore advocated, now opposes the re-election of Conkling and Platt.

AT OSWEGO.

OSWEGO, May 25—A public meeting was held here last night to endorse Pres. Garfield. It was quite largely attended. A remonstrance against holding the meeting largely signed, was published in the evening papers.

AT ALBION.

ALBION, May 25.—The Lincoln Club, of Albion, last evening adopted resolutions supporting the Administration and petitioned their representatives in the Legislature to oppose the re-election of Conkling and Platt.

A TRIPLE SHOOTING.

Three Peaceful Farmers Shot by a Former Owner of the Land.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., May 30.—The triple shooting by David Augsburg, at Pamelia Four Corners, was caused by irritation over the fact that Samuel Zoller and his sons were sowing on land formerly owned by Augsburg, but which he had lost under a foreclosure. The Zollers had leased it from Augsburg's cousin. The old man went out coolly, and after deliberate aim shot the father in the lower breast, then his son Charles, then Franklin, then the father again and finally put another ball into Franklin's hip, while he was unhitching his team. The wounds of the father and Franklin may prove fatal, but they are quite comfortable at present.

Augsburg has frittered away his earnings and inheritance of $40,000 or $50,000 by lawsuits, and now he is poor. He gave himself up. His wife, aged 33, while insane, shot herself through the head two years ago. She did not kill herself, and has since borne a child. Augsburg will probably plead insanity, but he can not succeed in this, as he is a hearty, healthy man for his age. A few years ago he could handle any man in his town.

The Zollers are very respectable people, and have much sympathy.

Grain at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 28.—The grain receipts for the week were swelled heavily this morning and foot up 3,828,000 bushels, while the shipments were 4,139,000 bushels. Corn is coming in more rapidly than expected. Prices for the day have so far experienced a further boom, but although the market is active there is no great excitement, while highest prices of the day was not current at noon.

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No man who has tried a Caligraph has failed to like it, and vow that he would not do without one for any reasonable sum of money. Every one has declared that their facilities for doing business, their comfort and their temper have all been vastly increased by the possession of this willing little servant.

The price has been reduced so as to bring the machines within the reach of the most slender purse. No one whose business requires writing letters or papers can afford to do without it. In any moderate business it will pay for itself in a few months.

For a catalog containing full particulars, with descriptions, prices of machines, etc., write to the American Writing Machine Company, 213 Thirty-First Street, New York.

FAVORITES OF FORTUNE!

The Capriciousness of the Blind Goddess Shown by the Varied and Unequal Bestowal of Her Favors.

A Partial List of the Prizes Paid by the Louisiana State Lottery Company during the Year ending May, 1881, together with the Names and Addresses given to the Company by the Holders, Omitting those who have Requested it.

Receipts for the Amounts are on File at the Offices of the Company.

Reference may also be made to Adams Express Company, which during the last Four Years has Collected on behalf of Holders of Prizes Sold through the New York Office more than Three-quarters of a Million Dollars.

DRAWING OF MAY 11, 1880.

Thos. G. Beale, Hard Times, La	$5,000
John Callahan, 579 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y	2,505
Jarmalowsky & Markel, 54 Canal st., N. Y	2,505

DRAWING OF JUNE 15, 1880.

Frederick Jussau, 1154 Prospect Place, Brooklyn	50,000
P. E. Selle, Conti st., New Orleans	2,000
Chatham Nat. Bank, New York	2,000
Archibald C. Palmer, Aurora, N. Y. (by C. N. Vibbard, New York)	5,000
J. Plousky, Vermillionville, La	2,000
Joseph McGilleck, 471 3d av., New York	2,000
Patrick Fox, 157 East 87th st., New York	500
W. G. Tyrrall, 319 Bleeker st., New York	500
J. S. Studley, 153 Church st., New Haven, Ct	2,000
Jean Moulle, 41 Kerteree st., New Orleans	500
P. C. Victory, 386 5th av., Brooklyn	2,000
Edmund Riley, 66 Rogers av., Brooklyn, N. Y	5,000
Stephen Kriegel, 95 and 97 Commercial st., Brooklyn, N. Y	5,000
D. M. Edsall, New York (by Adams Express)	5,000
Merchants' Exchange Nat. Bank, New York	1,000

DRAWING OF JULY 13, 1880.

Jacob Rabiner, 590 Grand st., New York	15,000
Max Stern, New York (by Adams Express)	15,000
H. Israil, H. Oppenheim, B. Rosenblum, 91 Chrystie st., New York	5,000
Eliza McGrain, New York (by Adams Express)	2,500
William Matthews, Mt. Vernon, N. Y	2,500

DRAWING OF AUGUST 10, 1880.

Thos. Bailey, Jr., Conti, bet. Prieur and Johnson sts., New Orleans	15,000
Miss Grace M. Whitney, Gardner, Mass	15,000
Aug Rauxet, 91 Decatur st., New Orleans	10,000
A. Joseph Thibodeaux, La	5,000
F. R. Cousins, Callands, Pittsylvania Co., Va	2,500
John F. Sass, 35 Dey st., New York	1,250
L. [illegible] Fleischman, 85 Avenue B, New York	1,250

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 14, 1880.

F. R. Ashton, N.E. cor. 10th and Thompson sts., Philadelphia	5,000
——, Providence, R. I., collected through Messrs. Chase, Watson & Butts	5,000
——, collected through Ball, Hutchings & Co., Galveston, Tex	1,250
J. Edmunds, Houston, Tex	1,250
D. H. Yount, 14 D st., S. E. Washington, D. C.	1,250

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 12, 1880.

R. F. Miller, 537 Court st., Brooklyn, N. Y	15,000
James A. Farley, through Messrs Farley, Spear & Co., Montgomery, Ala	15,000
Paid to 1st National Bank, Memphis, Tenn	2,500
Paid to German National Bank, Memphis, Tenn	2,500
F. A. Lecke, Ansonia, Conn	1,250
S. T. Lewis, Middletown, Del	1,250
Stephen Jackson, Avoca, Iowa	1,250

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 9, 1880.

George E. Chipman, 191 Washington st., Boston, Mass	15,000
George Polity, 126 W. 42d st., New York	2,500
Michael Hogan, 438 W. 33d st., New York	1,250
B. J. Blankman, 271 Broadway, New York	1,250
Mrs. E. Murphy, 63 South Rampart st., New Orleans, La	1,250
H. Stump, Philadelphia, Pa	1,250

DRAWING OF DECEMBER 14, 1880.

Mrs. S. C. McCaslin, 62 Fourth st., Chelsea, Mass	20,000
Joseph Stickel, 329 Grand st., Williamsburg, New York	10,000
C. B. Conyers, Cartersville, Ga	5,000
A. V. Chardavoyne, Courtland, Ala	5,000
F. A. Phillips, 622 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa	5,000
Benj. P. O. Clark, Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich	5,000
Mrs. Chas. Baquie, 234 Canal st., New Orleans, La	5,000
J. H. Wilder, F. F. Boltz, Fort Wayne, Ind	20,000
Paid Chatham National Bank, New York	1,000
W. S. Rogers, *Democrat Office*, Little Rock, Ark	1,000
Paid to National Bank of the Commonwealth, Boston, Mass	1,000
Ferdinand Major, Tunisburg, La	500
J. J. King, 182 W. 35th st., New York	500
James McDougal, Wilmington, N. C	500
J. L. Lockwood, 1242 Eighth st., N.W. Washington, D. C	500
A. H. Kassing, 1411 2d av., New York	500

DRAWING OF JANUARY 11, 1881.

David Leovi, 834 Canal st., New York	15,000
James L. Murray, Ottawa, Ills	15,000
Philip Blass, 201 South Rampart st., New Orleans, La	5,000
Mrs. Charles Baquie, 234 Canal st., New Orleans, La	5,000
John J. Schultz, 592 DeKalb av., Brooklyn, N. Y	5,000
Mrs. J. G. Wilson, 170 W. 126th st., New York	1,250

DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 8, 1881.

Isaac Kern, 101 St. Louis st., New Orleans, La	15,000
G. Clayette, New Orleans, La	15,000
John Shaw, Allegheny City, Pa	10,000
Frank A. Lee, New Orleans, La	5,000
Winslow C. Fisk, 55 Kingston st., Boston, Mass	2,500
——, collected through Charles G. Andry, New Orleans	2,500
J. J. Cronin, M. Simmons, N. Sickles, S. Segar, Boston Co-operative Cigar Company, 70 Sudbury st., Boston, Mass	1,000

DRAWING OF MARCH 8, 1881.

Geo. S. Branson, 947 S. 4th st., Camden, N. J	15,000
P. M. Wilson, Agricultural Dep't, Raleigh, N. C	15,000
Miss Maggie McCrann, 219 East 57th st., New York City	5,000
W. J. Haw, 231 S. Front st., Philadelphia	5,000
G. A. Silvey, C. & R. I. R. R., Office, Chicago	2,500

DRAWING OF APRIL 12, 1881.

Charles Stiler, Mt. Holly, N. J	15,000
Paid Anglo-Californian Bank (Limited), San Francisco, Cal	15,000
James Gaudin, S. Braintree, Mass	5,000
Mrs. Catherine S. Taylor, Sullivan, Ind	5,000
Joseph Lane, Greenpoint, N. Y	2,500
James M. McEwen, 49 Wood st., Pittsburg, Pa	2,500
Alex. Beyer, 1221 S. 2d st., Philadelphia	2,500
J. O. Trainor, Washington, La	1,250

DRAWING OF MAY 10, 1881.

Geo. P. Desnon, 44 Kilby st., Boston, Mass	15,000
——, Washington, D. C	15,000
Matthew Gibson, *Eagle Office*, Brooklyn, N. Y	5,000
D. E. Wenzelle, 869 N. 9th st., Philadelphia, Pa	5,000
A. D. Riffel, 225 Segur av., Toledo, Ohio	2,500
Freid Schroeder, 836 Michigan st., Toledo, Ohio	2,500
Wm. R. Brewer, Baltimore, Md	2,500
J. J. Morgan, New York	2,500

By authority of the State, Gen. G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Gen. Jubal A. Early, of Va., will personally arrange all details and supervise the extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, at New Orleans, Tuesday, June 14. 11,279 prizes, amounting to $522,500, including one Capital Prize of $100,000; one Grand Prize of $50,000; one Grand Prize of $20,000, etc. Tickets, ten dollars ($10); Halves, five dollars ($5); Fifths, two dollars ($2); Tenths, one dollar ($1).

Write for circular or send address to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., or same at 212 Broadway, New York. For full particulars see the advertisement of the company in another part of this paper.

MAHONE'S PARTY

Badly Beaten in the Virginia County Elections.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—The result of the Town elections in Virginia shows a strength for the regular Democrats which they themselves did not expect. That wing of the party is accordingly in high spirits over the news received from different parts of the State, and it declares that it is significant of a popular sentiment which will sweep Mahoneism out of sight at the coming State election.

The Readjuster element here, on the other hand, declare that local Virginia elections are of no importance, saying that Mahone made no fight, and that the issues were not those which are to be fought in the State campaign. What these issues will be has not yet been definitely announced. Persons well informed on the Readjuster plans say that it is quite likely that Riddleberger will be run for Governor and that the platform will include approval of his debt bill. In putting forward Riddleberger as a candidate, they say they present a man who has had the suffrages and approval of the whole Republican side of the United States Senate, and a candidate who has been thus vouched for can be consistently supported by the Republican rank and file in his own State.

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" " Luke, " "
" " John, " "

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" 14 other principal Plays, each.
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Books 5 Cents.
Handy form, paper covers.
The Choice of Books, by Charles F. Richardson.
The Light of Asia, by Edwin Arnold.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; price 6 cents.

Books 10 Cents.
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Masson's French Dictionary (formerly $1.50).
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Geikie's Life of Christ.
Smith's Bible Dictionary.
Green's Larger History of the English People, 2 vols., $1.
Grote's History of Greece, 4 vols., $2.
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THREE-CARD MONTE.

A Church Member Invests $1,250.

LINCOLN, Ill., May 30.—Joshua Howser, an old and wealthy citizen, was confidenced out of $1,250 by a gang who were traveling with a vagrant circus and menagerie. Mr. Howser was accosted on the streets during the afternoon performance and induced to visit the show grounds to look at a new telephone invention. When inside the tent where the elephant was he indulged in a game of three card monte, was explained to him as being a gift concern, and entirely harmless. These representations had the effect of overcoming his religious scruples, and he was soon bucking the tiger with marked verdancy. The result was that he dropped his roll of $1,250, which he had a few minutes previous drawn out of the bank to invest in the gift concern, and also to convince the managers thereof that he was a responsible man. He kept the matter quiet until this morning, when he informed the police of his loss. Mr. Howser is a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, well versed and experienced in acquaintance with men of all grades and professions, and was thought to be the last man that could have been inveigled into such a game. He bears his loss with grim stoicism.

Mr. Thompson Rises to Explain.

COLUMBUS, O., May 27.—The Western Associated Press dispatches from Washington to-day contains a statement relative to John G. Thompson, Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives which, the friends of the gentlemen claim, does him an injustice. In an interview regarding this subject last night, Mr. Thompson made the following statement:

The press dispatch which you refer to is ridiculous and false so far as it concerns me. No draft drawn by any member of Congress for his salary was ever presented to the sergeant-at-arms during my term of office which was not paid. Mr. Winship of Circleville, Ohio, is my cashier. He is one of the most thoroughly correct and reliable business men I know of in the whole country. Had there been any inability on his part to pay any draft of any member for his salary, I would have been notified by Mr. Winship of that fact, and as I have received no such notice from him I assume that no check or draft has been presented to the Sergeant at Arms that has not been paid. Therefore the report in question is without truth or foundation.

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The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

Home Troubles.

XII.

Little more remains that we wish to say upon this subject, through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD. Letters have come to us by the score; letters of thanks, or expression of belief in our words, and some of the severest fault-finding. The latter are, most of them, from young girls, who claim we have not been just to women, have no pity for the hard lot of so many weary ones who are crushed and despairing under hardship and trial, who are bruised in heart and broken in spirit by the coldness and unpitying hardness of their husbands. This enthusiastic, chivalric defense of their own sex is very beautiful, but when they have seen more of life, they will learn the sad truth that human nature is weak and defective in both men and women, and also the more pleasant one, that there is something of good in almost everybody.

It is impossible to create an ideal home upon this earth. That would be to win a bit of heaven. But they may be made happy, and *restful*, if husbands and wives will do all in their power to drive selfishness from their hearts, and it would cost very little effort compared to the good which would inevitably come in return. Not that all crooked paths can be made straight. There are some married pairs so absolutely incompatible in every respect, so totally unfitted to each other that their lives together must be forever unhappy. But we have spoken to those in whose hearts there has been and probably is now a warm, mutual affection that only needs the chill of circumstances removed to bring it into vivifying life again. At least the days and weeks and years may be made tolerable and finally comfortable, if harsh words, useless repining, ceaseless fault-finding and the hundred other troubles that come in to frighten the dove of peace away, could be avoided.

Let every one who has read our words and whose home is not all that it might be, set to work and faithfully examine herself—for most we know are women—to see if the fault lies at her door. If it does, stop at nothing until it is mended. Do not let pride have a voice, for remember it is not a question of wounded dignity, but of sore hearts and an unhappy home.

In the revision of the New Testament in the well known verse, "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; and the greatest of these is charity," the word "love" is substituted for "charity", as holding a broader meaning and one more in consonance with the idea intended to be conveyed by the sacred writer. Whether this be so or not, the change is an excellent one, for in that one word lies the essence of all true happiness. Love that forgets self, that prompts to well doing, that develops the noblest and best in the character, love that approaches the Divine which encountered death that the loved might live, love that intensifies, growing stronger and purer as the years roll on—this it is that will make American homes all that they should be, and render society better by their ennobling influence.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Point Lace.

To my lace making friends: In purchasing patterns you will find two varieties, "old point" and "modern point," to chose from. The stitches I have sent to many of you, are used in both. The modern point patterns, you will find are of good designs usually, but the filling in, or groundwork consists of a net work of irregular twisted threads, with a few medallions, cut from honiton braid in rosettes and circles. This description of work is "flimsy, useless and unwashable stuff" in the language of Susan Power, in Home Letter of the BLADE. It is best to choose those of a design formed by the plain narrow braids and fill in all the intervening spaces with the real lace network of stitches, using the straight twisted stitches very sparingly. Old point patterns are very popular, and are made in imitation of the ancient laces, the woven braids following the designs of the hand wrought web. A beautiful narrow braid, No. 212, has a herring bone pattern in the center, and is very nice and durable for old point as well as modern point; five cents per yard is the usual price. Plain braids are from 3 to 8 cents; fancy from 5 to 10. Honitons from 5 to 12; purl edging from 1 to 6 cents per yard; very narrow, firm braids are sold at 3 cents per yard; linen purl edge of good quality costs 3 cents per yard. I purchase these materials at wholesale prices, in large quantities and give you the correct retail prices. You are most likely to find these at bazaars and fancy goods dealers, and variety stores. Patterns for ties or jabots, tie ends and barbe points, or tabs, will cost you 10cts each, printed on red or pink cambric. Linen patterns are much more expensive. A pattern may be drawn on "Domestic or Demorest" transparent pattern paper. Line this paper pattern with cambric, and your lace may be worked over it. Patterns and materials for those small articles mentioned will cost from 30 to 50 cents each. Hutton's nuns' linen-laced thread, 10 cents per skein, is the best to use—Nos. 3 to 6. No. 6 is fine enough for any durable lace, and is beautiful for oakleaf or any of the knitting patterns given in the HOUSEHOLD. Architect's transparent tracing linen is very nice to work lace over and transfer patterns.

I have sent four stiches in the stamped envelopes; Point de Bruxelles, Point de Sorrento, Point D'Arms, and Point de Venise. Point D'Arms is corded on the lace edge of the meshes by sewing once through each mesh; in returning the thread to the right, each row is corded. Point de Venise is made by commencing at the right and making one mesh, as in Point de Bruxelles. Draw the thread back to the starting point snugly and hold it there firmly, while you make four or five close button-hole stitches over these two threads that form the right side of the mesh. This makes a tiny scallop on the right side of the mesh. Make a row of these scalloped meshes, and a plain row of Point de Bruxelles in returning to the right. In this plain row put another row of scallops; proceed in this way to fill the space. These scalloped meshes are very much used instead of purling on the edge of all kinds of point lace, and it makes a beautiful firm edge ornament. Point Bruxelles may be made diagonally in very large rows across large spaces. These close rows alternating with very long meshes give shaded waving stripes that are very pretty for large places. (These shaded stripes are so useful to lace-makers that these directions should be preserved.) Point de Sorrento makes a firm edge ornament in this way; make two close stitches and then leave the thread loose in the form of a short loop. Repeat in the rows.

The ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD are very many of them commencing to make lace from these few instructions. I have endeavored to answer as many of their inquiries as possible in this, and would respectfully refer them to these printed instructions for prices of patterns, braids and thread, and instructions for the first four stitches, as I can not repeat them in answer to correspondents. Please do not be impatient at a week's delay in receiving stitches. I will try to furnish them to all who send stamped envelopes for them, and, with these four stitches, thoroughly learned, you will be able to follow written or printed instructions for very many more. Yours respectfully,

MRS. L. RANSOM.

Randall Road, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Some Inquiries Answered.

Because I have had very little trouble with either 'tardiness or whispering' in school, I have undertaken to answer "Bertie's" request of May 5th. Before coming to Indiana I had 10 year's experience in teaching in Pennsylvania, and although out of the business now do not cease to think of the school room and its duties. The most of my time was spent in the primary department of the City graded school although I spent several terms in the district ungraded school. In the former tardiness prevails to a greater extent than in the latter. City boys and girls find more attractions on the way to and from school than those of the country, and we can simply require each pupil to be there in season or bring a reasonable excuse, or follow closely what ever plan has been adopted by the Board or Principal under whom we teach. In the district school it is different. The children frequently have a distance to walk. There is generally no bell to call them at the proper time. Very many people in the country are not particular about keeping the exact time of day and many have work to do which they cannot always get done in season, so that in considering the whole it is scarcely possible to arrive at the exactness of the City school. And the better plan seems to be to try if possible and persuade the scholars to do their best to get to school in time. Of course the success of this plan will be varied according to the community. In both City and district it is advisable to see the parents personally and explain to them that tardiness retards and disturbs the proper workings of the school and sets a bad example. Secure their co operation if possible, and much of the difficulty is already removed.

As to whispering, I think we are all inclined to make too much of a bugbear of it. I am not in favor of a noisy school, neither do I admire the teacher who spends the greater portion of each day in the exercise of such rigid discipline as shall cause a pin to be heard to drop at any time. Let there be plenty of work given and ingenuity and executive ability enough on the part of the teacher to see that it is done, and there will be very little trouble experienced with hurtful whispering. But I would say emphatically, beware of saying "There must be no whispering," for the teacher who thus starts in will find the way open to more difficulties than he will ever be able to overcome, for I tell you there *will* be whispering, and he must either break his word or spend the time in punishing the offenders. But there is such a thing as too much whispering and if I see that Johnnie and Susie *will* talk too much and neglect their work as well as disturb the balance, I say to them "I see Johnnie and Susie have run out of work and have got into mischief as most idle people will do and therefore they may get their spellers and slates and write all the words on page 60," (or 90, or any other I see fit.) Of course this work must be done before any play, even if it requires a recess time or time after school to complete it. So much the better. And if the other lessons are missed on account of this, let them suffer the usual penalty for missed lessons, whatever that is.

I neglected to say of tardiness, that one very good plan, after persuasion, and an appeal to parental co-operation have failed, is to detain the tardy one each evening the exact number of minutes which he or she was tardy, and give them plenty of work to do, and just here let me say never detain a child in idleness; always find them work. But, after all, "circumstances alter cases," in school as elsewhere, and no code of rules will exactly govern all. A few general rules will answer for schools in general, but we must be governed in details by our situation and surroundings. A great deal, however, depends on firmness, as the *certainty* and not the *severity* of punishment best governs children.

Boonville, Ind. MRS. M. A. S.

Her Ideas.

The editor's letters on "Home Troubles" have interested me very much, and so far as my observation goes I can heartily indorse all that has been said. I will admit that my observations have been, to some extent at least, limited, but I believe it is quite possible for man and wife to live without those jars and notes of discord that are common in so many families, and I think that both men and women are too careless about pleasing each other, too careless of the feelings and fancies, if you please, of each other after they are married. It is the little things of life that make up the sum of our happiness, the little kindness or act of courtesy that may be shown each day. The pleasant speech or kindly look that seems such a little thing, "hardly worth the trouble you know," and yet how much difference they make. I believe that most people marry with too bright anticipations of future happiness and when the hopes are not fully realized they feel that

> "Hopes are born, and then they perish;
> Far too sweet, perchance, to last;
> But the joys alone we cherish,
> Are the mem'ries of the past."

And yet I believe it need not be so if we would do our duty toward each other and toward God. But people get married without taking half the pains to know each other that they would take if they were going into a business partnership. I think no woman should wed a man whose principles and character she does not know thoroughly and respect highly.

Please allow me to quote from another writer who expresses my sentiments exactly on this subject. She says "A man and woman, when they enter into the marriage state, should have not only a mutual love, but a common one—the love of God—to draw them together to a divine and everlasting center. No love is strong, and deep, and steadfast, without this center. A newly married couple do not realize in the glory and freshness of their early love and happiness, that each one of them is nearly human and very imperfect, having weaknesses and defects which the other must be patient with and assist in removing. But where the husband and wife have a real love for each other, grounded in a higher love, this will but lead to a fuller and deeper union between them and enable them to taste the sweetness and sacredness of a married love ripened and tested, the rich and mellow fruition of their early season of blossoming." These words express my sentiments exactly.

Can any one of our HOUSEHOLD tell me who is the author of the poem entitled "Heaven by Littles;" the first verse is:

> "Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies;
> And we mount to its summit round by round."

It is a favorite with me and I should like to know who wrote it.

PAULA NONSELL.

Paris, Ind.

Why?

According to the ladies of THE HOUSEHOLD, "man is proverbially a sinful creature," and cunning in all manner of household broils and villainous contrivances. If married he expects his wife to be an angel, without once stopping to consider the inconsistency of an angel walking hand in hand along the turbulent shores of life with a sinful creature like himself. Such another piece of folly was never surpassed, not even by Nasby himself, the man who has been so often deluded by Bascom, short shirts and crooked whisky." On the other hand woman is not far behind in her extravagant inconsistencies, for she expects him (her husband) to be something of an angel himself, as indeed, a man must needs be, to be willing by the sweat of his brow to provide paint, powder, false hair and paper bustles without sometimes evincing symptoms of mortality by a little grumbling. But if a man miss a shirt button, why not sit down, needle in hand, and sew it on again, as do the jolly bachelors of wind swept Kansas, instead of making an exit "sans ceremonie" banging the door, kicking his wife's poodle dog in the short ribs and muttering "curses not loud but deep?" Why can not a woman keep cool under such a state of affairs and thereby sometimes "salve lardum," instead of retaliating by calling him an "incorrigible old bear," clouding his victuals with salt and pepper and sometimes including the pepper box lid as a kind of diminutive thunderbolt?

Again, when she finds his shirts and pants (as all women have done) hanging in artistic relief from her picture frames, and his great clumsy boots resting tranquilly on the mantel, why can she not pull down over her face a dilapidated sun bonnet of "the saintly days of yore" and take a good old fashioned pout instead of going into hysteria and tossing them out the back window, where the howling of strange cats makes the night hideous? Why will men insist on playing relatives to the traditional Wandering Jew, by continually keeping on the "Qui Vive" for that man around the corner, that mythical being who is not, never was and never will be except in their fertile imaginations for the laudable purpose of defrauding home? By the way, the "distant relative" game seems to be getting rather thin, especially with women who possess sharp noses and a limited knowledge of phrenology. Therefore be honest, and it will materially lesson your apprehensions in regard to your reception at home, by that being who sits there sullen, "knitting her brows with gathering storm, nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

LEE.

Order in The Household.

Half past seven, P. M. the little ones snugly tucked away in dreamland, the cares and labors of another day become things of the past, and with a restful feeling of freedom I sit down to enjoy my quiet evening. On cold mornings, when the shadows of night linger far into the hours of the "forenoon," it sets the wheels smoothly in motion, to do all that can be done the evening before. This especially applies where one has small children to dress before beginning operations in the morning. Therefore after having washed the dishes after tea, "set the table" for breakfast, returned everything to the pantry that would not be needed, I prepare potatos for baking and quietly slip them into the oven. Next, stuffed sausage is put in the skillet, with a little lard, covered with a pie-tin, and placed on the back part of the stove.

All things else pertaining to the morning meal having been attended to, and the "kitchen reduced to order," I scrape out the ashes and coals that remained, and lay the kindling and wood so that the scratch of a match will be sufficient to set the fire going, and lastly, I place the tea kettle, filled with water where it will heat the soonest.

And now, having breakfast so far on the way, I can, with an untroubled conscience, indulge in an extra nap in the morning, and while dressing myself and the little ones, and waiting for the kitchen to get warm, have the satisfaction of knowing that breakfast is under way, without any assistance from that "thorn in the flesh"—a hired girl, or any one else. N. B—Hired girls are not all "thorns in the flesh," but to the neat and thrifty housekeeper so many of them are.

By the exercise of a little—no, plenty—of forethought, and, having some system in the arrangement of work, the mistress of a home may dispense with servants and perform her manifold duties with comparative ease and comfort. There is everything in having the house conveniently arranged, and possessing all the helps that have been invented. And right here let me advise you ladies who do not possess a "carpet sweeper"—if there be any such among those who may favor this article with a perusal—to go straightway and purchase one, and you will immediately number it among the comforts of life. The measure of physical strength allotted unto me is very, very limited; yet, by following the rules touched upon above, I do the work for a family of five, keep a large house in order, have the care of two small children, do all the sewing, and occasionally find time to send off an article to a paper or magazine.

The whole forenoon is devoted to housework, but I never permit it to lap over into the afternoon. No; my afternoons are sacred to rest, sewing, reading, writing, amusing the children and company. By two o'clock every day, I make a point of having my house in order, from top to bottom, and myself and children in proper trim to receive company.

To young housekeepers let me say—However, I won't say it—not this time. I see, as in a vision, our long suffering Editor reaching frantically for the scissors, while the waste basket yawns menacingly in her near vicinity.

Valparaiso, Ind. AUNT PRUE.

Scolding or Fretting.

Yes, scolding or fretting is my theme. The two go together generally. It is one of the most disagreeable habits that ever cursed a family.

Poor woman; we know you are tired, perhaps half sick, but will that rest and cure you? If it does, your system must need a very bitter dose. It doesn't heal the listeners by any means. You had much better go to bed and rest until you feel able to do your work. "Oh," you will say, "I can't do that, as the work must be done." You will find when you get down sick that there will be some way contrived of managing the domestic affairs, and if you should die, the world's work will still go on. It would be better to let your family eat bread and milk for a meal or two, or let the head of the family try his hand at cooking for a short time, than for you to be sick weeks.

The habit of scolding and fretting has got to be a chronic disease with some. They arise in the morning with a frown, and there those two hideous wrinkles stay all day without some one happens to call. It is an unhappy faculty some people possess of saving their smiles for those outside the family circle.

I know a woman that fretted, scolded and fumed because they did not get rich fast enough, about her work, and every thing that anyone could find to fret about, until she finally fretted her husband into his grave and I don't know how many of her relatives, as all the Counties haven't been heard from. She is now worrying because she must live alone all the rest of her days. I say solitude is the state for her. To live with such a person one needs to be iron-clad.

Some women will fret and scold if a child happens to fall into the dirt and soil its clothes. Let it fall—it is the nature of it to be in the dirt, some of the time. If you want it to look clean after it has had its fun rolling on the ground, wash its face and hands, and put on a clean apron, but don't, let me entreat you, scold it or look cross—that terrible frown.

The poor little children I pity most of all, as *pater familias* can get out of the sound occasionally or busy himself in his newspaper, but the little ones always remind me of girls in a hailstorm.

If you are not certain whether you scold or not, let me give you an infallible rule to determine the matter: If your voice keeps rising until you can be heard into the street or farther, and each sentence ends with a snarl, you can be quite sure the disease has hold of you, and if you don't stop and make some good resolution at once, you will soon find yourself an inveterate scold. Let the teachers make a note of this.

You will say; "What does an old maid know about the anxieties and trials that a wife and mother has to contend with?" Yes, I am an old maid. I was afraid some of you had suspected it before this on account of the vinegary flavor of this letter. Yes, I am just on the borders of that much dreaded state, but I do not expect to get far into the interior, as some of you will soon fret yourselves out of this world, and then I and others from the same state can step into your shoes, but I hope not into your habits. I will tell you this much to console you. Your children shall have a nice time. We will not load them down with ruffles and other trimming; we will make them any amount of gingham and brown Holland aprons, and dresses with just a hem around—not a particle of trimming—don't let this disturb your quiet repose, so that they can have several changes a day if necessary. We will paint our kitchen floors, and instead of scolding your cherubs when they make tracks on the floor we will say, "never mind dears, it will sweep off."

I have in mind a lecture for the husbands. In that, we may discover some of the reasons for scolding wives.

NAOMI, the Ancient.

A Wife's Right.

It is a great mistake for a husband to keep his wife in ignorance of his business affairs. We have to regulate the expenditures and we ought to know what is the income. How shall we be sure whether we are living beyond our means or not? We cannot get any idea of what we may spend and while we try to be very careful, of course one might spend less if told we are getting in debt. A loving and anxious wife suffers untold fears if she sees a tired or perplexed expression on her husband's face unless she is assured that he reposes the truest confidence in her and knows that no great concern of his is kept from her. It is the skeleton in the closet that has rendered so many homes, that might otherwise have been Edens on earth, so broken in upon by little storms as to lose half their hallowed sanctity. It may seem lordly, and no doubt is very flattering to some men to know that they control the purse and manage the finances of the family. Some men are so selfish and unfeeling as to refuse their wives a few cents to buy a ribbon for their hair, and yet these same ones will go down the street and drop in and take "social smiles" with some boon companion, which cost a great deal more.

VALERIE JANE.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Al Falfa" writes from Pagosa Spring, Col:

"Pagosa Spring is a large hot spring and has never been sounded. The baths are very invigorating and healthful and cure the worst cases of rheumatism; they also cure catarrh and blood and skin diseases.

The climate is healthful and consumption would bless their lucky star if they should happen to spend a season here. It is a delightful Summer resort. I came here for asthma and consumption two years ago. Have apparently entirely recovered.

The nights are cold, days perfect during the Summer. It is too cold for an agricultural country—the hardy vegetables and some grain can be raised. Hoping some poor sufferer may see this and be benefited I will close by adding that at present, the baths are free to all."

Mrs. Ada Phillips, Newburg, Kan., says:

"In the scientific department of the BLADE was an article from Texas, in which a man gave as a sure cure for snake bite, one tablespoonful of pulverized alum, taken inwardly. Well, I will recommend the remedy from experience, now. Our hired man was bitten by a rattlesnake on the hand while lifting up a harrow, the snake being under the harrow. He walked to the house, about one half mile away, and I gave him the alum. It soon produced sickness at the stomach, and he vomited at two different times a small quantity of greenish substance, but those were the only bad effects from the bite. He lost no meals nor time at work. His hand did not swell except immediately at the place bitten, a lump perhaps as large as a hickory nut."

"Little Democrat" says in regard to a young girl who marries a man much older:

"The wife here will have a double part to perform. For her own enjoyment she must find pleasures suited to a woman of 20; for her husband's sake she must cultivate the pleasures suited to a woman of 40. Now let us pass on a few years. When she has reached the prime of life, the infirmities of age will have taken fast hold of her husband. He will begin to look to her for support and encouragement. In fact the "vine" must now support the oak. Instead of growing old together with equal sympathies, likes and dislikes, each looking to the other for encouragement, they must go through the world, each exerting every energy to arouse sympathies suited to a person of different age,"

"Canoe," Mills Co., Iowa, in an answer to "Observer," from the same County, deprecates his assertion regarding the girls in Iowa, and closes her letter as follows:

"I will agree with "Observer" concerning the fact that parents are mostly to blame for the idleness of their children.

To fill a father's and mother's place is certainly an undertaking of vast importance; but how few realize the responsibility resting upon them. Young ladies and gentlemen, let me say to you, do not become a wife or husband until you are old enough to realize, and qualified to assume the duties of the care of a family. The future good of our country rests in your hands. Your sons and daughters will be rulers here ere long; then study to improve self before taking the responsibility of the nation in your hands.

If less pride and self-conceit were taught our children how much better men and women we would have."

"Mrs. C. Nagle," Otterbein, Ind., is so evidently in need of freeing her mind that we insert the following, not because "she is so very rich," but that it may make her feel better:

"I am much interested in the letters about the men, as I have one that is a hard tack to deal with. He calls himself a preacher, or rather an exhorter, and he is most all the time reading, and if I say: 'Please will you assist your wife in doing this?' he will say, with a growl, 'Do it yourself.' We own a very pretty cottage at Battle ground camp-meeting ground. We move there every August and tend camp-meeting a month. When he is there he makes people think that he thinks I am his angel."

"One of the Annoyed" writes thus about borrowers:

"We have one of those chronic borrowers in our neighborhood. I think she would borrow my false teeth if she thought they would fit her.

She always forgets tea, coffee, sugar, etc., when she goes to the store. She seems to think I am doing myself a favor in lending to her.

Now, some of the writers say that borrowers are more trouble to themselves than to the lenders, but I don't believe it. They seem to enjoy it so much, and the stepping in after soda, oil, pins and paper gives them a chance to pry into the business of other folks. But these borrowers don't know that articles are written for their benefit. Can't you advise us what to do?"

The only way and the right one is to firmly refuse to be longer imposed upon. You may dislike to make an enemy of a neighbor, or to hurt her feelings, but there can be no real friendship when you are so constantly annoyed, and she needs the lesson. No one has a moral right to be a systematic borrower any more than to be a systematic thief, and the sooner you end the victimising the happier you will be. Besides you have no right to encourage her in this miserable habit by yielding to her demands. This is the only true way to treat such persons.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"Dell Hopkins," Walker, Kan., sends the following directions for what she calls a pretty knitted trimming:

"First—cast on 9 stitches. Second—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 1, knit 1. Third—Slip 1, knit 9. Fourth—Slip 1, knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 1, knit 1. Fifth—Slip 1, knit 10. Sixth—Slip 1, knit 4, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 1, knit 1. Seventh—Slip 1, knit 11. Eighth—Slip 1, knit 5, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 1, knit 1. Ninth—Slip 1, knit 12. Tenth—Slip 1, knit 12. Eleventh—Slip 1, bind 4, knit 9."

Inquiries.

Can any of the reader of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the poem commencing—

> "Aye, this is freedom, these pure skies
> Were never stained with village smoke."

I think it is one of Bryant's. I will send postage.—J. S. BROWN, Windsor, Mo.

Will you please tell us through the columns of your paper what will make shells bright? We have a lot of shells gathered from the river. They are encrusted with some formation, which we can't wash off. If you can tell us of anything which will remove this and make them bright and glossy like those on shell boxes, etc., we will be greatly obliged.—MARY AND BELLE CARMAN, Donnellson, Ia.

To clean them, boil strong ashes, allow the lye to settle and pour this over the shells, allowing them to boil in it 6 or 7 hours or longer if the shells are large. Then soak them and wash off several times in fresh water. To polish them, scrape the surface perfectly smooth and rub it with fine sand paper. Rub off with a piece of felt dipped in very finely powdered charcoal with water and after that with putty powder or rotten stone. Finish with a piece of soft wash leather dampened with a little sweet oil, or rub off with a little sub-nitrate of bismuth taken in the hand.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will some one of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the words to the song entitled "The Stone that Keeps Rolling will Gather no Moss;" also a song of which the chorus begins "Hang up the Fiddle and Banjo on the Wall?"—OLIVE SPANGLER, Vidall, Cowley Co., Kans.

Would some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please send me the Postage Stamp Flirtation, (or the language of the postage stamp)?—GARRY O. WEN, New Lebanon, Mercer Co., Pa

Will some one experienced in coloring cotton cloth, please send "through the BLADE" recipes for coloring purple, pink, and cardinal red. Please give weight of cloth and amount of dye required to color nicely. I wish to color carpet, rags and warp, and would like plain directions, and colors that will not fade.

FARMER'S WIFE.

"Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book" gives many excellent recipes for dyeing a variety of colors. We can cordially recommend it to you.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Can any of the readers of the home department tell me what will cure corns and bunions, and oblige one that is suffering?

JUDE.

Look in the back numbers of the BLADE for two or three months. We cannot begin publishing the recipes all over again.—ED HOUSEHOLD.

Will some lover of flowers give me a few hints in regard to taking care of house plants. I love flowers dearly, but do not have very good luck with them. I had the nicest ones last fall I ever had, and kept them until the last of February and then they froze. What makes the leaves on my begonia and fuchsia curl up? Do I keep them too wet or not wet enough? I had a very nice foliage plant and all to once the leaves began to wilt and drop off one by one until it died. If any one can tell me its cause, I shall be glad, for I want to try some more. I too have been watching for those recipes for soups, but have not seen them yet. I wish our Household Department would forget to put in so many recipes for cake and knick-knacks and give us some hints on cooking vegetables and other things that will satisfy a hungry person.—COUSIN JENNIE.

Will "M G.," Lock Haven, please send her address to Otto Dell, Redwood Falls, Minn, care of Postmaster?

I wish to ask some one through the HOUSEHOLD how I can color some white cotton stockings for my baby, so they will not fade by constant washing. I would like some one to tell me what to do with my geraniums, so as to have them blossom in winter. They have plenty of flowers in summer, but none in winter. What are zional geraniums?—M. I. W.

I am dependent on my own exertions for a living, and have chosen music teaching as the best I can do, and if I could have the names of some teaching pieces 'twould help me very much.—DORA PRESSLY.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mr. Rennie's plan of starting pansy seed is a success, as I have tried it, and the seeds all came up. I had tried three years in succession before this and always failed.

If the lady that fails to make good cake will make her own baking powder she will succeed in making all kinds of pastry and at half the cost of chemical baking powders.—FARMER'S WIFE.

If Miss Ray, or any other member of THE HOUSEHOLD, will send their address and a three cent stamp, I will send them verses suitable for autograph albums.—MISS JENNIE S. RITTER, Vandalia, Ill.

Allow me through THE HOUSEHOLD, to thank the many kind friends, who so kindly wrote to me in regard to C. Oxygen. I am fully convinced that there is no better place for an invalid to go for sympathy than to THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD.

I would say to "Mabel," if she wishes to add a button-hole to that suspender, she can do so by casting on 16 or 24 stitches; knit ½ inch the same as M. E. Hinds told you to knit for the buckles; now knit ½ the stitches until it is long enough for ½ the button hole, then go back and knit up the other half.—KATE SPANGLER, Joy, Ills.

"Tell "Eda" to take sand and sift it and dry it thoroughly. Take a box large enough to hold and sufficient to cover the flowers, place the flowers in the box, stem up and pour the sand around them, taking the sand off and drying it every two days until all the moisture is out of the petals. The flowers should be cut as soon as possible after blooming and then this process will preserve the natural color.—MINNIE MASK.

Recipes.

CREAM BISCUITS.

1 cup of buttermilk, 1 cup of rich cream, 1 teaspoonful of soda, mix with flour and bake.—SUSANAH JANE.

DOUGHNUTS.

1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of sour milk, 2 eggs, butter size of an egg, ½ teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, a little salt and flour, to roll out, cut in rings and fry in hot lard good.—MRS. H. A. T.

MILK SOUP.

Perhaps Mrs. H. B. W.'s husband means the kind of "milk soup" or thickened milk that I make. I take a smooth iron kettle, grease it with butter, put about 5 pts of the sweet milk in it. If the cream is stirred in all the better. Put it over the fire and as soon as it begins to get hot take a wooden paddle and rub hard all over the bottom. Continue this as long as it is on the fire to prevent burning. The lumps are made this way: Take a quart bowl, beat in it one egg with a pinch of salt; now fill the bowl ¾ full of flour; take a knife and draw the egg up through the flour, and it will form in little lumps. Have enough flour so the lumps will not stick together. When the milk boils stir in the lumps and boil 10 mins. Add a teaspoonful of salt. It can be made thick or thin, to suit the taste, by adding more or less flour to the lumps. When eaten it can be seasoned to suit the taste with sugar butter or pepper.—KATE SPANGLER, Joy, Ill.

ANOTHER.

Mrs. H. B. W., asks for a recipe to make "milk soup" which her husband describes as "small balls of dough or flour boiled in milk." He probably refers to what is known as "farmer's rice" so called from a slight resemblance which it bears to rice, and from the fact that farmers usually have an abundance of ingredients from which it is made and therefore need not buy rice. It is, however, far from being an entire substitute for rice. Let her put into a suitable bowl 1 pint of flour, into which break an egg and mix, rubbing well between the hands until it looks like small balls or rolls. At the same time have on the stove 3 pts. of sweet milk and when it boils stir the contents of the bowl in slowly as for corn mush. If it is desired to have the soup thin she need not use all the flour and egg or she can put two quarts of milk to boil. Let her consult her husband's wishes as to the consistence and "try, try again" until it exactly suits him, for they say the shortest route to a man's heart is via his stomach. Season with salt, pepper and butter to taste.—MRS. M. A. S., Boonville, Ind.

CRULLERS.

1 cup of sugar, ⅓ cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of cream if not too thick, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, 2 beaten eggs. Fry in hot lard.—SARAH.

COCOANUT CAKE.

Take 2 cups sugar, ½ cup butter, 4 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 3½ cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes 4 large layers; bake in a quick oven. Frosting, white of 2 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, stir in frosting sugar enough to make it spread well; then frost the cakes and sprinkle thick with cocoanut. Do not put the layers together till cold.—ANNA, LaPrairie, Marshall Co. Ill.

TOOTH POWDER.

Prepared chalk, 6 ozs.; cassia powder, ½ oz.; orris root, 1 oz.; mix thoroughly, and use once a day.

FOR THICKENING THE HAIR.

To 1 oz. of Palma Christi oil, add a sufficient quantity of bergamot, or lavender, to scent it. Apply it with a brush.

TO IRON SILK.

Sprinkle the silk with water, and rolling it up tightly in a towel, let it rest for an hour or two. If the iron is too hot it will injure the silk. It should be tried on an old piece of silk of the same.

FOR ROUGH AND CHAPPED HANDS.

Lemon juice, 3 ozs.; white wine vinegar, 3 ozs.; white brandy, ½ pint. Wash at night; it is the best time.—BRIDAL ROSE.

The address of M. G., Lockhaven, Pa., has been enquired for several times. Will she forward it the BLADE for publication?

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

LUCKY TOLEDO.

Investments Aggregating $329 Return $8,000 in a Few Days.

The Fortunate Ticket Holders Interviewed.

For the past two weeks vague rumors have been flying around the streets, to the effect that different parties in Toledo held a goodly number of tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery, whose drawing took place in New Orleans on the 10th inst.

Yesterday a BLADE reporter was detailed to investigate the matter, and interview the principal parties, when it was learned that the entire amount invested in Toledo in this drawing was about $329, (lucky numbers in another instance,) and that when the drawings were announced by telegraf, it was found that there were 30 holders of "prize tickets" in this City, the several prizes amounting to nearly $8,000, and that one of these was the third capital prize of $5,000. This ticket, with five others, was first purchased by a leading house on Summit street, and in a day or two thereafter, disposed of all of them, saying, "we'll skip this drawing and go in next time for the big prize." The ticket in question, 31 414, was afterwards sold in halves, Fred. Schroeder, 836 Michigan street, purchasing one-half and A. D. Riffel, of J. C. Riffel & Son, proprietors of the Vienna Bakery, 333 Broadway, the other. A call at the home of the former, found a small, but neat cottage in the suburbs of the City, surrounded by an air betokening economy, thrift and frugality, with only such comforts as the limited means of a laboring man can supply. Mr. Schroeder is an industrious German, a carpenter by trade, having a large family dependent upon his daily labors for support, and "Dame Fortune" could not have found in Toledo a more worthy subject upon which to bestow her charms. The man seemed so pleased over his fortune that he was at a loss for words to express himself concerning it, but confined himself mainly to praising the honesty and reliability of the managers of the Louisiana State Lottery, whose fairness, he said could not be exceeded. He received his money promptly, without *any reductions*, he merely paying the express charges on it from New Orleans. When asked what use he proposed to make of his money, he replied that his first action upon receiving it, was to pay off a small mortgage on his place, leaving him still a snug amount for improvements contemplated.

A. D. Riffel was very enthusiastic over the fairness with which the Company conducts their business. His money was received within four days after the drawing took place, in 50 $50 bills, which he deposited in the First National Bank. He also held another half ticket which came within one number of drawing the $5,000 prize. The next drawing takes place June 14th, and tickets are selling rapidly, one man selling a thousand dollars worth in a day recently.

A PRECEDENT.

Awkward Bit of History for Conkling.

Boston Advertiser (Rep.)

Speaking of the New York appointments, it may be interesting to recall a parallel incident that happened in 1874. Judge Russell was, in February of that year, Collector of the port of Boston, and was discharging the duties of the office without objection. His term had not expired, and his intention of resigning was known to few if any persons in Massachusetts. Gen. Grant was President, Messrs. Sumner and Boutwell were Senators, and Gen. Butler was chief patron of the Commonwealth. Through Butler's agency the name of William A. Simmons was sent into the Senate as Collector. The announcement of the nomination was received with amazement and in many cases with incredulity. Remonstrances representing a very large part of the business of Boston were signed spontaneously. A delegation of Boston merchants visited Washington in order to endeavor to persuade the President to withdraw the name. A majority of the members of Congress from the State signed a petition to the same effect. Both the Senators from Massachusetts were opposed to Mr. Simmons. One of them, Mr. Boutwell, drew, presented and supported an adverse report. Mr. Conkling and the late Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, were the leaders in favor of the nomination. Both of them spoke and both of them voted for Mr. Simmons, and the nomination was confirmed.

We hear much nowadays of the courtesy of the Senate. Mr. Conkling has appealed to the custom. Here was a conspicuous case in which he violated it. The question involved was almost identical with that at stake in the present contest. A Republican President disregarded the earnest wish of the Massachusetts Senators that the proposed appointment to the most important National office in the State should not be made; and Mr. Conkling opposed the Senators and supported the nomination. It does sometimes make a difference who strikes a blow, and who is struck.

Our Young Folks.

MARY IN THE MORNING-GLORIES.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

Oh, Mary in the morning-glories! Sunny, sunny child,
It makes me half a child again—thy laughter sweet and wild.
Out in the dewy garden thou'rt a picture more than fair—
A little girl with morning-glories twined around her hair.

Mary's amid the morning-glories every Summer morn,
Just as the young auroras on the rosy hills are born,
Just as the lowly valley mists aerial wings unfurl
To leave the azure ether free to kiss our little girl.

And Mary comes to breakfast with morning-glories crowned,
A band of purple bell-cups around her forehead bound;
Oh, blossoms very beautiful, your subtle, spirit-grace
Adds hardly to the halo of the little soul-lit face!

She says: "Of all the flowers she loves Morning Glory best,"
And "next the naiad lily that stars the water's breast"—
God's flower amid the blossoms whose ever-lifted eye.
Looks yearning toward the heaven for which we sigh.

Our lovely Morning Glory! what thy human fate may be,
What storm or sunshine waiteth thee, our veiled sight cannot see;
Yet dim as shadows in a lake, half seen, we know there lies,
A wondrous world of prophecy within our darling's eyes.

We cannot deem thy budding life will fade away too soon,
The splendor of thy morning scene before the pomp of noon;
Thou may'st live to love, to suffer all a woman's heart can know,
To hold a flowing life-cup till thou seest its faded glow.

God love my little lover! and wherever I may go
A well of love within my heart for thee will ever flow.
Lord, lead thy child in sheltered ways safe to thy tender fold,
And if the world be chill to her, oh, take her from its cold!

Now gay as running water her laughter's happy ring;
As glad as thrush at dawning the song she loves to sing;
'Tis all enwound with melody, her picture more than fair—
A little girl with morning-glories bound around her hair.

—*June Wide Awake.*

"OFF THE TRACK IN A 'SLEEPER.'"

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

"Now then: all on board who're going!" cried the conductor of the East-ward-bound train, and the porters flung the last trunks into the baggage-car, and the engine began to blow off steam as engines will do before starting, when one would think they wanted all their breath to start the heavy load behind them.

From the open windows of one of the sleeping cars the Mack family were wildly waving their handkerchiefs and kissing their hands to an old gentleman who was standing on the platform and doing exactly what they were doing. But soon the train wound its great length around the curve like a gigantic serpent, and the last faint cries of "Good by, grand-pa!" were drowned in the roar of the cars.

The Mack family, consisting of Mrs. Mack, two boys, two girls and a baby (which was also a girl but too young to count), two colored nurses, four trunks, and a baby carriage, were bound for Manaman Beach, where they were to spend the last months of the Summer.

Traveling in a "sleeper" was a new experience for the children; and, contrary to their usual custom, they were all very anxious for bed-time to come, for they could not make out just where they all were to sleep—all, that is, except the baby, who was fortunately "as good as gold"—that is, fast asleep all the time. Nobody noticed her, she was so good; but before the journey ended that baby was herself the center of great alarm and excitement.

It was Roger who enjoyed the journey the most—Roger, the eldest of the family, but only twelve for all that. To be sure he would have preferred to ride on the engine, or, failing that, in the baggage-car; but after all a sleeping-car was not a common car, and he felt some curiosity to know how it felt to sleep in a berth. Of course Roger knew all about berths, for he was a railroad boy. There wasn't much about this road that he didn't know. He could say the local time-table far better than the multiplication table. He could tell you the number of any engine on the road by its whistle, and most of them by the tone of their bells. He was on friendly terms with several of the engineers and firemen, and could call by name nearly every conductor and brakeman on the line.

On this particular train he had found an old friend in a brakeman named Kit. If you were to ask Roger what Kit's other name was, he would stare at you and think you uncommonly foolish to ask such a question.

"There's only one Kit on this road" he would say. "We don't call them by their other name unless there's two of them; and then we don't always, for there's two Jims we call Lame Jim and Little Jim; and there's Old Bill and Bill Squints—Squints ain't his name, but he does it, and so we call him it. But we don't want more than one name on the road," the boy would add, as if the "road" belonged to him.

By half past nine the children's curiosity was quite satisfied. Mrs. Mack had comfortably stowed her little family away in their berths—she and aunt Rachel, each with a bed-fellow, occupying two lower berths, while Lou, the colored girl, with the baby, was in one of the upper berths, and the two boys climbed into the other one.

Roger and Willie, however, could not think of going to sleep until an important question that had arisen was settled. Willie had heard that people on steamships slept in berths, and he wanted Roger to pretend that they were on board ship and starting on a voyage round the world; but Roger, who had read *Dick Rodney* and other tales about midshipmen and stowaways, stoutly maintained that sailors slept in hammocks. Whatever sailors slept in, it was plain, not only to mamma, but also to the passengers in their berths next to theirs, that neither they nor the Mack boys would sleep in peace until the matter was settled. Roger himself seemed to think it would be a good thing to decide the point right there, for at last he poked his head through the curtains and called to his mother:

"Mamma, Willie says sailors sleep in berths. They don't; do they? They sleep in hammocks; don't they?"

"Yes, dear, yes," answered mamma from behind the curtains.

"But they *do* sleep in berths; don't they?" asked Willie, earnestly.

"Yes, yes, dear. You're both right," replied Mrs. Mack, anxious to satisfy both of them. "Now, *do* go to sleep, there's good boys."

"But, mamma—" began Roger again—when suddenly a deep bass voice, that sounded as if it came from somewhere down among the wheels of the car, interrupted him:

"Sailors sleep in hammocks, and passengers in berths. You are both right, so go to sleep like good boys."

This mysterious decision, though it was not quite what they could have wished, made the two boys forget their dispute, and, after consulting together in whispers for a few minutes about the strange voice, they went to sleep still thinking of it.

On and on the great train sped while the passengers slept. Through the darkness, with one great blazing eye to light the way, the big engine breathing fire like a huge dragon, puffed and shrieked and clanged, rushing past towns and villages and lonely farm-houses. Once only it stopped for a few minutes to take a few gulps of water, and then it started again headlong into the black night, as if the cooling drink had given it new life and strength, as, indeed, it had.

By and by, as it flew over the rails, the sun arose and climbed the sky, and presently signs of life began to be heard and seen in the 'sleeper.' First a stockinged foot would be slyly poked out from behind the curtains, followed immediately by its fellow; then a hand would appear and grope about blindly for shoes and soon an untidy head, with an equally untidy body behind it, comes forth and the first man up hurries away to the dressing-room to get the first chance at the wash-basin.

The Mack party was early astir. Mamma was up and was dressing Rosie in the 'ladies' room, and Lou had left the little baby asleep in its berth and was helping Julia, who, though ten years old, was quite unable to put her clothes on in such cramped quarters. Aunt Rachel and the boys had not yet left their berths.

Suddenly they all felt a great jerk; then a number of jerks, one after another. The people that were standing were sent reeling up against the berths; the engine gave several sharp shrieks, and the car went bump, bump, bump, like a wagon going over an old corn-field. It was very plain that they were off the track. Now, crash went the window panes; the timbers creaked and groaned; ladies screamed, and children cried and clung to their parents. Then, with a great roar like a mortally wounded lion, the car turned upside-down and all the passengers felt as if they were jumping up to the roof. But they did not come down again, for the roof was now the floor, and the floor was as a roof above as they lay huddled together, half-smothered by the mattresses and bed-clothes that had fallen upon them.

Mrs Mack's first thought was for her children. Roger and Willie had been shot out of their berth clinging to one another, and as they fell all in a heap, Roger heard a deep base voice close to his ear saying, "You would have been better off in a hammock, eh, my boy?" But just then Roger could think of nothing else, and see but little else, than his own nose which he had struck against something in falling, and which had already swelled to such a size that he felt as if he were all nose.

Fortunately, except for bruises and a good shaking the Mack children were not hurt much. Little Rosie was, perhaps, the worst off; for, as was found later, the large water-tank in the dressing-room, where her mother had left her just before the car turned over, had spilt all its contents over her and soaked her through and through. Julia and the nurse-girl had banged their heads together pretty hard, and Julia's bumps afterwards grew alarmingly black.

But where was the baby all this time—the poor, good little baby.

Alas! the baby was not to be found.

When Mrs. Mack comprehended that fact, she was so much excited that she could do little but call upon the passengers to find her baby, and several of them became very much excited in looking for it. Old aunt Rachel, half crying and half praying, snatched up the blankets and mattresses one by one, and shook them as if the baby was a moth that could be hidden in their folds. As for Lou, that tender hearted nurse rolled about and cried so much that her elder companion lost patience with her.

"Hold her noise, yer stupid, good-for-nothin' nigger," cried aunt Rachel, shaking the poor girl so roughly that her big white teeth actually rattled. "D'yer think that all yer hollerin' and carryin' on will find the blessed darlin,' or bring her back to life again, if so be the Lord's taken her? Oh, the blessed angel! Oh, the precious dear little lamb!" And aunt Rachel became almost as useless as the other girl in her grief.

"Are you sure you brought the baby with you at all, auntie?" asked a gentleman who was evidently a bachelor, and thought that a baby could be as easily forgotten as an umbrella or a bunch of keys.

"Brought her with me!" exclaimed the old woman, turning upon him furiously. "Lord sakes, didn't I nuss her on my very own lap? Didn't that bawlin' nigger gal thar sleep by the blessed lamb's side jist 'fore the pesky thing turned bottom up? Brought her with me, indeed!" And aunt Rachel seized a mattress and shook it with such a will that, had the baby been on it, it would surely have been jerked up to the roof—or floor, rather.

But where could the baby be?

Already three minutes had passed since the car turned over, and no baby had been found. It seemed to have vanished—as if its guardian angel had snatched it out of harm's way.

By this time the conductors and brakemen had helped most of the people out of the cars, and a doctor, who had fortunately been on the train, was attending to the wounded.

"You'd better let me get you all out, ma'am," said a kindly voice. "We'll find the baby; don't you fear."

"Oh, Kit, Kit!" cried Roger, for the voice belonged to his friend the brakeman. "What shall we do? Oh, where is little sister?"

"I'll find her, Roger, if you all get out of the car. Now, ma'am, please to let me help you out. I'll find the little one, or my name ain't Kit Dexter."

Mrs. Mack was taken out in a fainting condition, and the two colored women, who fought like tigers, were tumbled out with little ceremony.

"Lost a baby, have they?" said the conductor, as he and Kit began to turn over the mattresses and pillows. "It'll be a mercy if some one hasn't trampled on the poor little thing already, so that it'd be a poor comfort to its mother. Why, I'm blest if all these here berths ain't shut up. They must have"—

But here the brakeman scrambled hastily over the conductor and Roger, who had remained in the car, and made for a berth which had only been prevented from shutting up tightly by a corner of a pillow that had been caught in it.

"Come and hold this thing up, quick," he called hastily.

The conductor seized the shelf and kept it from falling back, and then Kit thrust his head and shoulders into the hollow space.

"Lift up higher,' said Kit. "I can't get out."

The conductor forced the heavy shelf up as far as it would go, and there in Kit's arms was the poor little half-suffocated baby.

And so the lost baby was found. Of course Mrs. Mack went into hysterics when it was brought to her, and hugged it so closely that it was in danger of being suffocated the second time; and after the doctor had seen that it was all right, Kit was called upon for an explanation.

"You see, ma'am," said Kit, "them upper berths open down from above; so when the car turned bottom up and slided down the embankment, the shelf nat'rally fell down or up, as you've a mind to call it, just as if it'd been shut up by the porter. Luckily for the poor baby, a corner of the pillow kept it from shutting up quite tight and so left a crack for breathing. It seems a sort of miracle how it happened so, and luckily we saw it when we did, for the baby couldn't have lasted much longer, I reckon."

"Yes, ma'am," put in Roger, "and it was all owing to Kit. We'd all been in that car ever so long and never thought to look in the berths on that side, just because they were shut up and we'd been turned upside down. But Kit's a railroad man," added Roger, looking proudly into his friend's face; "and they're mighty smart—they just know things."

The brakeman modestly shook his head; but he was not forgotten by his new friends, and when Winter came on there was not a brakeman, or even an engineer, on the road that had as handsome cap and mittens of seal-skin as Kit Dexter had; and if Kit ever rises to be an engineer he is bound by a solemn promise to take as his fireman none other than Roger Mack.—*Wide Awake.*

Don't Know the Difference.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Joseph need not waste so much time on Wilbur for publishing the old instead of the revised edition of the Bible, for the readers of neither paper know the difference. Was it not the editor of the *Tribune* himself who some years ago quoted "the beautiful words of the sacred writing:" "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer," etc.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

JERSEY CATTLE.

A Notable Sale of Thorobred Cattle.

New York Herald.

The most notable sale of Jersey cattle, as far as relates to prices, that has yet occurred, either in this or the old country, took place on Thursday last at the American Institute Building, when the noted Maple Shade herd, the property of Mr. John D. Wing, was sold at auction by Messrs Peter C. Kellogg & Co., and made the unprecedented average of $517.32 on 46 head. The top price was made on the "pure Alphea" bull Polonius, 2,515, struck down on the proprietor of Alma Farm for $4 500, which far surpasses any known price for a Jersey. The imported cow Fancy Fan went to the same purchaser at $2,000, as did also imported Beauty at $1,600 and Palma at $1,500. Heretofore the highest known auction price for a Jersey was $1,525, made for a part Alphea cow in the Kellogg combination sale of 1880. The demand for blood of approved strains is becoming very marked in the Jersey interest and all the animals of the Jupiter Alphea lines sold well. The *Herald* published Nov. 8, 1880, the detailed butter test of the Jersey cow Eurotas, 2454, for a full season, showing an aggregate of 778 pounds 1 ounce given within the year, a score that has never been equaled as far as known. She partakes largely of the Alphea blood and so many other cows in the strain have shown large yields that a very appreciative demand has sprung up for the blood. There are a few animals known as "pure Alpheas," which are the result of exclusively in-breeding the blood of Hoe's Alphea, 171, and her full brother, Jupiter, 93, perhaps a dozen in all, which, excepting two, have all been gathered into one ownership, that of Mr. William Simpson, New Hudson, N. Y., during the past two years. One of these is the bull Polonius and the other is the cow Leda, 799, which will be sold in the coming combination sale of Jerseys at the American Institute on the 17th and 18th of the present month. Mr. Simpson started the bidding on Polonius at $2,000 and followed him to $3,000. It was thought by many that he would buy him at all hazards, in order to control a monopoly of the "pure Alphea" blood, but if he has any such intention the females should concern him most, as it must evidently become his policy to sell bulls. It proved that he did not follow the point with tenacity, and several other bidders went beyond him. The price was a surprise to most of the breeders present and led to some animated discussion of probabilities regarding the amount that Leda will place to Mr. Darling's account when sold week after next, as, in addition to being a "pure Alphea," she is from the dam of Eurotas, the most remarkable butter cow known. The attendance of ladies as well as gentlemen was large. The prices and names of buyers given below indicate that the rich-milking Jersey is fast assuming an aristocratic position among cattle, and winning a place as the gentleman's cow approaching that heretofore monopolized by the shorthorn.

Fanny Forester, 1,479, cow, 10 years; T. A. Havemeyer, New York	$125 00
Jewel Beauty 2d, 1,701, cow, 9 years; John I. Holly, Plainfield, N. J.	200 00
Polonius, 2,515, bull, 6 years; Alma Farm, Bolton, Warren County, N. Y.	4,500 00
Anna Page, 2,580, cow, 9 years; W. H. Peck, Hartford, Conn.	310 00
Beauty, 10,923, imp. cow, 8 years; Alma Farm, Bolton, N. Y.	1,600 00
Empress, 2,798, cow, 8 years; B. F. Small, Orange, N. J.	400 00
Lindora, 5,351, cow, 7 years; T. A. Havemeyer, New York	250 00
Bay Leaf, 5,662, cow, 6 years; E. H. Webster, Belair, Md.	310 00
Fancy Fan, ——, imp. cow, 6 years; Alma Farm	2,000 00
Laertes, ——, bull, 1 year; J. W. Alsop, Middletown, Conn.	500 00
Holly Branch, 5,868, imp. cow, 6 years; J. I. Holly	550 00
Witch Hazel 2d, 4,875, cow, 6 years; Thomas H. Oliver, Easton, Md	210 00
Glimpse, 5,373, cow, 5 years; F. W. Beardsley, New York	210 00
Young Duchess, 10,934, cow, 5 years; Alma Farm	1,300 00
Milkmaid 2d, 7,029, cow, 5 years; W. H. Peck, Hartford, Conn.	400 00
Horatio, ——, bull, 1 year; William Crozier, Northport, L. I.	500 00
Palma, 5,268, cow, 6 years; Alma Farm	1,550 00
Cora Darling, 7,154, cow, 4 years; G. S. Longbotham, Northport, L. I.	150 00
Lady Goldfinch of Inverurie, 7,598, cow, 3 years; Paul Scobel, New York	275 00
Lady Caroline 2d, 7,628, cow, 3 years; W. H. Peck	350 00
Belle of Suffield 2d, 7,629, cow, 3 years; Oscar Duryee, Goshen, N. Y.	225 00
Crescent, of Maple Shade, 10,927, imp. cow, 3 years; T. A. Havemeyer	510 00
Cunnalia, 8,200, heifer, 2 years; J. L. & G. S. Spofford	350 00
Yum Yum, 8,314, heifer, 2 years; R. L. Swan, Jr., Oyster Bay, L. I.	410 00
Brown Duke, 2,190, bull, 5 years; F. W. Beardsley, New York	80 00
Paraphrase, 10,254, heifer, 2 years; T. A. Havemeyer	310 00
Sonnet, 10,255, heifer, 2 years; E. H. Webster, Belair, Md	100 00
Truth Flight, 10,258, heifer, 2 years; T. A. Havemeyer	310 00
Duke of Glynllyn, 4,548, bull, 2 years; Henry S. Sheldon, Brooklyn	60 00
Pet of Glynllyn, 9,767, heifer, 2 years; John I. Holly	400 00
Diamond of Ipswich, 9,215, heifer, 2 years; B. F. Small	100 00
Ash Leaf 3d, 10,102, heifer, 2 years; T. A. Havemeyer	300 00
Black Bess, of Glynllyn, 9,798, heifer, 2 years; J. I. Holly	400 00
Witch of the Maples, 10,093, heifer, 1 year; T. A. Havemeyer	200 00
Malna 2d, 10,103, heifer, 1 year; Wm. Watson, Westchester, N. Y.	280 00
Nellie of Scarsdale 2d, ——, heifer, 1 year; John T. Foote, Morristown, N. J.	100 00
Passet, ——, imp. heifer, 1 year, T. A. Havemeyer	335 00
Surprise of Maple Shade, 10,928, imp. heifer, 1 year; J. I. Holly	1,258 50
Kate of Scarsdale 2d, ——, heifer, 1 year, E. F. Morrow, Newark, N. J	85 00
Empress 4th, ——, heifer, 1 year; T. A. Havemeyer	285 00
Glance, 4,728, bull, 1 year; Wm. A. Walker, New York	55 00
Blooming Heather, ——, heifer, 1 year; Paul Scobel	165 00
Beauty of Maple Shade, 10,929, imp. heifer, 1 year; Alma Farm	900 00
Laundress, ——, heifer, 1 year; Loomis Brothers, Grandee, Conn.	95 00
Glint, ——, heifer calf; J. I. Holly	230 00
Fancy Fan 2d, ——, heifer calf; James Stillman, Cornwall, N. Y.	375 00
Total	$23,798 50
Average on 46 head, $517 36.	

The Incubator.

By what so ever method eggs are to be hatched it is manifestly of the first importance that the eggs should be fresh laid, and have been produced by strong, healthy hens, that have had proper attention in regard to mating the food, as well as comfortable and well cleaned apartments. Too much importance can hardly be attached to the fact that in order for the incubator (whether it be the natural hen or the manufactured machine, to produce the best possible results (that is the greater number of strong, healthy chicks), the eggs must be fresh laid. Some may contend that it makes no difference how long eggs have been laid that are put under hens for incubation, but I contend that were more attention given to this one point, the hen would bring off a much larger brood. I also contend that it makes just the same difference to the results of the artificial incubator. While undoubtedly if the eggs have had the best of care between the time of being laid and being placed in or under the incubator as the case may be, a fair percentage will hatch, but not what would have been had they been placed there within 24 or 48 hours from the time of being dropped by the hen. But then the question arises, how shall we get eggs enough to fill an incubator in so short a time? Easily enough! When you collect your eggs at noon (for as a rule all the hens will have laid by that time), place them in a basket and near the kitchen stove till "bed time" when you may transfer to the draw of the incubator without fear of injuring the egg, already in progress.

Repeat this till the machine is full, and you will get more chickens, and better ones from the same number of eggs than by saving your eggs till you get the desired number, and putting them all in at once. Now it is not simply good results that we are desirous of obtaining, but the best results, and if by giving a little extra attention to a few little things we can come nearer the best mark, why it seems to me it is well worth our while to do it. In most business it is the cents that are the profit, it is rarely the dollars, but as the care of the little cents make the "mighty dollars," so in the poultry business the care of the little things make the great results. Now it seems to me that the quality of the chicks is of equal importance to the number hatched. Of what benefit is it to hatch a large number of unsatisfactory weaklings?

Even the average farmer will take great care that the seed he plants is fresh, the old seed may come up, but he is certain of better results with the new seed. He will also take great care that the ground is properly prepared for the reception of the seed thus carefully selected. To what purpose is he thus careful? To obtain the best results. The seed would probably come up and grow with very little preparing of the ground, but he is quick to preceive that his crops will not be what he desires unless he prepares and fertilizes the ground. He wants the crops to pay. How is it with the poultry men? He too wants his stock to pay, he wants his incubator to pay, but he has not yet become willing (as a rule) to bestow that attention to the little things necessary to obtain the best results in this direction, that the farmer has learned to bestow upon his crops, and yet if he would only do so, his profits would be dollars where the farmer s is cents.

But it seems to have become fashionable now a days to think that hens can take care of themselves and the incubators ought to be so constructed as to do the same thing. The man that produces a contrivance whereby the eggs, as soon as it is dropped from the hen, rolls into the drawer of the incubator, and is there hatched without any trouble to the owner, said incubator to be provided with a heating apparatus that would trim its own wick and fill its own reservoir with oil, so that the owner thereof could attend strictly to his business "down town" and give his evenings to parties, lectures, concerts, etc., etc., would in a few years become possessed of sufficient wealth to "retire." He would also received the of all (lazy) poultry men.

What generally becomes of a man who lets his business run itself instead of his running it? He fails. That is just what every one will do who lets his hens and incubator take care of themselves. There is a certain amount of care that must be given them, and the profits arising from this care is the pay received for the care thus given. Profit is every business man's wages for time expended in the business. So do not think that you can give all your care to one business and receive profit from another. Time must be given to the incubator in proportion to the size. A three hundred egg machine requires proportionately more time than a machine that holds only one hundred, but the large machine may require but a few minutes, but it must have that few minutes in order to succeed.

Weakly chicks, even though we succeed in raising them, will never, as a rule, become at maturity exhibition birds, and it is this class of birds that fanciers are breeding for. Even the market poulterer's profit and loss account is materially affected by the fact of his having strong, healthy chickens or weaklings, for they mature into a vastly different class of poultry, and when they are prepared for the market, demand a proportionately different price, and it costs just as much to raise the one as the other.—*Cor. Poultry Monthly.*

Shearing.

Sheep shearing should not be delayed too long for reasons that are obvious. The animal, when the wheather becomes warm, suffers greatly when covered with a heavy fleece, and if exposed to heavy rains, the process of evaporation draws heat from the body and exposes the sheep to imminent danger from disease. If the shearing is put off too late in the season, the wool has not time to get a sufficient start for the perfect protection of the animal from the cold weather of the approaching Winter.

Still, shearing should not be done too early. We have seen sheep that were sheared too early in the Spring that looked as if they felt something like the poor victime of the fellow who signed the temperance pledge conditionally, the condition being that the pledge should be inoperative when he was washing sheep. As this very ancient story goes, the temperance orator who had performed the wonderful feat of getting this man's name to the conditional temperance pledge, called on the signer in the middle of Winter, and was much surprised to find him drunk. Remonstrating with him for violating his pledge, the man denied that he had done so, and leading the way to the barn he pointed to a sheep shivering, and dripping with water, saying: "See that! I've washed that sheep more than 30 times to-day!" Taking a heavy fleece from a sensitive animal in cold weather leaves it in about the same condition that a man would be in, if he took off coat, vest, and flannels in a like temperature. Shear according to the condition of the weather and not according to date.

After shearing, sheep should be protected for several days from storms. The skin of the animal is very bare and open and when the wool is off, rain easily penetrates it. The sheep should be cared for until the system has adapted itself to the great change which results from removing such a protection as a heavy fleece. Neglecting to observe this precaution has proved fatal to many valuable sheep. Nor should the nearly sheared sheep be left out at night. Observance of these things will be valuable to those who are beginning, and those who are experienced always observe them, it is presnmed.—*Western Rural.*

Constitutional Vigor.

Too often breeders neglect to give much attention to the strength of constitution and vitality of their fowl stock. No adage is more true than that "like produces like." If the progeny fails to possess the predominant characteristics of the sire, they are modified by the influences of the dam, or kept in abeyance until mated with fowls which show these ruling traits or qualities in greater force. The possession of the best possible stock, vigorous and healthy to the core, is matter of paramount importance to any one who makes poultry breeding a business. Neglect to attend to this important item is attended with loss that should bring about reform with all who wish for permanent success. No one will deny that there is a marked difference in the useful qualities of individual animals, and it is the same with our domestic poultry. To the unthinking mind such things pass unnoticed and unheeded, and never enter the realm of their narrow philosophy. A fowl or animal in whom an excellence is constitutional, is most apt to transmit this excellence in all its developed power and beauty to its progeny. Constitutional vigor can be brought about and maintained by choosing the strongest, healthiest and hardiest of the stock for breeders every Spring, and killing off the weak and sickly ones.—*Poultry Journal.*

WIND AND WAVES.

Terrible Storm and Loss of Life in the Lower St. Lawrence.

QUEBEC, May 24.—A Quebec special says a fierce east wind the past few days has brought into port over 40 vessels, and caused terrible disasters in the lower St. Lawrence, resulting in large loss of life. The drowning of 13 men is reported since Saturday night, near Pilot Station. At Bic, Saturday, a high wave rolled over a pilot schooner, overturning the vessel and drowning five men. About the same time a batteau was swamped, and four men perished. The captain of a vessel opposite Elchemin left the shore Saturday night in a small boat with part of his crew to go aboard his ship. The boat was found overturned soon after, all on board having perished. It was reported last night in port that the crew of the "King Oscar," lying at Cape Rouge, were drowned by an upsetting boat. It is feared the worst is not yet known. Many other reports of similar accidents, and shipping disasters are looked for to-day. The wind has been the highest known here for years past.

The Sunday School.

The Walk to Emmaus.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?—Luke 24: 32.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 24: 13-32.

13. And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three score furlongs.

14. And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

15. And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

16. But their eyes are holden that they should not know him.

17. And he said unto them, What manner of communication are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?

18. And the one of them, whose name was Cleopas, answering said unto him, Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?

19. And he said unto them, What things? And they said unto him, Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a profit mighty in deed and word before God and all the people.

20. And how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death and have crucified him.

21. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; and beside all this, to day is the third day since these things were done.

22. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre;

23. And when they found not his body, they came saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that he was alive.

24. And certain of them which were with us went to the sepulchre, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not.

25. Then he said unto them, O fools, slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:

26. Ought not Christ to have suffered these thing, and to enter into his glory?

27. And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.

28. And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went, and he made as though he would go further.

29. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

30. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread and blessed it, and gave to them.

31. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

32. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

While they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near (v. 15.)—Jesus is sure to draw near to those who think about him, and talk about him. When any two of his followers are communing together and reasoning concerning him, they may be sure that he is not very far away from them. Jesus loves to be loved; loves to be in the hearts of his disciples; loves to have his name tenderly on their lips. Even though their faith in him is trembling, and their hope of his triumph is faint, if those who love him turn their thoughts and their conversation toward him, Jesus will be quickly by their side.

What manner of communication are these that ye have one to another as ye walk? (v. 17.)—That is an important question to those who walk and talk together. What are you thinking about? What are you talking about? What sort of communications are yours one with another as you walk? You can get a great deal of good out of way side communications with a friend. These are subjects worthy of your earnest thought, which can be sifted in conversation as they cannot be in solitary thought. Stimulus, inspiration, an increase of knowledge, and an enlargement of view, are often gained through well-directed conversation. There are friends who help each other to their best work by what they say as they talk together. But how much time is wasted in idle talk! What opportunities of ennobling converse are lost through fritting away the moments of friendly intercourse in chat about trifles! As you walk to and from your business, or your place of study or the church, as you sit, or as you journey with a friend, how much do you gain out of the conversation? What manner of communication are those that you have one with another? That question will be asked you sooner or later,—asked by Him who said: "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel (v. 21.)—How much of distrust is expressed in the form of injured faith: "I did think that God would answer my prayer." "For a while I counted my child entirely safe in the Lord's hands." "Until now I supposed that a blessing was in store for my loved ones." I trusted for a long time that God would take care of me." And how common it is to despair of a blessing at the very moment it reaches us. When it comes we shrink back from it, because we looked for in another form. We ask for God to bless our nation. We think of national blessings in the line of peace and health, and abundant harvests and quickened business activities. When we have war and pestilence and famine and financial distress, it is hard to feel that God is answering our prayers to the fullest; as doubtless is. If God gives to us individually enjoyment and prosperity we feel sure that he is blessing us; but when he calls us to privation and sorrow, we wonder why he has so disappointed us. Many times we are sad over that which ought to fill our hearts with rejoicing—and which would, if our eyes were not holden, so that we failed to recognize our present Lord.

O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken (v. 25.)—There is no greater folly than to suppose that any declaration of God by his prophets will fail of exactest fulfillment. That which is divinely foretold will divinely come to pass—whether it seems reasonable or unreasonable. Indeed, nothing can be more unreasonable than to doubt that God's word is true. When God's purposes for man or for the world are in question, the surest way of settling the point is turn to the Bible pages and see all that the prophets have spoken concerning it. Only the foolish head and sluggish heart can be prompted to call that unreasonable which God has foretold.

He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself (v. 27.)—He who fails to see that all the Scriptures are rich with references to Christ the Redeemer of the lost, has no understanding of the distinctive peculiarity of the Bible. It is not the history, the science, or the poetry of the Bible; not its declarations of God's greatness; nor its teachings of morality; nor its pictures of the eternal future—that mark the Bible's pre-eminence over all the sacred books of the ages: but it is the exhibit in prophecy and in the history of Jesus Christ the Savior of sinners. Jesus opened this truth to his disciples as he walked with them toward Emmaus. His promise to all his followers is, that the Holy Ghost shall similarly take the truth concerning himself, and show it unto them. Lord, open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things of Christ out of all thy law!

Their eyes were opened and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight (v. 31.)—Religion is not a matter of feeling. Jesus may be just as near to us when we have no sense of his presence, as when we feel that we are face to face with with him. Indeed, we have richer blessings from his companionship while we are saddened over our sense of remoteness, than we could have if we should now see him as he is. His commandments are plain to us. His promises are explicit, and not to be questioned. Our duty is simple and unmistakable. We are to keep his commandments, and to trust his promises. We may serve him; we may believe him; we may find him in the Scriptures; our hearts may burn within us with the warmth of his teachings; but we may not see him. If we should see him, we might lose his blessing of trusting him. Faith is better than sight; and as Christ's disciples "we walk by faith, not by sight.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

A Boy's Head Severed From His Body.

DECATUR, ILL., May 26.—Three small boys were under a stationary car at the Wabash round-house fishing for crawfish in a branch. Julius Loder, aged seven years, was on top of a small bridge looking downward at his companions in the branch with his neck on the rail. A switch engine backed up against the car, and two wheels cut the boy's head clear off. One of the other boys who tried to rescue Julius, had the flesh of his right arm mashed.

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Is the Number of Victims So Far Reported from the "Victoria" Disaster.

Indignation of the Citizens at the Steamboat Management.

Threats of Burning the Other Boats of the Line.

Thrilling Incidents of the Catastrophe—Desperate Struggles for Life.

Street Scenes—Greed and Brutality of Wagon Drivers.

LONDON, Ont., May 24.—This evening at 6 o'clock, the steamer "Victoria," with over 600 excursionists on board, was returning from Spring Bank, and when near the Cove Railway Bridge, one mile below the City, the boat suddenly collapsed like an egg shell and became a total wreck level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being underneath the debris. The first news which reached the city was brought by the survivors, who struggled through the streets wet and weary. The news fell like a thunderbolt, and a stampede took place for the spot. Arriving there, a horrible sight met their view. Some fifty or sixty bodies had been recovered and were lying on the green sward some distance up the bank. Those arriving from the City in every direction crowded around anxious to see if any relatives were on board; Several hundred families were represented on the excursion, and the wail of anguish that arose at the sight of the victims was heartrending. By 7 o'clock about 80 bodies were recovered from underneath the wreck, where the water is 12 feet in depth. Almost every minute some victim was brought to the surface and conveyed to the bank. Petroleum torches were brought, and the search continued. Up to the present hour about 100 corpses have been recovered. Among the dead are James Robertson, manager of the Bank of British North America; J. C. Meredith, Clerk of the District Court; Wm. McBride, Assessor and Secretary of the Western Fair Association; Mrs. Wm. Ashbury, Wm. Millman, Montreal commercial agent, and two sons. The total loss of life will aggregate 175.

GROSS CARELESSNESS.

The accident was certainly due to gross carelessness. The boat was overcrowded to a disgraceful extent. Manager George Parish was expostulated with by several at Springbank and urged to not let the boat go in that overcrowded condition, but he is reported to have replied: "All right; I know my business," or something of that sort.

Mr. Samuel Stewart, stove merchant, one of those who protested, left the boat at Springbank. Several hundred more remained there, unable to get passage, and had to walk home, a distance of four miles, to night, no conveyance of any kind being available. The telephone was in constant use between the water works and the City, by friendly inquiries.

This disaster will put an end to the pleasure steamer business, as hereafter the people will not venture on the river, which has been the subject of many jokes and puns of its supposed shallowness. It is in reality in many places 20 or 30 feet deep.

LONDON, May 25.—The work of securing the dead bodies from under the wreck of the "Victoria" is still going actively on. One hundred and seventy bodies have been recovered, and most of them brought to the City. All the undertakers' shops are besieged and coffins going out by scores. The crowds at the river bank and steamer landing have not diminished.

Among the identified are two daughters of James Barnes. The list of identified is still incomplete. A large number of bodies remain on the grounds at Sulphur Springs baths awaiting claimants.

THE UTMOST CONFUSION

prevails. It is impossible at present to secure a complete list of the drowned, but many prominent citizens and their families are included in the number.

Details of the Disaster.

LONDON, Ont., May 25.—This is a day of mourning in London. By an accident on the river scarcely a family is left in the City without the loss of a relative or friend. Up till the present time, 200 bodies have been recovered and it is believed that there are a great many bodies yet to be found.

THE DETAILS.

Particulars of the accident are as follows: Being a holiday, several thousand of the citizens took advantage of the occasion to visit Springbank, four miles down the river, in the pleasure steamers that ply between the two points. As the day wore on the crowd at Springbank increased, and the consequence was that towards evening the people crowded every boat.

THE FATAL TRIP.

On the return trip the "Victoria," one of the three steamers, passed the "Princess Louise" about a mile below the city and the passengers on the "Victoria" rushed to the side of the boat to cheer the passengers of the "Princess Louise." The sudden movement caused the lower deck to catch in the water, and as she slipped quite a large quantity of the passengers made a rush to the other side. The consequence was that the boat capsized, the machinery slipped, and the boat fell to pieces. The passengers were all precipitated into the water and crused to the bottom by the weight of the upper part of the boat.

AN UNHEARD OF HORROR.

A fearful scene ensued. Men, women and children were huddled together in the water, and in their frantic efforts to escape a large number lost their lives.

WHO WERE LOST.

A number of prominent people of the City lost their lives, including the father of the leader of the opposition in the local Legislature, Mr. J. C. Meredith; the manager of the Bank of British North America, Mr. James Robertson; the Secretary of the Western Fair Association, Mr. William McBride. The large majority of those killed, however, were people in the ordinary walks of life, mechanics and working people.

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

All sorts of rumors and stories are afloat as to the cause of the disaster, but there is no doubt that it was due to criminal negligence in allowing the boat to be overloaded, and to carry nearly double the number allowed by law.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

The scenes and incidents at the wreck are of the most heartrending character. One woman had her baby knocked from her arms by a falling timber. She was rescued, and after reaching the shore saw her child's body floating on the surface of the water. She sprang for it and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be a second time rescued. She however saved the body and was dragged to shore clasping the dead infant to her breast.

Another man lost his entire family and had to be restrained from throwing himself in the river.

A curious circumstance is related of a young girl who had left home with her cousin. They were standing together near the engine, when the girl said it would be funny if she should be drowned now for leaving home without permission. She had scarcely got the words out of her mouth when the crash came, and a short time after her dead body was recovered from the water.

TO BE INVESTIGATED.

An investigation will be held and it is probable that the running of boats on the river will be stopped. The citizens have the power to stop it as the water is kept at the requisite height by a dam at Springbank. The removal of the dam will stop the navigation.

TALE OF THE DISASTER BY A SURVIVOR.

LONDON, Ont., May 26.—William D. Eckert, head master of the public schools of London East, was found by a reporter huddling close to a heap of logs, endeavoring to dry his clothing. After being assurred that his brother David was saved he made the following statement: I was a passenger on the steamer "Victoria," and passed through an ordeal the like of which I hope I will never be called upon to witness again. The decks of the steamer were packed with people, principally ladies and children. I was on the upper deck during the passage, and shortly after leaving the dock at Springbank, a good many passengers began keeping time with the ballasting of the steamer, and went as far as they could from side to side each time the vessel surged. Many people made fun of it at first, and a good deal of hollowing was done, such as "Get out your life-boats!" "Come and have a teeter!" etc., etc. While this was proceeding up stairs, the passengers on the lower deck were running to and fro, endeavoring to keep their feet from getting wet, and fully fifteen inches of water ran from gangway to gangway across that portion of the boat when she surged.

THE PASSENGERS BELOW

yelled and screamed in a terrific manner, as the vessel continued to lurch, and not a single effort was made to stop the surging by the Captain or his brother officers, if there were any on board. Capt. Rankin was at the wheel. While nearing the bend below the Cove bridge, probably 200 yards west of it, a greater rush of the passengers than had hitherto been experienced took place, followed instantly by a cracking noise. The women screamed, the children yelled, and for the moment the faces of several men in my vicinity turned ghastly pale. The scene was heightened by one man jumping overboard, and almost instantaneously thereafter the posts which upheld the hurricane deck gave way, in consequence of so many people holding on to them to save themselves from being swept overboard, and the deck itself

FELL WITH A CRASH

upon the heads of those beneath it. All who could do so, grabbed something to hold by, and very many were drawn into the water by their nearest neighbors. Those who could swim were prevented from doing so, first by the crash of the deck upon their heads, and secondly, in conseqence of the crowd of people who were huddled together underneath the lumber. Then came a general crash, and the boat appeared to break up into several pieces, principally from stem to stern. The castastrophe was but the action of a couple of minutes. I was caught between two stanchions, and after floundering about in the water for a few moments managed to free myself from the debris, and swam to the shore. The shouting and calls for help were of the

MOST HEARTRENDING DESCRIPTION.

They lasted only for a few moments, however. One gentleman, whose name I do not know, swam to and from the wreck a dozen times or more, and saved 14 or 15 people who had freed themselves from the floating timbers. Many of my pupils were on board. I have no hesitation in saying that there were from 200 to 300 more passengers on board than there ought to have been. The excursionists, as a rule, generally take the boat for home which leaves about half past 5, and that is the principal reason, I fancy, why the Victoria was overloaded. My watch stopped at exactly 11 minutes past 6 o'clock.

THE CAPTAIN'S STATEMENT.

Capt. Rankin, who had charge of the ill-fated "Victoria" at the time of the disaster, makes the following statement:

We were on the last trip for the day, having made three trips previously. We had not a very heavy load going down, as there was plenty of room on board, but when we got to the wharf at Springbank there was a large crowd waiting, and before I could get passengers off the boat the others rushed on the afterpart, jumping and climbing in every direction. I ordered them down off the top deck and main deck, and threatened I would not leave the wharf till midnight if some of them did not get off.

One gentleman (Mr. Powell, of London), said to me, "you are not going to put me off, are you?" I said, "you had better get off." He did so, and is now alive. Very few paid any attention to my orders, and only about 15 or 20 went off the boat. After we started a number of people on the lower deck began singing and moving around. I noticed a slightly different action of the boat, and being unable to leave my post at the wheel I sent a boy down to the engineer to ascertain if there was any danger. She was listing some to the starboard and as I was getting more anxious sent the boy down again. He returned with word from the engineer that unless we could straighten the boat there was danger. I was looking forward to a sand bar about 200 yards ahead, on which I intended to beach the boat; that was my determination, because I was beginning to get anxious. Just then, a couple of row boats came alongside, the occupants of which were racing, and the crowd rushed to the side of the boat to see them. The engineer then sent up word that I had better try and get the crowd to go aft, because the water was coming in. Just then the crowd made a rush to the port side, and as they did so the vessel just took a lurch and went port bow down. Then the boiler shifted from its position and went through the side. I believe the vessel would have recovered herself only for the boiler going over, and as it went it carried away the main deck, and that let down the top deck with the crowd above. There were not 100 people on the lower deck, because the space below is largely taken up with the boiler and machinery. The aft part of the boat went down, but the fore part came to the surface, and the boat was spread about six feet apart. The result was that many of the passengers were imprisoned between the water and the top deck, which came down above them, but they had breathing space of a foot or so, which would have saved many had not the others persisted in climbing on the floating deck, thus crushing it down and smothering those underneath. I rescued one man who had been under this deck for four minutes before it went down, and I did all I could to prevent people climbing on it. A great number had presence of mind to swim out from under the deck at the side or end and in this way were saved. In a few minutes all thus imprisoned were drowned, and I then swam to the shore and sent to the city with all speed.

The tonnage of the boat was about 19 tons, flat bottom, scow shaped at both ends, and registered to carry 400 passengers. I do not think we had more than 450 on board, because there is but standing room on the boat for that number, at eight inches space to each person. The boiler left the deck before I left the wheel. The stanchions from the main deck were the main supports of the upper deck. She was well stanchioned, but there were braces. I had life-saving apparatus for 400 persons. The boat was going up slowly, and the syphon and pony pumps were both working. I attribute the disaster to the fact that the vessel leaked, because when I sent a boy down the engineer said there was half an arm's length of water in the hold. I was praying earnestly that we might reach the sand bar, where I intended to beach her until we could get help. I spoke to the people on the upper deck to keep quiet, and they were tolerably agreeable. On the lower deck the purser, a son of Manager Parish, had the greatest difficul y. He came up and told me there were a lot of young fellows below whom it was impossible to keep quiet. I would have run on shore, only the bank was so steep and I knew it was useless because who would have turned outwards on striking the bank. The boat was managed by myself, an engineer, fireman, two deck hands and purser. She made two trips on Saturday, two on Monday and three yesterday previous to the disaster. She now lies in the river with her top works all broken up. I never was asked to run the boat ashore, as was stated by Parish. The people standing forward of the pilot house were obedient to my orders, but those on the lower deck would not mind what we said. They were a pretty bad crowd."

LONDON, Ont., May 27.—The calamity that befel the City of London on the 24th of May will have the effect of converting the former day of merry-making—the Queen's Birthday—into a day of mourning and gloom. It is probable that the 24th will in future be observed in the same manner as Decoration Day in the United States.

A prominent merchant and leading citizen was so enraged at the criminal carelessness of the Thames Navigation Company, that he endeavored to organize a gang

TO BURN THE REMAINING STEAMERS

of the company, the "Forest City" and "Princess Louise." He was not successful, however, all sections of the people, even to the roughest classes, being overcome with sorrow rather than anger. It is still feared that the steamers named will be destroyed unless precaution is taken. They are closely guarded, night and day. They have not made a trip since the terrible accident happened. The water is too shallow to float them, the escape at the dam having been opened, to let the water off, so that the work of finding the bodies might be rendered less difficult.

Thirteen bodies were found near the dam, fully a mile from the scene of the butchery. There is a strong under-current in the water. Up till this morning

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE BODIES

had been recovered. It is thought that all have been found. All but two have been identified. There were over 70 interments in Mount Pleasant Cemetery alone, yesterday, and there will be more to-day. Hearses were as numerous as hacks. They were brought from all the surrounding Cities and Towns, and the supply even then fell far short of the demand.

The remains of several of the wealthiest citizens were conveyed to the cemetery in carriages and hacks. The body of J. C. Meredith, the head of one of London's most aristocratic families, was carried from his late palatial residence to the grave, in a wagon.

WHOLE FAMILIES

were interred in large single graves. The factories and business houses were all closed, and the City was draped in mourning.

THE INQUEST

is being continued to-day. The general impression is that a verdict of manslaughter will be brought in against the Captain, the Managers, and the Directors of the Thames Navigation Company. Now that the people are somewhat recovering from the stunning effects of the terrible blow, their indignation against those who are responsible for the wholesale murder is increasing alarmingly.

The father of one of the victims, a beautiful young lady, charges the Company with the murder of his child, and is determined to prosecute.

SIMON CAMERON'S OPINIONS.

Regretting the Conkling Imbroglio—Grant Not to be a Candidate Again.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26.—Simon Cameron in an interview on the present Garfield Conkling contest, says: "The differences in the party are very serious. They are really dangerous, and I cannot see now how they are to be settled. There has been a lack of cordiality all around, and a disposition on the part of the Executive to listen to bad advisers. I believe Pres Garfield's best friends felt that he made a mistake in nominating Robertson. Such being the case, if he had withdrawn all of the New York appointments and began anew, no person could have found fault. Other grave mistakes have been made, and if not corrected will destroy the party, for no organization can live while divided into factions, each having the other by the throat. Mr. Conkling and the force he represents, I might almost say commands, can not be crushed and the party live. He says there is no necessity in the world for the present trouble, that the Stalwarts have been misunderstood and misrepresented. The reformers are clamering for patronage, and I don't know a greater element than they are. It is heralded as a fight for purity in politics, and a contest against the machine. The Stalwarts believe the offices should be distributed so as to strengthen the Republican party, and not to destroy it, but which is to get the offices is not now important. He regrets Conkling's resignation. Does not think Garfield can neglect harmonizing the party by administering his trust so as to strengthen the organization whose creature and servant he is and succeed."

Of Grant's candidacy in 1884 he says: "There is no possibility of it. He is out of politics and in business, and is, I believe, without aspirations or political ambitions, except for the continued success of the Republican party. The talk about his being a candidate in 1884, and the Stalwarts having him in training, is simply clap trap, which has been used to drive the President into antagonism to him and his friends.

"No; Grant will not be a candidate in 1884, nor will it make much difference who is, unless there is some way out of the present difficulties. Conkling will probably be re elected."

CHILD EXECUTIONERS.

Determined to Get Rid of a Sickly Boy.

STATESVILLE, N. C., May 26.—Absalom Brown, a widower living near here, went away from his home leaving his three children alone on the lot. The youngest of these children, a boy of three years, had long been sickly, and the two older children, a boy and a girl, conceived the idea of putting him out of the way. They accordingly tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to a joist of the house, where he was found a few moments later by a colored woman of the neighborhood, who passed through the lot on an errand. The woman cut the child down and laid it on the bed, when it began to gasp, and finally regained consciousness. Returning homeward some time later, she stopped again at Brown's house, when she ascertained that the brother and sister had taken the child off the bed and carried it behind the garden and buried it. She hastened to the scene of the burial, dug the child up and carried it to the house. The child died from the shock.

CARL SCHURZ

Takes Charge of the New York Evening Post.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The Evening Post has passed under the control of Carl Schurz, Horace White and E. L. Godkin, who yesterday completed the purchase of a large majority of its stock. To-morrow Mr. Schurz will assume editorial direction of the journal.

Justice Matthews on the Bench.

CINCINNATI, May 27.—Justice Matthews delivered his first decision as Judge of the Supreme Court yesterday. It was in the case of United States against John Thornburg and Capt. Wise, charged with carrying petroleum contrary to law on a passenger steamer. They were upon a bill of exceptions Judge Swing had decided that where the railroads charged excessive rates as to destroy trade and steamboats charged a lower rate, then steamboats were the only practical mode of transportation and could carry petroleum under a provision in the law for such cases. It was stated in the argument that the rate by steamer from there to Memphis was 50 cents per barrel, while by railroad it was $2. Judge Matthews affirmed the decision of Judge Swing.

Ohio Knights of Pythias.

AKRON, May 25.—The Twelfth Annual Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of Ohio, is in session here. The report of Grand Chancellor Iddings shows a membership of 9,628; increase during the year, 547; amount paid for relief the past year, $10,036 97; receipts of lodges from all sources, $53 331.54; total expenses, $43,119 21. The grand parade was participated in by 12 bands and 500 Knights. In the competition drill, Springfield carried off the prize.

WASHINGTON.

John G. Thompson Short in His Accounts as Sergeant-at-Arms.

MORE CROOKEDNESS.

WASHINGTON, May 25.—The investigation into the Treasury Custodian's ring continues to develope ugly facts. Hatch, the storekeeper of the Treasury, states that while he was away on leave last Summer, 400 yards of fine carpet was taken out of his rooms. He discoverd this on his return, and reported the fact to Power, the Chief Clerk. Power called on Pitney for an inventory of carpets on hand, and in it Pitney included the 400 missing yards. Power submitted the inventory to Hatch, who said it was wrong. Then Power told Hatch to make out a correct inventory.

Meantime, Pitney heard of what was going on, and had a carpet firm whom he had favored, send in 400 yards of carpet as a loan. The borrowed carpet however, was of an inferior grade, but the 400 yards taken out was never received. The ring was in the habit of selling good carpets and furniture, under the head of condemned. The yearly appropriations to supply government buildings throughout the country with needed articles has been drawn upon heavily by the rings. This appropriation amounts to about $750,000 a year.

Sec. Windom, within a day or two, will appoint a committee to investigate certain charges which have been preferred against Supt. Dodge, of the San Francisco Mint.

It is reported that similar investigations to that now going on in the Treasury have been directed to be entered upon by the President in the other Departments, if the heads thereof think that such investigations are advisable or necessary for the protection of the public Treasury.

RESIGNED.

Gen. J. A. Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, tendered the Secretary of the Interior his resignation, which was promptly accepted. Gen. Williamson states that the step is entirely voluntary on his part; that he has had it in contemplation for some time.

REFUNDING OPERATIONS

under the plan originated and put in force by Sec. Windom are now drawing to a successful close; the only work remaining is to wind up recent transactions and pay off bonds which were not continued in existence at 3½ per cent. interest. It is estimated in the Treasury that the amount of bonds continued at 3½ per cent. is about $550,000,000. Bonds not continued will now be paid out of surplus revenues. About $15,000,000 of 6's that were not continued must be paid by the 1st of August next, and will be cancelled when paid. After that coupon 5's, which were not continued at 3½ per cent., will be paid and cancelled; and the next move of the Treasury will be to redeem registered 5's which exceed the limit of $250,000,000 put upon that class of bonds. The latter will amount to about $70,000,000. The Treasury has notified holders of 5's that no further continuance of 5's at 3½ per cent. interest can be allowed, as the limit has been reached.

LE DUC'S PICNIC.

Congress last session gave the Commissioner of Agriculture, at his request, $5,000 to enable him to investigate the condition of the arid region of the West, with a view to its irrigation. Le Duc proposes to enjoy this western trip himself. He is Commissioner until July 1. Before that day he will go west and spend the $5,000.

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

Representatives of the Democratic, Republican and Readjuster parties in Virginia have held conference with the President and several members of the Cabinet within the last few days, for the purpose of ascertaining what will be the attitude of the Administration towards the parties in that State in the next campaign. The general impression among them is that the Administration has not now any settled policy in regard to Virginia affairs. Virginia Democrats derived great comfort from their interview with Sec. Blaine, who has no special liking for Mahone, are confident that the Administration will encourage Virginia Republicans to maintain their separate State organization and support Republican nominees. The Readjusters are deeply discouraged by Conkling's break with Garfield, and more than suspect that only cold victuals will be served them at the feast. Straight-out Republicans don't know what to expect, but interpret the signs of the times as favorable to the regular Republican ticket.

SEN. LOGAN'S ADVICE.

Sen. Logan said to the Postmaster General: "James, I hope you will probe this Star route corruption to the bottom. Never mind who it touches; don't mind, either, those men who cry out that the investigation will hurt the party. Reform never ruins. You remember some years ago we investigated in Congress the sale of cadetships by Republican Representatives, and as a result of the investigation ousted three of them. That did not hurt the party. That is forgotten now and the party survives uninjured. Yes, all the better for it. Since then no cadetships have been sold by Congressmen."

"I will investigate regardless of consequences," responded the Postmaster General.

JOHN G. THOMPSON,

who has been Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives since 1874, is behind in his many accounts with members of Congress. The regular way for Congressmen to get their money is from the United States Treasurer on certificates signed by the Speaker of the House; for convenience the custom has grown up for the Sergeant-at-Arms to draw the money from Treasurer on these certificates and then Congressmen draw on the Sergeant-at-Arms as they need the money. The office of Sergeant at Arms is conducted on the order of a bank of deposit for members. Thompson, as did his predecessor, would draw large sums of money, keep it on hand and cash checks of members of Congress when presented to him. It seems he kept his own pay and accounts along with all others, and in using money he had on hand, he went beyond his own funds, and is unable to meet the checks of Congressmen who did not draw their pay up to time. It sometimes happens that members leave money in the hands of the Sergeant-at-Arms for months. Under the new rules of the House Thompson's bond is $50,000, but as it is not under the laws his duty to pay Congressmen, it is claimed his bondsmen cannot be held for the deficit. It is claimed in behalf of Thompson that in handling such enormous sums of money as he has, some members have been accommodated beyond what was due them, and that in settling up Thompson will make everything good and square up every dollar.

St. Louis Brewers.

ST LOUIS, May 26.—The Brewers' Union have made a formal demand on the bosses for a reduction of the hours of lobor, and higher and uniform wages. They propose to work 12 hours a day, and ask $65 per month for kettle, cellar and malt house men, and $60 for wash house workers. They also demand that Sunday labor shall be reduced to five hours. If this schedule of hours and wages is not acceded to on the 1st of June they will probably strike.

Terrible Coal Oil Explosion.

PITTSBURG, May 27.—A fatal kerosene explosion occurred yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Egler attempted to start a fire with fluid, an explosion followed, her clothes were ignited, and the dwelling was burned to the ground. The husband of the unfortunate lady set about saving their children, and was badly burned in the face and hands. He forgot one child, whose charred remains were subsequently found. A German was badly injured by the explosion. Egler since the fire is frantic and raving, and knows not the fate of the child or wife, who will scarcely survive. Loss, $7,500.

MAHONE.

He Will Make a Vigorous Campaign in Virginia,

And Expects to Carry the Legislature and Defeat Johnston.

WASHINGTON, May 26.—Gen. Mahone will go to Richmond early next week to be present at the anti Bourbon or Readjuster State Convention, which will be held in that city on June 2. Soon afterward Gen. Mahone will begin an active canvass of the State, and will speak in as many of the Counties as practicable before the election, which will take place in November. The Bourbon State Convention will not be held until August, and Gen. Mahone hopes, before that time, to have aroused the people into enthusiastic support of his ticket. He says that the people are already awake, and that his advices from all parts of the State are of the most encouraging character. His course in the Senate has received the warm approval of the anti Bourbons who followed him to victory in 1879, and they are

RECEIVING MANY ACCESSIONS

from the ranks of the Bourbons. Gen. Mahone says that the Republican voters throughout the State are substantially a unit in his support. The election in Virginia this year is an important one, from the influence it may have on National politics. A Governor and other State officers are to be elected, but besides this a Legislature is to be chosen which will elect a United States Senator in place of Mr. Johnston, the Bourbon Democrat. Gen. Mahone thinks that the Bourbons, or Funders as they call themselves, will fight the battle, as far as the State debt issue is concerned, upon the same platform that the anti-Bourbons will,—that is,

THE "RIDDLEBERGER BILL,"

against which they have made such a furious outcry. Gen Mahone thinks the Bourbons would, if they decently could, propose to scale the debt lower than the Readjusters ever advocated doing. In other words, for the sake of retaining control of the State offices, and electing a Bourbon successor to Sen. Johnston, the Bourbons would, if they dared, be willing to cast to the winds all their professions of devotion to the public faith, and advocate downright and outright repudiation. Gen. Mahone predicts that the coming political campaign will be a very bitter and exciting one, and he expresses great confidence that the anti-Bourbons will win.

Virginia Republicans are arriving here to learn whether there is any difference in the attitude of the Administration towards Mahone, in view of the new complications in the Senate. The President and Secretary of State have not hitherto held the same views as to the proper policy of the Administration to pursue upon this subject. The President has favored using all proper means to unite the Republicans and the Mahoneites, and has requested leading Republicans who have called upon him to urge that the Republicans should not hold a State Convention. Sec. Blaine, to whom the anti-Mahone Republicans of the State seem to turn, on the contrary, while admitting the wisdom of carrying the State against the Bourbons if possible, has insisted that the Republicans ought not to abandon their organization.

ANOTHER CONFERENCE OF VIRGINIA READJUSTERS

was held here last night. The main trouble is the Readjusters cannot get any promises from the Administration of official patronage for dse in the campaign. The President and Sec. Blaine have both expressed themselves in favor of the maintenance of the regular Republican organization in Virginia. Mahone called on Bob. Ingersoll this morning to get his influence with the Administration in favor of a union of Republicans and Readjusteas, but the trouble seems to be, as stated by the Republicans, that the Readjusters want to control the Federal patronage and to fill the State ticket with men of that party.

MILLIONS IN IT.

A Suit Involving the Possession of a Large Amount of Real Estate in Pittsburg

The Claimants an Indian Woman and Her Half-Breed Daughter.

PITTSBURG, May 25.—One of the most important cases ever tried in this State will be called to-morrow in the United States Circuit Court here, the Hon. Joseph Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, presiding. Many readers will remember the case of Cub-a-You-Quit, daughter of Wm. Mowry, of Pittsburg, which was tried about two years ago, and in which the defendants were successful. This suit is similar in nature but varies in one important particular. In the Cub a You-Quit case the plaintiffs failed to prove a legal marriage between the mother of the girl and William Mowry, but in the present case, instituted by a cousin of Cub a-You-Quit, it is claimed there will be no difficulty on that score. The history of this case is as follows: Alexander Addison Mowry, a brother of William Mowry, settled in Saginaw Valley, Michigan, in 1844 or thereabouts. That section of the country was then a wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and a few white traders. Addison Mowry, who was a sort of a hale fellow well met, followed the general custom of the whites and took to himself as wife O Gaw-Baish-Kow-Mo Quay, who was noted for her beauty and intelligence; but, unlike many others, it is alleged that he had a formal marriage ceremony performed by Seth Willy, at that time a Justice of the Peace in East Saginaw. He died in 1852, leaving to survive him his Indian widow and his and her daughter, Nancy, or, in the Indian tongue, Waw Se-Ge-Zhe-Go-Quay. The plaintiffs in the present suit, Nancy and her mother, now come into court and demand that those who have long occupied lands in this City of great value, and the property of Addison Mowry's father, be ejected and the property given to the widow and her daughter as heirs of Addison Mowry. The attorneys in the case include some of the ablest lawyers in this State and Michigan. The value of the property in dispute is estimated at from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000.

The American End of the New Cable Successfully Landed.

DOVER BAY, N. S., May 24.—Owing to the heavy fog which has hung over this coast for several days past the steamship "Farraday" was unable to land the shore end of the American cable until to-day. The landing was successfully accomplished at 5 P. M. The steamer "Deso" has the eastern shore end of the cable on board, and, the weather permitting, when the other side is reached she will land that end before going to London.

A Corner in Skulls.

TORONTO, Ont., May 26.—A farmer living in Markham Township, 20 miles from Toronto, has discovered a pit on his farm containing 500 skulls and five times as many leg and arm bones. Dr. Wilson, of the Univsrsity, is of the opinion that it is an Indian ossuary.

Chicago "Enterprise."

Chicago Herald.

The *Times* and *Tribune* will lie in wait for Webster's dictionary, when that standard work is next revised, and get the whole book by telegraph. The Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, the plays of Shakespeare, the Arabian Nights, Robinson Crusoe, Ayer's Almanac, Mother Goose, last year's birds' nests, and the Patent Office reports will also come in time and be printed simultaneously by both papers in a space that can be covered by any business man in a day's travel on horseback.

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is living in London and has $1,000,000.

At New York a general strike of street car conductors and drivers is threatened.

A rough named Fitzgerald shot and killed Julius May in a Leadville saloon to-day.

At Epping, N. H., the shoe factory of B. W. Hoyt burned. Loss, $85,000. Several hundred workmen are thrown out.

It is reported that James Gordon Bennet lost $25,000 by cards, in Nice, France, recently, at one sitting.

It is understood that the price paid for the New York Evening Post was $650,000, which does not include the real estate.

The lower house of the Michigan Legislature passed a bill restoring capital punishment. There is no probability of its becoming a law.

Irving, the famous English tragedian, has received and declined an offer of $160,000 and expenses for a seven months' tour in this country.

The tide has turned toward Texas. One thousand emigrants a day are pouring into the Lone Star State, but there is room for millions more.

The committees of the Lehigh and Schuylkill Coal Exchanges resolved to make no change in prices for ordinary grades of coal for June.

Georgia reports the appearance of clouds and swarms of locusts in various sections of the State. In Middle Georgia especially are they numerous.

A Stillwater (Minn.) lumberman has an order for lumber to build 115 houses and the same number of barns for the English colony between Sibley and LeMars.

By the caving in of an embankment this morning at the new cut of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, three laborers were killed and two seriously injured.

John Bush, the oldest white settler in Minnesota, informs the St. Peter Times that in the year 1829 the flood in the Minnesota River was five feet higher than in the year 1881.

It is said that the parties who have undertaken to break the lease of the Manhattan Elevated Railway, in New York, have retained ex Sen. Roscoe Conkling with a fee of $100,000.

A bill has been passed by the Michigan House providing a fine of $1,000 and imprisonment for a year for those who publish accounts of rape, incest, seduction, murder, or executions.

Recent rains have almost entirely killed the chintz bug, which injured the crop in Kansas in the early part of the season. The prospects are now good for a heavy yield of oats, wheat and flax.

Miss Murray, the young lady who brought suit and gained a verdict for $5,000 against ex Postmaster Tyler, of Baltimore, has been appointed to a position in the Government Printing office.

All the employes around the Baltimore Postoffice are to be uniformed, the head officials not excepted, the uniforms consisting of blue flannel suits, with brass buttons, and to be worn while on duty.

New York State has now seven living ex Senators of the United States—Henry A. Foster, Hamilton Fish, Edwin D. Morgan, Reuben E. Fenton, Francis Kernan, Thomas C. Platt and Roscoe Conkling.

An eccentric maiden lady in Pomerania has bequeathed $60,000 to the City of Stettin, to found an asylum "that will give shelter to 40 single women more than 50 years of age and to 10 old bachelors."

John D. Defrees writes to the New York Tribune urging Thurlow Weed to devise a plan to raise subscriptions for a statue of Henry Clay, to be placed in the old hall of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Boston alone has contributed $1,000 of the $5,000 being raised to build a library building for the Rugby Colony, and the publishers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have given 5,000 volumes as a nucleus for a library.

Hon. George W. Williams, of Ohio, a colored delegate to the Baptist Home Mission gathering at Indianapolis, informed that body that thirty thousand negros are preparing to emigrate from Louisiana to New Mexico.

The Congress of Mexico, fearful lest Americans might seek to gain political control in that country, is about to adopt an amendment to the constitution, making only native Mexicans eligible to seats in the National Congress.

The jury in the case of William Frizzell, charged with the murder of Williams, at Georgesville, O., some months ago, disagreed after a long session, and were discharged. The jury stood eight for conviction and four for acquittal.

A crazy man in Plymouth County, Ia., concluded that the Lord wanted a sacrifice and proceeded with a pitchfork to kill his pig and cow, and had just begun on his wife and children when the neighbors interfered and ended his violent piety.

Orrin L. Pitney, whose official acts as Custodian of the Treasury Department are just now undergoing a thorough overhauling at Washington, was formerly a resident of Quincy, Ill., where he pursued the calling of a newspaper compositor some 15 years ago.

The Mexican Congress having given the President of the Republic full power to make contracts with the States or private parties for the construction of railroads in that country, it is inferred that Gen. Grant's Southern Railroad scheme is now sure of consummation.

Arrangements have been made to effect the removal of about 74 Carolina Cherokees to the Indian Territory. This, it is thought, is the first step toward the removal of the entire tribe of North Carolina Cherokees, numbering about 2,000, to the Territory.

Henry Graft, a German, went into a Chicago saloon this morning and drank a pint of whisky. He then laid a wager with the barkeeper that he could drink a quart of whisky before leaving the bar. He accomplished this feat in a few minutes, but upon turning around to walk out, fell dead. The barkeeper has been arrested.

Carmichael, the Virginian arrested for sending a postal card to Sen. Vance with a request for his speech on "that d—d dirty dog Mahone," had a preliminary trial in Alexandria, and gave bonds in $500 for his appearance July 5. Con. Hunton and Sen. Morgan appeared as his counsel.

Jane Westovers, a young girl aged 16, Markesan, Wis., poisoned herself yesterday by swallowing a large quantity of baking powder, sodine and strychnine, because her father had forbidden the house to her lover, Dan. Murray, aged 18. The latter, learning of the girl's death, committed suicide with the same compound.

During the year 1880, 20,000 Chinese were converted to Christianity by missionaries sent to China for the purpose. But the Mohammedan missionaries did five times better during the same time. They preached the pleasures of Paradise and the beauty of its houris and secured over 100,000 converts to Islamism.

The Secretary of the Navy having decided to send a war vessel to Merida, Mexico, to investigate the alleged unlawful seizure of the American bark "Acacia," of Boston, by Mexican authorities, it is believed the "Yantic," now in New York, will be selected for the service and shortly be dispatched to co-operate with the American Consul at that port.

The Creditors of Lawrence & Martin, suspended liquor dealers of Chicago, met yesterday and were astounded to learn that the assets of the firm were only $72,000, and the liabilities, instead of being $250,000, as the firm states, were $477,000, of which $279,000 was unsecured, $25,000 discounted bills and $173,000 secured.

Ex-Gov. Seymour has gone to the Adirondacks.

Gen. Butler is about to form a law partnership with Gen. Roger A. Pryor.

The grave of Col. Scott will be guarded for some time by private watchmen.

Mr. P. T. Barnum has presented a $10,000 fountain to the town of Bethel, Conn.

Villard, the coming railroad king, was once a reporter on the Cincinnati Commercial.

Mr. Key, of Huntsville, Ala., has patented a gun firing 3,000 shots a minute.

The Presbyterian Assembly adjourned to meet at Springfield, Ill., the third Thursday in May, 1882.

Mrs. Garfield is rapidly improving in health, and her physicians think her recovery will not be long delayed.

The Nashville Evening Herald, one of the two repudiation dailies in Tennessee, has made an assignment and will probably suspend publication.

Congressman Tom Young, of Ohio, says that Sec. Windom will make the best Secretary of the Treasury the country ever had, not excepting Sec. Sherman.

William G. Fargo, President of the American Express Company, is lying very ill at his residence in Buffalo, and but little hopes are entertained that he will survive.

A massive monument to ex Sen. Chandler has just been completed at the Hallowell Quarries, Kennebec, Me., and will be sent to Detroit. The shaft weighs more than 30 tons.

It is reported in Canada that an Ottawa manufacturer of friction matches has been paid $100,000 in consideration of his withdrawing from manufacturing matches in this country.

Mr. G. W. Harrison, of Philadelphia, has been directed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to go to England and assist in preparing to remove the remains of Wm. Penn to Philadelphia.

A Boston man who claims to have made a thorough examination asserts that last week's prolonged storm in that vicinity destroyed all the canker and currant worms, of which there were millions.

The son of the late Ferando Wood, of New York, finds that his father's estate, supposed to have been involved, is so enhanced by the recent rises in real estate and securities as to become a considerable fortune.

H. Van Blabcom, Postmaster and Government Savings Bank agent at Annapolis, N. S., has absconded with an amount of money believed to be $20,000. Reports are in circulation that he was seen in Boston.

Gen. Grant receives $10,000 a year salary as President of the United States National Bank, New York. He is also a partner in his son's business house of Grant & Ward, and has an interest there of $50,000.

A new English stamp is being struck for use, either for postage or receipt. It does not greatly differ from the penny postage stamp at present in use, except that it bears the inscription, "For Postage or Receipt."

Mr. Robert P. Porter, chief of the wealth, debt, and taxation department of the United States, states that the net debt of all the Cities and Towns of the United States with a population of over 7,500 is $570,471,373.

John Graham, a convict in the Kentucky penitentiary, hired a negro convict for 25 cents to cut his (Graham's) hand off so he could not be made to hackle hemp any longer. The negro cut off the hand with a single blow of an ax.

The track of our European steamers is reported to be unusually full of floating icebergs and great packs are said to have passed Newfoundland southward. One was seen more than 2,000 feet in length and 500 in height. A Swansea iron steamer has already collided with an ice mountain and narrowly escaped destruction.

A shock of earthquake was distinctly felt at La Salle, Illinois, Friday night. Saturday morning six fissures, two inches wide, running parallel 700 feet, were discovered. The walls and foundation of a factory building and furnace masonry were cracked in numerous places and sunk six inches.

A hurricane visited Taylor, Texas, Saturday, and lasted 40 minutes. No lives lost. The Christian Church was blown from its foundation; the Catholic Church and Odd Fellows' Hall totally wrecked. Scarcely a house in the town escaped damage. Fences were blown down and trees uprooted for miles around.

It is reported in Wall street that Samuel J. Tilden, Corporation Counsel Wickham, and others have sold a large line of shorts on Manhattan Elevated Railroad, and are being mercilessly squeezed by the recent advance. They are said to have instigated the suit by the Attorney-General to wipe out the company's charter.

A Paris, Ky., special says: "William Cunningham was brought to Paris on the charge of killing John Alexander, at North Middletown. Alexander and Cunningham had quarrelled about wages due, when Alexander threatened to shoot. Cunningham shot first and Alexander was instantly killed. Cunningham was released on bond."

John Griscom, who says he is a natural faster, and has frequently abstained from food 10 to 20 days without suffering any inconvenience or pain, has entered on a 45 days' fast at Chicago. He is middle aged, tall, rather corpulent and well proportioned. Seven reputable physicians will be in attendance during the fast and take data for future use.

The miners at points in the Hocking Valley region have decided at their meetings to accept the reduction to 70 cents per ton for mining, and will return to work June 1. The Nelsonville miners at their meeting to day decided to hold out for 80 cents. The backbone of the strike is broken, and it will probably be but a question of a few days when all will go to work.

During the tremendous storm of hail and lightning at Troy on Wednesday afternoon a call was received on the telephone at Quandt's brewery, near the Bull's Head tavern. Jacob Thersduenof, the bookkeeper, went to the instrument to answer the call. As he was replacing the receiver on the hook the lightning struck his hand, mangling it terribly and paralyzing his arm. He was knocked senseless, but will recover.

A Bridgeport, Ala., special says: "Sunday morning a party of citizens and a tramp named Meehan went bathing half a mile below here. They commenced playfully to throw water at each other. Meehan grew angry, went ashore and got his knife. On returning, P. J. Copeland playfully threw him under the water, when Meehan cut his throat, killing him. Meehan was arrested, and while in custody of an officer was shot down by S. Rees, and lived something over an hour."

A Waco, Texas, special says a fearful hail storm visited South McLennan and the north part of Beel Counties Saturday night. A number of farm houses were torn down, one lady killed, and two men badly hurt. Near Crawford several houses were unroofed. At Dallas there was a violent wind and rain storm. Wind, rain and hail storms are reported from other portions of Texas, in many instances totally destroying the fruit, and seriously injuring the corn, cotton and wheat crops.

A case has been made up in Leavenworth to test the constitutionality of the Kansas prohibitory liquor law. A druggist, Mr. S. H. Holmes, sold essence of lemon, bay rum, tincture of gentian compound and Dr. McLean's blood purifier and strengthening cordial, alleged in the information to be of the same strength as proof spirits or whisky, which is ninety five per cent. Mr. Holmes had taken out no license from the Probate Court to sell such compounds, as the law directs. A decision is promised in the lower court to-day, and it will then go at once to the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON.

Pres. Garfield and His Cabinet and Virginia Politics.

MALICIOUS RUMORS DENIED.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Atty. Gen. MacVeagh and Postmaster General James have put a final quietus on the rumors about Sec. Blaine's visit to New York and the Star route ring. The rumors had taken all sorts of shapes, some alleging that MacVeagh had refused to exonerate Blaine. In order to put down anything of the kind, the Attorney General once more declared that nothing developed in the Star-Route investigation any more connected Blaine with it than it did him (MacVeagh). James pronounced the rumor utterly groundless and false. Ordinarily such reports would not be noticed, but this one has been so persistently kept alive and repeated, even after its falsity was declared, that it was concluded to silence it emphatically.

VIRGINIA POLITICS.

The President and Secs. Windom and Blaine have had their attention called to Virginia politics to day, by the conflicting delegations. Postmaster Wilson, of Lynchburg, headed a delegation of Republicans, who advised a straight Republican campaign in Virginia. Wilson states that the President and both Secretaries favored holding a Republican convention, and if the Readjusters want to unite with the Republicans on terms proposed by the convention, let them do it; but that the Republican party must not be disorganized. Sens. Mahone and several leading Readjusters also called on the President and Secs. Windom and Blaine to urge the Administration to declare in favor of a fusion of the Republicans with the Readjusters, but the Administration did not accept Mahone's view. Mahone is quoted as saying to day that he will run a straight Readjuster ticket, with Riddleberger at the head for Governor, and that he will carry most of the colored vote with him, and thus disorganize that party.

POSTAL REGULATIONS.

During Postmaster-General Key's term, he received from a friend in Tennessee a complaint that some information written on a postal card by himself and addressed to his attorney, in a suit then pending, had been read by the Postmaster of the Town in which his attorney lived, and by him communicated to his opponent, and in consequence thereof he lost his case.

Postmasrer General Key, incensed at this occurrence, promulgated a regulation forbidding all persons employed in the Postal service from reading the contents of postal cards. This regulation is still in force. The law prescribes a penalty of not less than $100 and not more than $1,000 for each case of disobedience to the Departmental regulations. The postal official who read the postal card sent by Carmichael, of Virginia, sent to Sen. Vance (N. C.) asking him for a copy of his speech "on that damn dog Mahone" seems to have rendered himself liable to the penalty referred to. Counsel for Carmichael, ex-Representative Eppa Hunton, was not smart enough to think of this until the trial was over. Carmichael is a son-in-law of Representative J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia.

THE DADDY DOLLAR.

The silver dollar of standard quality, known to fame and Government vaults as the "dollar of the daddies," has come to a complete stand still, so far as circulation is concerned. During the last six months there have been more paid into the Treasury than have been taken out, showing a constantly increasing surplus. This does not include the monthly coinage of over two millions of dollars. Aside from this coinage, there have been more of these dollars returned to the Treasury, after a futile attempt to "circulate," than have been paid out. It is thought by many officials at the Department that this will continue, and consequently, if there should not be another dollar coined, the pile in the vaults would not diminish.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

There is altogether too much latitude allowed subordinate officials. For instance, the contingent expense account of the War Department, last fiscal year, shows nearly one thousand street-car tickets used every thirty days. The demand for street-car tickets was so great in the Treasury Department that Sec. Sherman put a stop to it just before he went out of office.

Another small abuse is the purchase of newspapers for the use of officials at $1.50 a month, when they can be had from the office at $10 per annum. But the retail price is added for the benefit of favored news agents.

Another abuse, or rather extravagance, is the purchase of fine walnut desks for clerks, desks averaging in price from $75 to $200 each. Also carpets at from $3 to $6 a yard. A member of Congress, in a speech upon some of the extravagant features in one of the recent appropriation bills, said it cost more to furnish a single room in the Treasury than to furnish his entire house! He thought it was unbusiness like to give a clerk $1,200 a year, and then give him a $300 mirror to look into, a $100 desk to write on, and a $400 carpet to walk on. He thought there should be more uniformity between wages and surroundings.

Lamphere's book cuts a more extended than complimentary place in the Treasury investigation now going on. He is appointed clerk of the Department, and compiled a book as to the several branches of Government, useful to those who want it but not sufficiently valuable to be sent broadcast among the public offices of the country at the expense of the Treasury. The book would be cheap at $1, but has been crowded off on Custom Houses in lots of 10 and 20 at $2.50 and $3 each. The New Orleans Custom House "took" 20 copies, also the Baltimore Custom House. In this way they were worked off by the ring in round lots, at the public expense. Treas. Gilfillan sat down rather heavily on this some time before the investigation began.

MACVEAGH AND THE STAR ROUTES.

The secret of the war on Attorney General MacVeagh is an indecent attempt of the Star route men to break down or check the proceedings now in progress against them. Their hope is that such a change can be effected as would result in suspending the investigation for the present, and eventually ending it altogether. The attempt is a quiet but most vigorous one. Its chances of success are far from good.

THE ATTACK ON BLAINE.

The charges published in the New York Sun that Blaine was concerned in the Star Route swindle, and that his recent visit to New York was for the purpose of fixing things up so as to come out clear, are not received here with any great amount of credence. Two opinions are expressed, one that the object of the publication was merely to create a sensation, the other that it is part of a bluff game on the part of Brady, Dorsey, et al., to put an end to the investigation. This is the opinion entertained at the Postoffice Department.

Postmaster-General James was seen, and declared most emphatically that there was no truth in the statements so far as his knowledge went. He thought it was an attempt on the part of the conspirators to play a bluff game.

TYNER'S RESIGNATION.

It is stated that the resignation of First Assistant Postmaster General Tyner is in the hands of the President, but it is not to be acted upon until after the Star Route investigation is concluded. The same authority states that ex-Marshal Dudley, of Indiana, who contributed so much to Republican success in Indiana last Fall, is to be made Commissioner of the Land Office to succeed Williamson, the appointment, however, to be only temporary, he to be transferred to Tyner's place as soon as the resignation of the latter is acted upon.

FORTUNE BAY FISHERY TROUBLES.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—Sec. Blaine and Sir Edward Thornton concluded on Saturday prolonged negotiations in regard to the outrage upon American fishermen at Fortune Bay, January, 1878, and at a later date at Aspee Bay, Cape Breton. The American claims for losses by several fishermen aggregated $103,000. The arrangement between Sec. Blaine and Sir Edward Thornton is that the British Government shall pay £15,000 sterling in gold coin, and this Government will give a receipt in full. The money will probably be paid some time this week, and be promptly distributed among the rightful owners. Nearly the whole amount goes to Gloucester, Mass.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Such is the Decision in Regard to the Kansas Prohibitory Law,

In Four Cases on Trial at Leavenworth, Saturday.

LEAVENWORTH, May 30.—Four cases were before the District Court of this County Saturday, involving a construction of the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution and the act of the Legislature to carry it into effect. Mr. Holmes, a druggist of this City, was charged with four violations of the law: 1. Selling rum for toilet purposes. 2 selling tincture of gentian compound for medicinal purposes. 3. In selling McLean's cordial for medicinal purposes. 4. In selling essence of lemon for culinary purposes. The information filed by the County Attorney charged that the articles sold would produce intoxication, and that Mr. Holmes had not a permit to sell the same from the Probate Judge. The defendant moved to quash the information, claiming that neither stated that he had been guilty of a public offense. Judge Crozier in sustaining the motion to quash delivered an elaborate opinion, the main points of which were as follows: That under the amendment the Constitution can not prohibit, but only regulate, the sale of intoxicating liquors for mechanical, medicinal and scientific purposes, but that in attempting to define the meaning of intoxicating liquors, he says that any liquor or mixture thereof, that will produce intoxication, shall be considered intoxicating liquors in the meaning of the act, and it shall be prohibited, and hence the allegation that the articles sold were intoxicating liquors in the meaning of the law, must be taken as true; therefore the Court held that inasmuch as the law undertook to prohibit the sale of articles which under the amendment it could only regulate, it was unconstitutional; and that the act was further in contravention of the Constitution, because it undertook to confer judiciary powers upon the Probate Court. The gist of the decision is that such articles as colognes and tinctures are prohibited by the law, but that the law itself is unconstitutional.

THE "VICTORIA" VICTIMS.

London People Recovering From the Shock—No More Bodies Found.

LONDON, Ont., May 28.—The City has resumed something of its ordinary appearance. Stores are open and people are about the streets. Many of the houses, however, are still closed. Nearly all the funerals have taken place.

Word comes from the scene of the disaster that a detachment of police, assisted by men specially hired, are still searching for other bodies, but none have been recovered so far, and it seems very doubtful if any more will be.

Parties are still calling at police head quarters to look over the melancholy collection of personal effects recovered from the wreck, in the hope of being able to identify some articles to serve as momentoes of loved ones who perished so miserably.

The man Smith, arrested for having stolen a watch belonging to one of the ill-fated passengers of the wrecked vessel, was brought up in Police Court, but remanded till Monday, that opportunity might be given to identify the property.

The investigation into the cause of the disaster will probably be a tedious affair, notwithstanding the intense interest evinced by the public in the calamity, as the Coroner says he will allow an intermission of a couple of days between each two sittings of the court. He says that the jurors, being all business men, cannot be expected to have the time at their disposal to sit day after day till the conclusion of the investigation.

In the Roman Catholic Church solemn mass was said for the repose of the souls of those belonging to that church who were lost in the disaster. There was an exceedingly large attendance, and the ceremony most impressive.

DIABOLICAL.

Attempt to Fire a House Filled with Sleeping Men and Women.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Marie Varian, aged 35, who keeps a lager beer saloon at 354 Sixth avenue, was arrested this morning, charged with deliberately setting fire, for the sake of the insurance, to a house in which a score of persons were sleeping, among them a woman sick in child-bed. The circumstances of the discovery are such as to leave no doubt of the woman's guilt. The amount of insurance for which so many lives were risked was $4,500. After thoroughly soaking the floor of the basement and a heap of straw and rags collected there with petroleum, she set fire to it. The police had warning of the affair, and the match had hardly been applied before the woman was arrested.

A Bummer Killed.

BRAINARD, Minn., May 31.—On Friday a worthless bummer named George Smith went into Jack O'Neill's saloon, and, under the influence of drink, attempted to pick a quarrel with a man in the saloon. O'Neill interfered and was threatened by Smith, who told O'Neill to arm himself and prepare for war. Smith went out, and O'Neill quietly secured a Winchester rifle and waited. Smith soon returned and commenced firing at O'Neill, who returned the fire, striking Smith the first shot. The ball passed through his body, and he died in about an hour. O'Neill gave himself up, but the sympathy of the community is with him, as Smith was a desperate and worthless character.

The boiler of a Nashville and Chattanooga locomotive exploded Saturday. Fireman Charles Handeman was blown 50 yards and instantly killed. The engineer had just stepped behind the tender and escaped. A piece of iron weighing nine pounds was thrown half a mille and struck J. C. Finch, causing instant death. One piece of iron, weighing 200 pounds, passed through two cars and then knocked down the cupola of a house.

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

The Promoter and Perfector of Assimilation.
The Reformer and Vitalizer of the Blood.
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FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPO-PHOSPHITES

Is composed of ingredients identical with those which constitute Healthy Blood, Muscle and Nerve, and Brain Substance, whilst Life itself is directly dependant upon some of them.

By increasing Nervous and Muscular Vigor, it will cure Dyspepsia, feeble or interrupted action of the Heart and Palpitation, Weakness of Intellect caused by grief, worry, overtaxed or irregular habits, Bronchitis, Congestion of the Lungs.

It cures Asthma, Neuralgia, Whooping Cough, Nervousness, and is a most wonderful adjunct to other remedies in sustaining life during the process of Diphtheria.

The expenditure of brain power too early or too severely in children often results in physical debility; the use of Fellows' Hypophosphites exerts a singular happy effect in such cases.

Be not deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

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THE Admiration OF THE WORLD.
Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!

For RESTORING GRAY, WHITE or FADED HAIR to its youthful COLOR, GLOSS and BEAUTY. It renews its life, strength and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. Sold by all Druggists.

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Enormous and increasing sales
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ZYLO BALSAMUM (Mrs. Allen's)
A lovely tonic and Hair Dressing. It removes Dandruff, allays all itching, stops Falling Hair and promotes a healthy growth with a rich, beautiful gloss, and is delightfully fragrant. Price Seventy-five Cents in large glass stop Bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, June 1, 1881.

In New York during the past week the money market worked easy throughout, the highest extreme rate being 4 per cent., with large sums offered toward the close as low as 2½ per cent. The foreign exchanges opened in the beginning of the week quite firm, but they weakened in the after part. Stock speculation opened weak, but soon strengthened up. The course was then toward weakness, the market closing on Saturday with a fair amount of steadiness. Governments have been steady.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 3@3½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 3½@4½ per cent. Bar silver, 112¼c. Exchange weak; actual business, 482½ for long and 484½ for sight. Government Bonds quiet and generally steady. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light demand. Stocks—Speculations slack and fluctuations extremely narrow and unimporrtant, the prevailing tendency being toward the lower price.

Government bonds—1881 coupons, 104; new fives, coupons, 104½; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 116⅝; new fours, registered, 118½; Pacific 6s of 95, 133 bid.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	*....	72	70	72	72	72
New Tennessee's	....	72	71	71⅝	71	71¼
Old Virginia's	......	40¼	40	40	49	40
Va. con. '85.pf'd	....	85¼	19	19	18½	19
Missouri 6's	....	115½	115¾	116	116	115½
Louisiana 7½'s	....	62	61¾	61¾	61	61½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 1881	104	105¼	104	104	104	104
U. S. 5's, new	104⅞	103⅞	104⅞	104⅞	104⅞	104⅞
U. S. new 4½'s	116¼	116	113¼	116⅜	116⅛	116⅛
U. S. new 4's	117⅛	117¼	117¾	118	118¼	118¼
Sterling, sight	485	486½	486	486	485½	485
Sterling, 60 days	483	485½	484	484	483½	483
Pacific 6's of '95	131	131	131	132	131	133

*Decoration day—no market.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, increase	$7,832,900
Specie, decrease	1,383,700
Legal tenders, increase	760,300
Deposits, increase	5,571,100
Circulation, increase	165,900
Reserve, decrease	2,015,675

The Banks now hold $14,722,900 in excess of legal requirements.

The business of the Sub-Treasury for the week ending Saturday includes the receipt of $9,397,048 and the payment of $6,733,228. The result is a gain to the general balance of $2,664,820, and leaves it at $77,007,862 against $74,342,862 May 20. The particular changes of the week are a coin gain of $3,437,409 and a currency loss of $772,589. The receipts and balances, however, include $1,800,000 gold received from San Francisco. During the week the Sub-Treasury received deposits of $1,750,000 gold, payable $1,100,000 by the Sub.Treasury at San Francisco and $650,000 at Philadelphia, and has $900,000 more San Francisco exchange to sell at par. On presentation of the certificate of deposit at New York, the Treasurer, by telegraph, orders the payment at San Francisco. The United States Treasurer at Washington on Saturday received $429,000 National bank notes for redemption. The customs receipts were $554,989, and the internal revenue receipts were $468,964. The Clearing House statement on Saturday was as follows: Exchanges, $200,985,834; balances, $5,952,672. The transactions at the Sub-Treasury covered: Receipts, $1,364,822; payments, $780,880; currency balance, $6,393,890; coin balance, $70,613,192.

The total imports of specie since January 1, this year, are $29,323,922 against $3,600,851 for the same time last year, and the exports of specie for the same time amount to $4,695,637 against $3,709,154.

The week just closed was characterized by an increased trade in almost all branches, dry goods especially being placed to a much larger extent than on the preceding week. As the agricultural products of our country add vastly to the wealth of the Nation each succeeding year, anything that threatens to destroy even part of the crop is looked upon with regret, as a full crop not only brings large sums of money into the country to be diffused through every branch of business, but gives employment in the handling of the products of the soil to thousands of laborers who without it have less ready means of supporting themselves and families. The intelligence from different sections of the country that the army worm and chinch bug have appeared and are doing considerable damage, added to the fact that in many places the crops are suffering on account of the dry weather, makes the outlook less cheering than a fortnight since, but as many of the reports of injury to crops lack confirmation, they may have been started to influence speculative movements, and it is to be hoped that by the time the BLADE reaches its readers next week, the situation will be a great deal more satisfactory. While the country will have an abundance of everything necessary to sustain life, it will be a matter of congratulation if our surplus proves to be above expectations.

DRY GOODS.

Within the past week there was a noticeable improvement in the dry goods trade. The movement of goods from first hands was considerably in excess of the preceding week, and while not so marked among jobbers the trade was quite satisfactory. There is evidence of a reaction toward higher values. There is an observable strengthening in the tone of the market and merchants have confidence that in the near future goods will be placed on a higher basis. Inquiry for all desirable makes of cottons and woolens is becoming quicker and selling vualues are firmer. Buyers are conservative in their purchases, but the demand is more urgent upon them, which induces free purchases. The production of staple, as well as fancy spring cottons and woolens was large, and as the season was backward the spring trade was very backward; but the overplus has been marketed by agents and jobbers at rates that were low, and now when the consumptive requirements are large a fair margin for profit may be obtained. Seasonable cottons are sold up closely by agents, and on staple fabrics of leading makes, brown, bleached and colored, have not only no stocks of moment on hand, but orders ahead for several weeks delivery, with prices firm and advancing in tone. The same is also true of the most popular makes and styles of Fall woolens. Some mills have the larger portion of their product placed, others nearly so, with the demand for duplicates steadily increasing. There is also a better tone to the market, and from all appearances full and regular prices will soon be realized. Already there seems to be a scarcity of desirable styles of woolens. In Spring goods this has now become very manifest, and in Fall weights, ere the season gets much farther advanced, we have reason to think the same will also be true. Toledo jobbers have met with an increased trade during the week and everything points to a still further increased volume of business the coming week.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The Shoe and Deather Reporter says the boot and shoe market in Boston, in all the various makes of seasonable goods shows considerable activity, and during the past week there have been placed a great many large orders. In New York the trade was a little less brisk than on the week previous. Low-cut shoes and all styles of light goods, both for gentlemen and ladies, have been in moderate request, and every kind of childrens' and misses' wear had a fair demand. In Philadelphia there was not much life in any branch of the boot and shoe trade. Buyers and orders were scarce. The outlook for a good trade during the balance of the year is quite encouraging.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co. says of the Wool market: The demand has been good and manufacturers are free buyers on the basis of present prices, but there is nothing in the tone of the market that would warrant an advance. There is considerable old wool still on hand, here and in the interior, sufficient to supply the wants of manufacturers for some weeks to come, while almost the entire clip of the country has yet to be marketed. In fact there has been very little doing in new wools as yet except in California, and the movement in that market has been confined mostly to desirable selections. There has been no year for some years ween so much old wool remained on hand at the end of a season, and with so abundant a supply now visible, there is no necessity to excite the market by an active competition for the new clip. Prices are very firm and well sustained for all desirable lots, but at any advance manufacturers would be likely to withdraw from the market. The new clip is also very late, and in the meantime holders have been able to work off old stocks, although there is quite a supply still on hand. From Texas, Kentucky, Missouri and other points where new wool hoa made an appearance the movements are yet of a limited character, as there is no margin at the prices now asked. Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces remain the same as last week. Combing and delaine fleeces remain quite steady. In unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces there has been a fair business doing. Pulled waols hace been in demand. The transactions in foreign wool have not been to any extent.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, No. 2, X, XX and No. 1, 38@44c; Michigan X, 37½@38½c; Wisconsin X and No. 1, 37½@42½c; fine combing and delaine, 42@45c; Territory, 16@30c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 20@35c; California spring, 23½@34c; California fall, 15@32c; super and X pulled, 32@46c; scoured, 35@70c; noils, 25@—c.

HARDWARE, ETC.

In Pittsburg, during the past week, there was an improvement in the demand for pig iron, and several sales of large lots were made, but at the close the market was as quiet as ever. Foundry irons appeart to stronger than mi irons. From some cause prices of manufactured iron are growing weaker. The cause seems to be the accepting by some manufacturers of low prices in order to get business.

In hardware the trade was satisfactory during the week. The demand for mechanics' tools and goods for building purposes has been fully up to expectations.

LUMBER.

The movement in lumber has become active, and the yards have about all the business they can conveniently attend to. Piece lumber and cull boards are not large in stock. The requirements for dry lumber are well up toward the supply. The demand for lumber is not confined to any particular place, the distribution extending to all parts of the country.

GROCERIES.

Advices by telegraph from New York, say: Sugars firmer, ⅛c advance. Coffees ⅛@¼c higher. Teas steady. Fruits without change.

HIDES—LEATHER.

There is a firm feeling in the hide market, but prices are unaltered. The leather market has a strong tone, and confidence is felt in the future of values.

COAL.

There is nothing new to report in the condition of the coal market, excepting that no change in prices will be made during next month.

EXPORTS.

Hon. Joseph Nimmo, jr., Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, submits an advance comparative statement of the exports of domestic provisions, tallow and dairy products, from which the following is taken:

Values of Provisions and Tallow for Six Months ended April 30—

Customs Districts—	1881.	1880.
New York	$47,935,257	$39,976,082
Boston	14,829,321	9,706,720
Philadelphia	4,019,192	3,695,808
Baltimore	4,308,882	3,155,825
New Orleans	120,586	107,725
San Francisco	128,986	104,755
Chicago	18,999	8,111

Values of Dairy Products for 12 Months ended April 30—

Customs Districts—	1881.	1880.
New York	$20,386,292	$14,600,605
Boston	2,396,373	1,526,900
Philadelphia	87,641	107,064
Baltimore	108,697	22,527
New Orleans	7,375	9,630
San Francisco	157,155	112,629
Chicago	35	....

The continued dry weather in many parts of the country causes much apprehension regarding the growing wheat. It is reported that in several counties in Illinois the outlook for the crops of wheat is much less encouraging than a fortnight since, the fly, chinch bug and army worms having attacked the growing grain. From St. Clair, Pike, Macoupin, Scott and Saline, the wheat is reported as looking bad, and prospects discouraging. In Missouri there certainly has been considerable damage in some counties, but in others the wheat is said to look better than for six years. Chinch bugs are also reported to be doing much damage in a few places. Crops of all kinds in Arkansas promise well. In Texas the whrat harvest began eight days ago, and the quality is better than at any time during the past twelve years. In the vicinity of Dallas the yield will average 18 bushels to the acre. The prospects of all the crops are good, but the general acreage will be smaller than last year on account of the scarcity of labor. Reports have been so conflicting from many of the States that a correct estimate can not be given at present, but within the coming week facts will no doubt be received that will be of service in calculating closely as to the condition of the wheat. In California the wheat prospects are very fine. There is a large surplus on hand, but the want of vessel capacity checks shipment. Throughout Europe the crops look well for a much better out turn than last year, so that the question now to be considered is whether the world's supply of wheat for this year will not be much greater than that of 1880, even if the American crop falls below anticipations. In determing values America alone cannot be considered. If Russia, France and Germany have good harvests the export from America will be largely diminished, so that we shall have to depend more largely than last season upon the home consumption for the disposal of whatever surplus there may be. There is some doubt in the minds of many as to whether the estimate of the U. S. Department of Agriculture of last season's wheat crop has not been too high, but as the information was carefully gathered, the weight of evidence should be on the side of the Government until proof is adduced to show otherwise.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, May 31—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat firm and in fair demand for Continent. Arrived Corn unchanged. To arrive Wheat in fair demand. To arrive Corn rather easier.

LIVERPOOL, May 30—1:00 P. M.—Wheat quiet and steady. Corn rather easier and ½d lower at 4s.11d. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat dull. Corn dull.

The cash Wheat market continues to attract but little attention. At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange most dealing was done in Amber spot, which was taken on first sales at 118c, rose to 118¼c, and finally the secorded value was 118¼c, 1c less than on Saturday. As compared with last Tuesday, this grade of Wheat is 1c higher. No. 2 Amber sold to the limit of one lot at 114¼c.

In White Wheat two sales of No. 1 White Michigan completed the deal, the price being 116¼c, 1c more than on Saturday.

Red Wheat for prompt delivery moved languidly. The amount of No. 2 Red Wabash sold was comprehended within the amount of 10,000 bushels at 118c, ⅜c decline. As compared with this day week, this grade of Wheat is ¾c higher. No. 3 Wheat, 114¼c, ¼c stronger. No. 1 Red Mixed Wheat, 114c.

There was an active movement in No. 2 Red Wabash for future delivery, and while near months were lower, the more extended ones were higher, the market being strong at the close. Seller May ⅜c lower at 118c. Seller June, 117⅜c, and at the close 118c, ⅛c depressed. The July contract opened at 116¾c, and gradually moved upward after the first sales until 116⅞c was reached, ⅝c better. Seller August, 114¼c, then 114⅛c and finally 114⅛c, 1⅛c more than before. Seller the year, 113⅛c, 1⅛c improved. As compared with last Tuesday, the May option is 1¼c higher, the June 1¾c, the July 4⅞c and the August 6¼c.

There was only a fair trade in cash Corn and prices on best grades were about the same as on Saturday. High-mixed, 48c, ¼c better. No. 2 Corn, 47¾c, no change. Rejected Corn closed trade at 45¼c, ¼c lower. No. 2 White Corn, 51½c, 1c improved. As compared with last Tuesday, High-mixed Corn has undergone no change, No. 2 Corn ¼c higher, and Rejected 1¼c down. In options 39,000 bushels were placed, all for May delievry. It opened at 47¾c, rose to 48c and closed at 48⅛c, ⅜c higher. Oats active. No. 2, 41c. Seller May, 41c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, May 31.—Wheat firm; 5000 bu No 1 hard Duluth, seller June at 122c; 5000 bu do, seller July, 123c. Corn dull; 5000 bu old at 52c. Oats quiet; 2 cars western mixed, on track, at 44¼@44½c. Canal freights dull; 5c for wheat and 4½c for corn to New York.

MILWAUKEE, May 31.—Wheat declined 1@1⅛c; noon board closed unsettled and lower; hard nominal; No. 1 nominal; No. 2 hard nominal; 109c for No. 2 and seller May; 109¼c seller June; 111¼c seller July; 110¾c seller August; 108¾c seller September; 97c for No. 3; No. 4 nominal; rejected nominal. Receipts, 174,000 bu; shipments, 74,000 bu. Coarse grains lower. Corn, 42½c for No. 2. Oats, 37c for No. 2. Rye, 110c for No. 1. Barley, 95c for No. 2.

CINCINNATI, May 31.—Flour active and firm; family, $5 10@5 25; fancy, $5 40@6 00. Wheat firm; No. 2 red, 113c. Corn dull and lower, owing to heavy receipts; No. 2 mixed, 47½c. Oats steady; No. 2 mixed, 42c. Rye dull; No. 2, at 123@125c. Barley firm and scarce; No. 2 fall, 115c. Pork dull at $16 50. Lard dull at $10 50. Bulk meats dull at $5 62½@8 30. Bacon quiet and steady at $6 75@9 12½@9 62½. Whisky quiet at 105c.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—The Commercial Indicator reports: Wheat—Receipts, 5,318 bu; shipments, 3,601 bu; in store, 64,184 bu; market firmer; No 1, 106c asked; No. 2, 101¾c bid; 102¾c asked; No. 3, 98¼c. Corn—Receipts, 14,696 bu; shipments, 16,548 bu; in store, 36,988 bu; market dull; No. 2 mixed, 36¾c bid; 37¼c asked; No 2 white mixed, 42c. Oats—No. 2, 40c bid; 41¾c asked. Rye nominal. Eggs—Market dull at 9@10c ₩ doz. Butter—market dull except at low prices; shippers', 6@10c; choice selection, 12½c ₩ lb.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Wheat very weak and unsettled; declined 2⅜c from Saturday's closing; 110⅝c cash; 111⅛c seller June; 112¼c seller July; 110¼c seller August. Corn—market easier and unsettled; 42¼c cash; —c seller May; 42c seller June; 43⅞c seller July; 33¼c seller August. Oats weak, heavy and lower; 37¼c cash; —c seller May; 36¼c seller June; 35⅝c seller July; 28@28¼c seller August; heavy receipts for corn and oats. Rye at 110@114c. Barley at 95@98c. Whisky at 108c. Pork firmer at $15 95 cash; $— seller May; $15 95 seller June; $16 12½ seller July; $17 50 August. Lard firm; $10 62½ cash; $— seller May; $10 62½ bid seller June and July; $10 67½ August. Hogs—receipts, 23,000 head; market for light active and 5c higher at $5 60@5 80; mixed packing, $5 50@5 80; heavy, slow at $5 85@6 10. Cattle—receipts, 4,700 head; market strong and active; very poor quality; good to choice shipping, $5 20@6 00; grass Texans, $3 65@4 50; experts, $6 00@6 25; poor to medium, $5 00@5 45; butchers' weak at $2 50@4 25; stockers and feeders dull at $3 40@4 60.

NEW YORK, May 31.—Flour, receipts, 29,000 bbls; sales, 13,000 bbls; market dull and unchanged; round hoop Ohio, $4 55@5 00; choice do, $5 05@6 75; superfine western, $3 90@4 50; common to good extra do, 4 50@4 90; choice do, 5 00@6 75; choice white do, 5 00@6 00. Wheat ¼@¾c lower on cash, ¼@¾c on futures; sales 16,000 bu No 2 red seller May, 127¼@127¾c; 64,000 bu do seller June, 127c; 216,000 bu do seller July, 125¼@125⅞c; 120,000 bu do seller August, 121@122¼c. Corn ¼@¾c lower and quiet; mixed western spot, 45@58c; futures, at 56¼@78¼c; sales, 120,000 bu. Oats a shade lower; western, at 44@52c; sales, 75,000 bu, including No 2 seller June, at 44¾c; seller July, 44¾c. Beef unchanged and quiet; plain mess, —; new extra, $—. Pork—market dull and weak; old mess, $15 75; new mess, $16 25. Lard lower and weak; steam rendered, at $10 97½. Butter in buyers' favor and dull; choice western, at 10@23c. Cheese firm at 3@10c for poor to fancy. Sugar firm and quiet. Molasses strong and quiet. Petroleum firm. Rice steady and fairly active. Coffee firm. Freights steady. Spirits turpentine firm at 38c. Rosin firm at 190@200c. Tallow steady at 5 9-16@5⅝c for western. Eggs weak at 14@14¼c.

BALTIMORE, May 31.—Flour—market quiet and unchanged; western superfine, $3 50@4 00; extra, $4 25@5 00; do family, $5 25@6 35. Wheat—Western lower. No. 2 western winter red, spot, 126c; seller May, 125c; seller June, 124¾@125c; seller July, 123¾@123⅞c; seller August, 120¾@121c. Corn—Western—dull and lower; western mixed spot and seller May, 57¼c; seller June, 56¼@56¾c; seller July, 56¼@56¾c; seller August, —c; steamer, —c. Oats steady; western white, 48½@49c; do mixed, 48c; Pennsylvania, 50c. Rye, 118@110c. Hay unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania, $21 00@25 00. Provisions—market quiet and firm without change. Mess pork, old, $17 50; new, $18 00. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, none; clear ribsides, none; packed, $6 75@9 50. Bacon—shoulders, $7 50; clear rib sides, $10 25; hams $11 50@12 50. Lard—refined, $12 25. Butter—western grass, 14@18c; Winter, dull at 10@14c; old packed. Eggs firmer at 14@15c. Petroleum nominal; refined, held at 8c. Coffee—firm; rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 9@11c. Sugar firm; A soft, 10¼c. Whisky dull at 109c. Freights to Liverpool, per steamer, unchanged. Cotton, 3 16@6d; flour, 18s; grain, 2@2¼d. Receipts—Flour, 12,642 bbls; wheat, 207,600 bu; corn, 105,024 bu; oats, 3,944 bu; rye, — bu. Shipments—wheat, 21,000 bu; corn, — bu. Sales—Wheat, 522,000 bu; corn, 83,464 bu.

ST. LOUIS, May 31.—Flour unchanged; family, $4 85@5; choice, $5 20@5 35; fancy, $5 50@5 75. Wheat—Active for cash options, unsettled and lower; No. 2 Red, 114¾@114⅛c cash; 114¾c bid seller May; 114¾@114⅛c seller June; 111¼@110¾@112@111⅛c seller July; 108¼@109¼@119c seller August; 108⅝@107¾@108c seller the year; No. 3 do, 106⅞c; No. 4 do, 103¼c. Corn active and higher; cash options easier; 47½@45⅝c cash; 47½c seller May in settlement; 43¼@43¾c seller June; 43¼@43⅜c seller July; 43¼c bid seller August; 43¾@43¾c seller September. Oats slow; 37@37¼c cash; 37¼c seller May; 37c seller June; 33½c seller July; —c seller August; 35¼c seller September; —c seller the year. Rye slow; 117c asked. Barley—nomarket. Lead quiet at 4¼c. Buter unchanged; dairy, —@—c. Eggs unchanged at 14c. Whisky steady at 105c. Pork quiet; jobbing at $16 50; May job lots at $16 69 for cash. Dry salt meats dull; car lots at $5 50@8 40@8 60. Lard quiet at $10 50. Bacon easier; clear ribs, $6 50@6 00@15 50; clear, $9 30@9 40. Receipts—Flour, 3,000 bbls; wheat, 37,000 bu; corn, 92,000 bu; oats, 38,000 bu; rye, — bu; barley, 7,000 bu. Shipments—Flour, 14,000 bu; wheat, 34,000 bu; corn, 92,000 bu; oats, 56,000 bu; rye, — bu; barley, — bu. Hogs active; Yorkers and Baltimores, $5 55@5 60; mixed packing, $5 45@5 55; choice to fancy, $5 80@6 10; pigs, $4 80@5 15. Receipts, 3,300 head; shipments, 3,400 head.

Live Stock Markets.

EAST LIBERTY, May 30.—Cattle—Receipts since Friday, 2,278 head through and 408 head stock; supply add demand light and prices full ¼c lower; 18 loads sold for shipment; balance to local trade at $4 00@6 00.

Hogs—Receipts since Friday, 961 head. Philadelphias, $6 15@6 40; Yorkers, $5 75@5 85.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts since Friday, 585 head; selling at $4 00@5 00.

BALTIMORE, May 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,064 head; market fairly active and ⅛@¼c off; very best beeves, $6 12½@6 45; first quality, $5 25@6 12½; medium, $4 87½@5 25; ordinary, $3 50@4 25; most sales at $6 25@5 62½. Sales, — head.

Swine—Receipts, 5,262 head; fair supply and moderate to good demand at $7 50@8 50.

Sheep and Lambs—Sheep quoted at $3 50@5 25; lambs, $5 00@7 25. Receipts, 8,852 head.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—The Commercial Indicator reports: Cattle—Receipts, 589 head; shipments, 563 head; market firm for good to prime; native steers, averaging 1,243 to 1,427 lbs, sold at $5 20@5 40; common, $—@—; cornfed Texans, $4 75@—; stockers and feeders, $—@—; cows, $3 00@4 00.

Hogs—Receipts, 2,110 head; shipments, 700 head; market steady; sales ranged at $5 20@5 50; bulk at $5 25@5 40.

Sheep—Receipts 234 head; shipments, 427 head; market quiet.

CHICAGO, May 30.—Hogs—Receipts to-day, 25,000 head; shipments, 4,500 head; good demand steady on good packing at $5 70@5 80; heavy shipping 10c lower at $5 90@6 15; light 5@10c lower at $5 60@5 85; culls weak at $4 50@5 40; all sold; feeling stronger at close.

Cattle—Receipts, 5,600 head; shipments, 1,700 head; market slow and weak on poor stock; others steady and firm; no export stock here; good to choice medium weights, $5 75@6 00; distillery cattle, $5 40@5 60; do cows, $3 60@4 40; butchers' weak and easier at $2 50@4 50 through grass Texans firm at $3 50@4 30; stockers and feeders dull and scarce; wintered Texans, $4 50@5 25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, 200 head; market very dull and 15@25c lower; poor to choice shorn, $4 00@5 20; no wooled here; quotations, $5 40@6 20; closing dull, with several lots of common left.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 6,100 head; making 14,150 head for the week, against 14,700 head last week. Market dull and lower, particularly for common and inferior grades; light Texas and Cherokee steers at $8 00@8 25; common to prime native steers, $9 50@12 00, with a few picked steers at $12 25@12 50, outside figure for 8 steers that averaged 1,570 lbs. Exporters used 1,100 head. Shipments for the week ended Saturday, 725 live cattle, 4,700 quarters of beef, 1,630 carcasses of mutton, —live sheep, — live and 99 dressed pigs.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for two days, 7,300 head; making 28,400 for the week, against 34,088 head last week. Market irregular but nominally quicker, with a number of sales at a small advance; unshorn sheep, $6 75@7 25 ₩ 100 lbs; clipped, $4 00@6 00; unshorn yearlings, $—@—; clipped, $—@—; Southern spring lambs, $7 00@8 00, with a few of the best at $8 25@8 50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Swine—Receipts for two days, 12,100 head; making 28,914 head for the week, against 27,645 head last week; no live hogs for sale; nominally $6 00@6 30 per 100 lbs.

Brain and Nerve Food.
VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES
Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.
PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 300,000 PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF IMPAIRED VITALITY, MENTAL EXHAUSTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION. IT IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISEASES OF DEBILITY. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS, CHILDREN AND ADULTS, BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH THE FOOD THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE.
For sale by Druggists or mail, $1.00. F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Sixth ave., N. Y.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolven
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER

Changes as Seen and Felt, as they Daily Occur, After Using a Few Doses.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations or waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awake fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; skin looks clear and healthy; the urine changes from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear cherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges (if afflicted in that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength, exhibited in the secreting glands, and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercles will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucus from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or wind pipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough; general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feelings of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc., cessation of colds and chills, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysm of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear; as the blood improves in purity and strength the disease will diminish, and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., are resolved away and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver and Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic Diseases, however slow may be the cure, feel better and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better, every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in [illegible] threaten death, as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting Degeneration and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water (instantaneous relief afforded where [illegible] have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments), dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys.

And in chronic cases of Gonorrhoea and Uterine Diseases.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S
Ready Relief
CURES AND PREVENTS
DYSENTERY, DIARRHAE,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE.
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA.
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING.
Bowel Complaints

Looseness, Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, and painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20 minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS
The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Glands or Organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the rheumatic, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys,
Inflammation of the Bladder,
Inflammation of the Bowels,
Congestion of the Lungs,
Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing,
Palpitation of the Heart,
Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria,
Catarrh, Influenza,
Headache, Toothache,
Nervousness, Sleeplessness,
Neuralgia, Rheumatism,
Cold Chills, Ague Chills,
Chilblains and Frost Bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

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